

THE CONFLICT—BIGGEST STORY OF THE YEAR

SMITH'S

MAGAZINE

**MAY
1907**

**15
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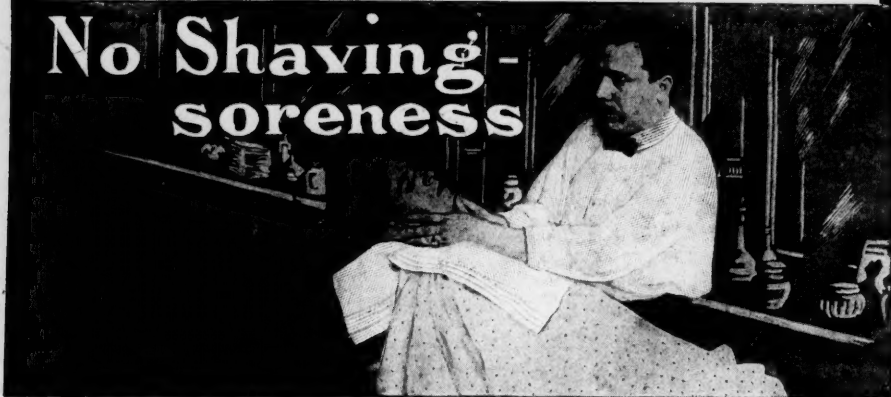


SPECIAL COLORED ART SECTION IN THIS ISSUE

Published monthly by SMITH PUBLISHING HOUSE, 79-81 Second Ave., New York

Shaving soreness is usually due to a combination of stiff, heavy beard, and an over-sensitive skin. The scraping of the razor, together with the rubbing in of soap, irritates the skin and makes it sore, often producing razor-rash. Lotions and similar preparations may give more or less temporary relief, but cannot either cure or prevent shaving soreness.

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* * * * *

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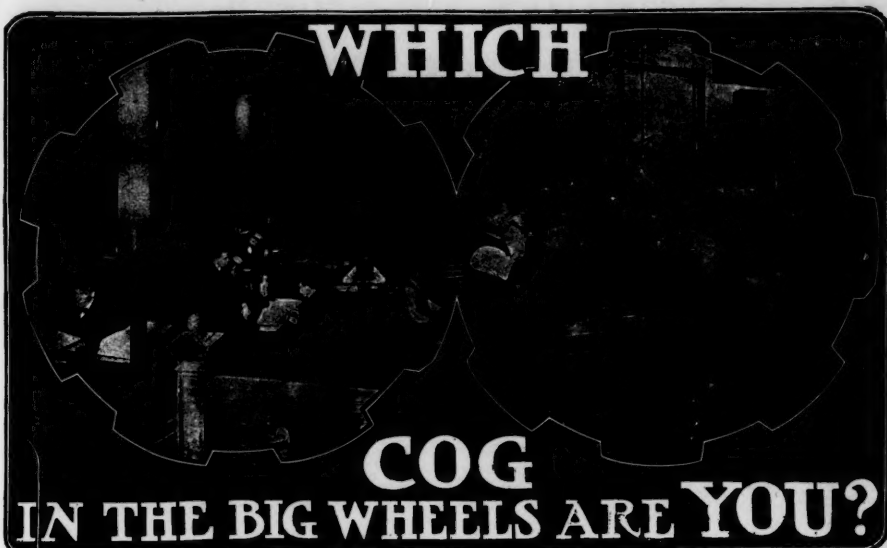
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The opinion of readers that it is a very great story is unanimous.

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AINSLEE MAGAZINE COMPANY, NEW YORK

Vol. V

No. 2

SMITH'S MAGAZINE

A PUBLICATION FOR THE HOME

MAY

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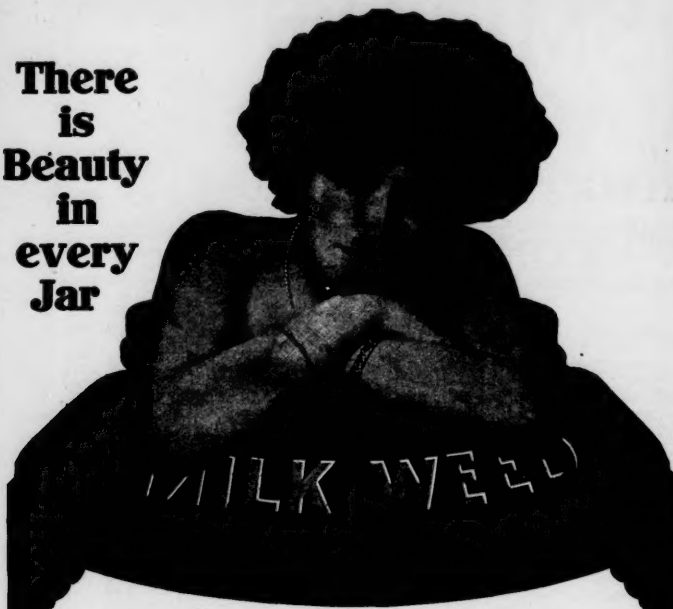
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SMITH'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME 5

MAY, 1907

NUMBER 2



Photo by Misses Selby, N. Y.

MISS FRANCES STARR
In "The Rose of the Rancho"

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Photo by Tyler, N. Y.

MISS LOLITA ROBERTSON
In "Brown of Harvard"



Photo by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia

MISS MABEL HOLLINS
In "The Little Cherub"



Photo by Marceau, Philadelphia

MISS FLORENCE ROCKWELL
Leading woman in "Popularity"



Photo by Morse, Cleveland

MISS LAURA NELSON HALL
In "The Three of Us"

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Photo by Marceau, Philadelphia

MISS FLORENCE ROCKWELL
Leading woman in "Popularity"



Photo by Moore, Cleveland

MISS LAURA NELSON HALL
In "The Three of Us"

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MISS EDNA LUBY
In vaudeville

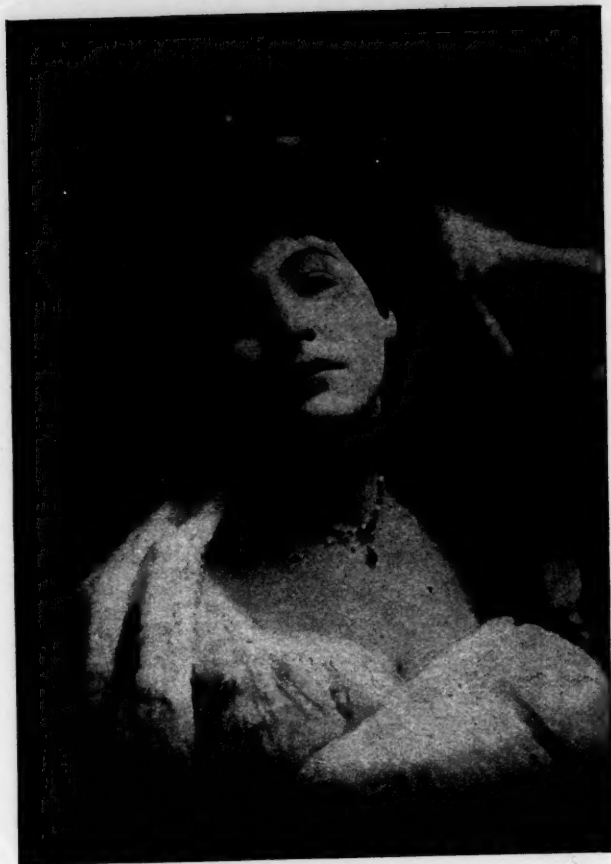


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MISS VIOLETTE PEARL
In "The Parisian Model"



Photo by Otto Sarony Co., N. Y.

MISS HELEN WARE
In "The Road to Yesterday"



Photo by Otto Sarony Co., N. Y.

MISS CHRISTIE MACDONALD
in "The Belle of Mayfair"

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Photo by Otto Sarony Co., N. Y.

MISS IDA CONQUEST

A favorite American actress who is to play in England



Photo by Sykes, Chicago

MISS MINNIE DUPREE
In "The Road to Yesterday"

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Photo by Harris-Ewing,
Washington, D. C.

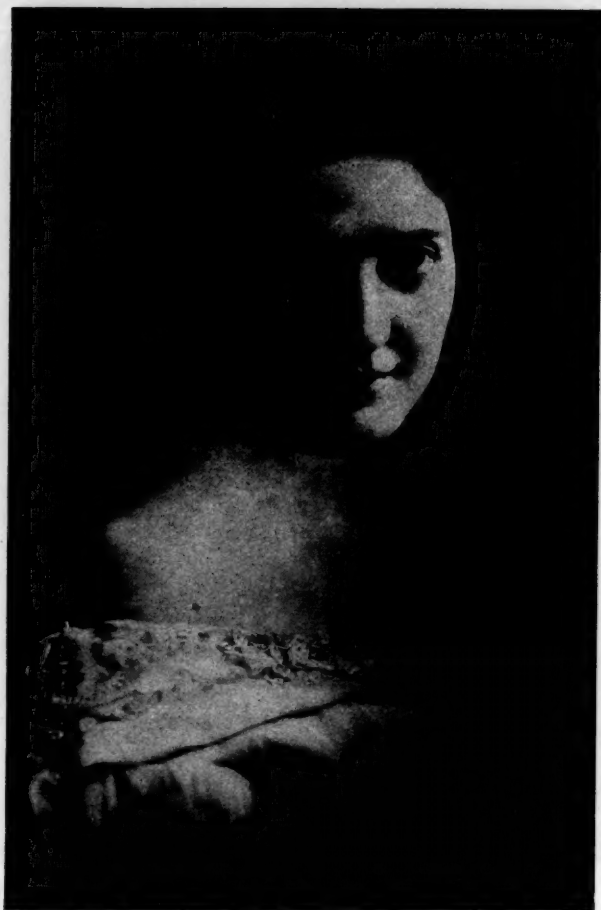
MISS BEULAH POYNTER
Playing the title role in "Lena Rivers"



Photo by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia

MISS MARY MANNERING
(MRS. JAMES K. HACKETT)
Starring in "Glorious Betsy"

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MISS WILLETTE KERSHAW
In "Brown of Harvard"



Photo by Will Armstrong, Boston

MISS IDA BROOKS HUNT
Prima donna of "Woodland" company

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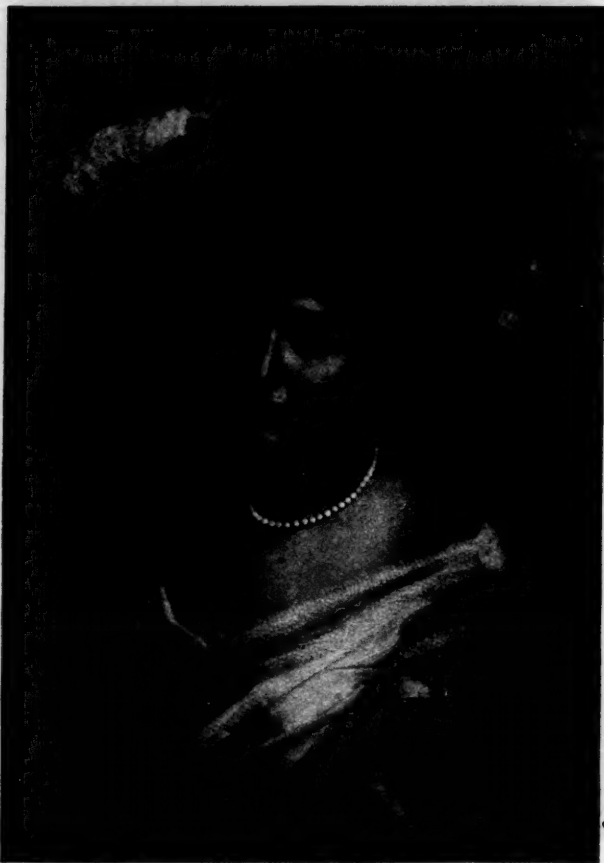


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MISS FLORENCE REED
Will appear in a new play by Will A. Page

THE CONFLICT

BY

W.B.M. FERGUSON



ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
W. HERBERT
DUNTON

THE older man eased one leg over the other and continued to regard Creighton with a certain direct stare. Creighton met the inspection, laughed awkwardly, and then, rising with a shrug of irritability, commenced to pace the gloomy consulting-room. "You hold out a vast amount of hope," he flung back over his shoulder.

"I can give nothing until I receive something," said Doctor Black dryly.

Creighton laughed in sheer vexation. "But won't you believe me," he urged, resting his knuckles on the desk and staring down into the other's inscrutable eyes—"won't you believe me when I say I have nothing on my mind? I tell you this cursed insomnia, this losing of my grip on the world's pulse, is simply due to—well, overwork, I suppose. But I want you to tell me." His steady gray eyes wavered, and finally fell before the other's unswerving gaze. He slowly resumed his chair, nervously strumming on the desk. The hand was

too white, too frail for its owner's inches.

Doctor Black eyed it absently, and then began flirting with some papers beside him.

"Your philosophy of life is all wrong, Creighton," he observed slowly, at length.

"How? What do you mean?" But Creighton was eying the carpet with undue attention.

"I mean," said the doctor steadily, carefully choosing his vocabulary, "as one is gifted so are his responsibilities increased in ratio. You were given your talents in order that you might be one of the instruments through which your fellow man might better understand his half-born yearnings, his vague efforts at self-analyzation, his ever constant, ever futile efforts to solve the great question of life. You were endowed with the gifts of the teacher, the interpreter——"

"I know all that," said Creighton impatiently.

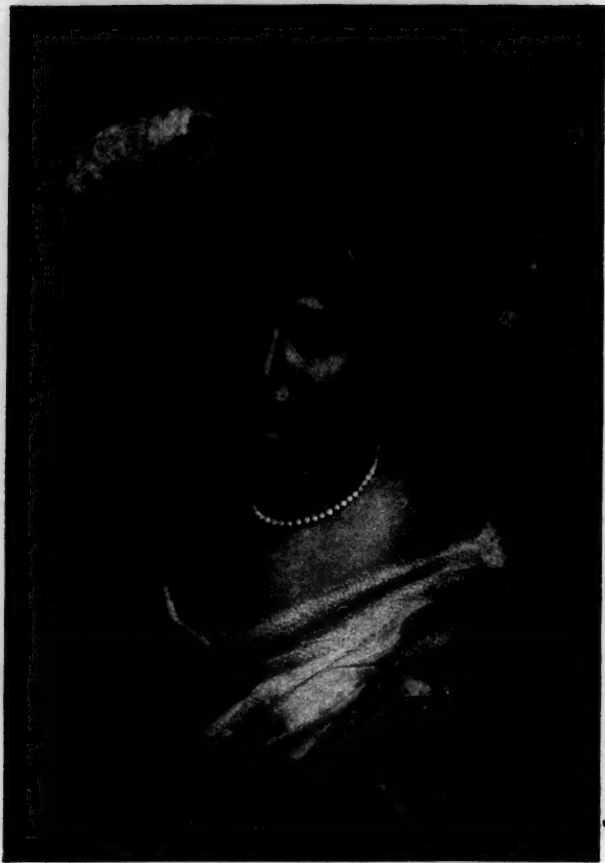


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W. HERBERT
DUNTON

THE older man eased one leg over the other and continued to regard Creighton with a certain direct stare. Creighton met the inspection, laughed awkwardly, and then, rising with a shrug of irritability, commenced to pace the gloomy consulting-room. "You hold out a vast amount of hope," he flung back over his shoulder.

"I can give nothing until I receive something," said Doctor Black dryly.

Creighton laughed in sheer vexation. "But won't you believe me," he urged, resting his knuckles on the desk and staring down into the other's inscrutable eyes—"won't you believe me when I say I have nothing on my mind? I tell you this cursed insomnia, this losing of my grip on the world's pulse, is simply due to—well, overwork, I suppose. But I want you to tell me." His steady gray eyes wavered, and finally fell before the other's unswerving gaze. He slowly resumed his chair, nervously strumming on the desk. The hand was

too white, too frail for its owner's inches.

Doctor Black eyed it absently, and then began flirting with some papers beside him.

"Your philosophy of life is all wrong, Creighton," he observed slowly, at length.

"How? What do you mean?" But Creighton was eying the carpet with undue attention.

"I mean," said the doctor steadily, carefully choosing his vocabulary, "as one is gifted so are his responsibilities increased in ratio. You were given your talents in order that you might be one of the instruments through which your fellow man might better understand his half-born yearnings, his vague efforts at self-analyzation, his ever constant, ever futile efforts to solve the great question of life. You were endowed with the gifts of the teacher, the interpreter——"

"I know all that," said Creighton impatiently.

"And," continued the doctor, unmoved, "instead of honoring those gifts, instead of bringing sunshine and joy and hope into the world, as you so easily could have done; instead of knitting the souls of men together by showing the good there is in us all, the universal brotherhood, bringing the scattered, hidden gold to the surface, appealing to the highest in us, you have delved after the filth and the muck. You have scorned the decent average for the unregenerate few; discarded the essence for the scum. You have prostituted your gifts, and I warn you God will not overlook it, for He does not give in vain."

Creighton pushed back his chair. His face was white, as white as the doctor's, but his eyes held infinitely less Christianity. There was silence. Creighton reached for his hat.

"I come for advice . . . help . . . I get hell," he said quietly. "You have charmingly embellished the critics' eulogy." He turned on his heel.

Doctor Black did not glance up. He was turning over the leaves of the *Critic*. "Sit down," he said finally.

The younger man hesitated, waiting covertly for a second invitation. It did not come. At length pride capitulated, covering surrender with the cloak of indifference. He resumed his chair. "Well?" he said belligerently. He was weak; not the weakness of the frail, but of those who have lost faith in themselves.

Again came silence. It befriended the doctor, but Creighton found it as a foe. He had come to dread silence. He strummed on the desk. The clock ticked off another minute. The doctor was reading. Creighton's eyes slowly grew large and dark. His arms twitched. His lips quivered. Subconsciously his hand stole toward his breast pocket. And then Doctor Black looked up.

"Well?" he asked quietly.

"What?" Creighton would not meet his eyes.

"Are you ready to give me your confidence?"

"No. I have said all I can say—Stop! What's the matter?" But Doctor Black had suddenly caught the twitching hand nervously strumming on the desk, and was relentlessly baring the wrist and forearm. After the first ineffectual struggle, Creighton had subsided into passivity. But a dull red patch had commenced to flame in his cheeks. His eyes hardened and hardened again as they met the doctor's; defiance trying to outfight shame; striving to beat down the doctor's eyes—striving and failing.

Black examined the wrist he held. Then he slowly relinquished it. "I want that needle," he said quietly. His eyes were compelling. Creighton wavered. "That hypodermic in your breast pocket," added Black.

Slowly the other obeyed, mechanically placing the little dun-colored case on the desk.

"Thank you," said the doctor gravely. "How long has this been going on—a year? I thought so."

The younger man nodded dully. "Why?" he asked.

"I know. Why did you use it?"

Creighton passed a quivering hand over his forehead. "Why? Why? I had to—had to. Yes, I had to." He laughed a little. "The thoughts wouldn't come without it."

"Better that they hadn't," commented Black.

Creighton's lips quivered. Suddenly he was on his feet, his eyes flaming. The reaction was upon him. Body and mind were crying aloud for their wonted stimulant. His soul was scorching under the acid of retrospect, self-loathing; the words, the looks, of his friend.

"You talk of the sunshine, the help, the charity in the world," he said thickly; "all which I have blinded myself to." He struck his hand on the desk with feverish emphasis. "And what do you show toward me? Doesn't your present attitude bear out my statement? I write of the world as I find it. It is a blackguard—it has been to me—and as such I depict it. It is all right for you and your fellow

psalmists, secure in health, in fortune, in self-respect, to shout: 'Joy, thanks-giving, hallelujah!' But I notice it is all lip-service. At the same time you make pretty certain that your neighbor doesn't encroach on your particular sun-spot. But get on the other side of the fence, where the sun doesn't shine strong enough to warm you, and perhaps you will find more darkness than light in the world. You have no place for the sinner in your creed. You make no allowances for the weak, either in spirit or flesh. You say my books should be a pæan of praise to the Almighty; an amen chorus and litany on the universal brotherhood of man. As well ask the fish squirming on the hook to cry 'Encore!' to his captor. And I needs must imagine a little heaven of my own, and write it up becomingly, or else—starve. So say you. But I say no. Truth will live, hypocrites to the contrary. And I find woman detestable, and man worse; the flesh always superior to the spirit, and the world a cesspool of iniquity, sending its stench to high heaven, and no redress in sight. I find it so, and so I write it. And so I will. And so I will," he terminated with fierce reiteration, thumping the desk with his fist. Still glaring at his friend, Creighton mechanically sat down.

The doctor did not reply in words. In silence he rose, and, measuring a draft from a vial, handed it to the younger man. "You are as near a wreck in every way as I would care to see," he said gently.

"Overwork," said Creighton belligerently.

"No," said Black matter-of-factly. "What you've done between works."

Creighton laughed. The stimulant was buoying him up. "We can never argue that point to harmony. You for your sunshine; me for my gloom—as you term it. Truth, as I call it. At least it has made my reputation; my fortune."

"Or misfortune," said Black absently. "And there are more things in the world than money. Infinitely more. But, as you say, we will not argue.

You have come to me for—what? You are suffering primarily from a disease I cannot cure, for you will not listen. Your disease is of the soul. The morphin habit is but the outgrowth of it. Not until your philosophy of life is changed will you succeed in mastering the drug. I might stop you for a time, but only for a time. You would revert to it at the first opportunity. Morphin is a terrible drug to overcome. It is commencing to fasten its fangs in you. Better remove them before it is too late. Nothing can do it but will-power. There is no will-power with misanthropy, cynicism. And even as a purely business venture, Creighton," he added seriously, "I would reconstruct your idea of life. Even your audience of 'truth-seekers' will, in time, be satiated by the lusts of the flesh. They will revolt. But you cannot change. It will be too late. The world is steadily looking upward, surely if slowly, but you are persistently looking down. Eyes deprived of sunlight in time grow blind. When your market changes for the better, as it will change, your philosophy of life will have completed your moral astigmatism."

"And what is my philosophy of life?" asked Creighton dryly.

"To hate woman, to despise man, to distrust God himself; to hug pessimism, cynicism, fatalism to your breast, and gloat over them; to jeer at faith, at hope, at charity."

"I see you have been reading the *Critic*," said Creighton, with some good humor. "They did roast my book—'Vampires'—didn't they? You've been biased by it, doctor. You are not in the literary swim, and so are mercifully exempt from the scorching and lying tongue of jealousy. I assure you the *Critic* is merely jealous—not just. Why, 'Vampires' has netted me twenty thousand already. I have more orders than I can fill. Brown & Blackie are at me every day for my next book."

"If you are so satisfied, why did you come here?" asked Black quietly. "Perfect self-satisfaction means stagnation. You know that."

"I came here," began Creighton, "because—well, you see this next book of mine is to outdo all the others, and—and, hang it, Black! I've wasted two months already on it, and, somehow, I can't get it started. It simply won't write. My imagination spring seems to have dried up——"

"And to stimulate it you've increased the dose of morphin?"

"Well—yes." Creighton eyed his nails. The doctor's head was sunk on his breast in profound abstraction. As the silence lengthened, seeming almost to take material form, a curtain between the two men, Creighton laughed nervously, and slowly rose.

"And so you think I cannot give up morphin unless I change my philosophy?" he asked, half-cynically. "I'm afraid the physician in you is swamped by the theologian. You wish to proselytize me."

"No," said Black gravely, speaking with difficulty, as if analyzing each word. "I understand that religion is a belief. There are many roads to paradise, but they all lead up—not down. And on them all are the finger-posts erected by Christ. I am old-fashioned, perhaps, and so for that reason I have kept my faith. I have not questioned God nor do I wish to. I have not dived into all the isms of the age. But you have, Creighton, and you have succeeded in educating yourself into an atheist. And when I say you cannot give up morphin until you have reconstructed your philosophy, I mean until you have found faith in yourself, in God, in man. You will require all your will-power——"

"And I say I *will* give it up," interrupted Creighton, snapping his jaw. "Beliefs, tenets have nothing to do with will-power. I will show you that I can renounce the drug without changing my philosophy, as you term it. I will show you."

"I wish you all the success in the world," said the doctor gravely. "I will be the first to congratulate you on such a consummation." He rose and laid his hand on the other's shoulder. "Forgive me if I have said anything

harsh," he said gently. "I felt strongly, and probably spoke too strongly. But I have watched your career, Creighton, and—well, I think you are not getting the best out of yourself. I know you are not happy; that you will not find happiness until you realize that it comes from within, not without. Regarding the morphin habit you have acquired, will you place yourself unreservedly under my care?"

Creighton shook his head. His pride was flaming. "No, thank you. I will fight it out on my own lines—and win. You think me a weakling—I will show you I am not."

Black rubbed his massive chin, scrutinizing Creighton from under his bushy brows. His attitude was as if he were mentally taking aim at some hidden target.

"Perhaps sorrow is the most insidious disease," he observed gravely, at length. "Don't let it ruin your life, Creighton."

The other laughed somewhat bitterly.

"No woman is worth it," added the doctor, now certain that he had touched the quick. It was the first time he had hinted, even remotely, at the cancer in the other's life.

"I don't understand," said Creighton coldly. He rose abruptly. Doctor Black was humming softly.

"What are your plans?" he asked casually.

Creighton toyed aimlessly with his hat. "I want to get out of the city, to be alone," he said restlessly. "I'm sick of New York——"

"Good," said Black. "I've the very place you want. A bungalow on the bank of Lake Hollywood. Know where it is? Well, it's thrown on my hands, for I can't get away, owing to clinic work. You'll find all about it in that prospectus."

Creighton idly thumbed over the leaves of the pamphlet. "H'm. Jersey resort. Don't like Jersey. Too much prohibition and sanctimonious cussedness."

"It's an ideal situation," said Black mildly. "I have been over the ground. Quarter of a mile from the Atlantic.

Beautiful scenery. Pine woods. No mosquitoes. Canoeing, bathing, fishing, hunting—"

"One would imagine you were barker for the show," commented Creighton. "Well, I'll take it over. Might as well. Have to go somewhere for the summer. And it's only fifty odd miles from the city, I see—if one can believe these highly enthusiastic tracts. Much obliged for the consideration. Good-by. Come down and see me if you can make the time. Have a taste of your own medicine." Creighton did everything in a hurry.

"And the hypodermic?" asked Black simply, as he held the other's hand.

"Goes no farther. I will show you," said Creighton coldly.

When his friend had left, Black slowly seated himself at his desk. His profession demanded much of him, and he gave of his best loyally. He had experienced a trying winter, and had planned, long beforehand, a month's rest in the little bungalow he had now relinquished to Creighton. Sacrifice had been such a part of the doctor's life, from the cradle up, that he never regarded it other than as a favor. And it was necessary that Creighton should inhabit the bungalow that summer. For Doctor Black had evolved a scheme of regeneration for Creighton. He now wrote a letter to the prime factor in that scheme. It was addressed to Miss Millicent Courtney, Oak Lodge, Springhaven, New Jersey.

MY DEAR MISS COURTNEY: I have decided not to take a vacation this year. A friend of mine, Mr. Creighton, has very kindly taken the bungalow off my hands. He is the Creighton—"John Winters"—who wrote 'Vampires.' He is an old college-mate of mine and, unknown to himself, is in quest of a cure for his soul. I know there is gold, much gold, in his nature—not the dross he is putting forth. He requires an element to enter his life—one which I cannot supply. He has two things to conquer—a memory and morphin. I am stating this in a professional sense to you. He bears a letter of introduction to you, and I am going to ask if you will compass the cure of his soul. You are the element he requires. Besides, you can watch him while he would not permit me to do so. I am asking very much, I know, but you are the only one I can turn to in my extremity;

the only one capable of meeting it. You can straighten out that twist in Creighton's soul. When that is accomplished the world will learn great things from him. He is capable of great things.

Black absently blotted the letter, running his eyes over the contents.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed suddenly. "I'm getting fearfully absent-minded. I clean forgot to mention Miss Courtney's name to Creighton, or give him that letter of introduction. Never mind, I'll write him in time for it to reach him on his arrival at Springhaven." Just then the telephone rang violently, and Doctor Black, placing the letter addressed to Miss Courtney in his pocket, hurriedly dashed out on one of his many cases.

II.

The following morning saw Creighton installed in the bungalow with acid-tongued Stryker, general factotum, in charge of the commissariat department; Betta, another old legionary, as second in command. Stryker had a heart secreted mysteriously somewhere about him, but his master's misanthropy had corroded it, and the servant had learned to growl at the sun, moon, and stars quite as fluently as Creighton. On frequent occasions he would have preferred to smile, even if for the sake of giving his mouth a vacation, but a glance from Creighton's cynical eyes invariably voted the attempt a failure. In England the servant is an institution. They serve generation after generation, and loyalty to the "master's" family is the cardinal virtue. Creighton's father had been English, and Stryker's father and father's father had polished the Creighton crest, and secretly drunk the Creighton wine with much fervor and faithfulness. The servant always fashioned himself as nearly as possible on the master, and it so came that if Stryker was ever afflicted with a smile he must needs commit the heinous crime of lese-majesty in the coal cellar or some equally secure cloister. But Creighton was too cynical to be a hard master. If ever

the servant requested a favor it was promptly granted, Creighton saying, with some truth: "I may as well give it, you melancholy beggar, for you'd find means to hoodwink me, anyway."

Away down in Stryker's heart there was affection for his master, but it was successfully concealed. For in the lonely, silent household, presided over by a misanthrope, it was considered bad form to be gracious and kind. Those two virtues were a weakness.

ous singing of a bird, the twittering of a chipmunk, or the distant chatter of a canoeing party.

Stryker frankly turned up his nose (though nature had already anticipated him in that respect), at the prospect of a three-months' stay. To Betta, legionary second in command, he gloomily confided his misgivings.

"I can't imagine wot the master's about. Why, this 'ere is a tragedy——"

"I think it's fine," said Betta, whose



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He lay with disconsolate eyes, looking up through the foliage of the overhanging trees.

Creighton could not have found a more ideal asylum than the bungalow. It was not primitive enough to ruffle his sense of the fitness of things, and yet it had not been modernized to effiteness. It was situated in the heart of the great pine woods, on the south side of Lake Hollywood, than which there is no more glorious lake in all Jersey. It flutters enchantingly eastward like five bright blue ribbons until it meets, at the Flume, the surge of the mighty Atlantic. Absolute silence was king, save when it was dethroned by the occasional croak of a bullfrog, the joy-

resiliency always rose superior to the enveloping gloom, though it had to vent itself in the kitchen. "Fancy gettin' up in th' mornin' and seein' the sun rise over th' water there, and it all cool and peaceful like——"

"Ho, yuss, an' me havin' to foot it more'n 'alf a mile to carry up th' water," snorted Stryker. "Yuss, it's all very fine. It's barbarious. No runnin' water in th' place. And havin' to get into one o' them 'orrible little boaty things like a red Injun before you comes to a trolley and respectability. I call it barbarious."

"You've no appreciation of natur'," said Betta, methodically cleaning out the grates and sandstone fireplace.

"No, I haven't," affirmed Stryker, with conviction. "Natur', I always find, means plenty o' dirt and 'ard work. And I'll bet you the master don't stay 'ere one week."

"It's what the master needs," said Betta shortly. "He's not a well man. And don't you go to put him out of conceit with the place, John Stryker." The irreproachable serving-man did not reply. He was gloomily sorting over the bungalow's complement of domestic appurtenances.

"This is wot they called completely furnished," he said tragically, holding aloft a pewter fork much stricken in years. "An' not a bloomin' chafin'-dish in the place! And did you see the Chippendale furniture and the Sèvres service?" he asked, with fine sarcasm. "Oh, my eye! wot elegance! And the damask linen and the curled hair mattresses—corn-husks, that's what they is—corn-husks! It's crool to ask a respectable member of a decent family to live 'ere. It's barbarious."

"Go home, then," said Betta.

And outside, doubled inelegantly in a hammock overlooking the lake, Creighton was thinking the same thoughts as Stryker. A neglected writing-pad and pencil were thrown on the ground, and he lay with disconsolate eyes looking up through the foliage of the overhanging trees. Creighton was primarily of the city, an esthetic whom a soiled napkin would have thrown into a panic. He had no love for nature, for he was intensely ignorant of her moods. He had arisen with the firm intention of mapping out the plot of his contemplated masterpiece, but though he had striven desperately to focus his attention, it had wavered pitifully, now attracted by a passing canoe, now by the tap-tap of a woodpecker.

His mind was not a blank, but a receptacle for thoughts that would not assume coherency. For months he had experienced the same impotency. He could not write, strive how he might.

And he wished to write. It was his heritage. Way back in his brain there lay a gigantic thought striving for articulation. Yes, this next book would take the critics by storm. He would create a character that would live. He would show up woman as she was. For he would write into the book the blackest chapter in his own life. And always the central idea eluded him.

Creighton, due to the twist in his soul, had created a market for misogynists. The plots of his books were highly ingenious, but always a Messalina figured as the central character. Yes, his plots were ingenious and his writing strong—horribly strong! Even the critics granted him that. But Doctor Black had been right when he said they helped to lower the standard of the world, not to raise it. And Creighton knew that, and writhed at the knowledge. He longed, only he knew how he longed, to write a clean, powerful, wholesome book; one from which its readers would rise a little happier, a little better, a little nobler. But it was not in him. Always, no matter how worthy the beginning, he fell into the hateful rut. He did not acknowledge that his philosophy of life, as Black had termed it, was at fault, but he sensed that something was wrong. There had been a time in the long ago, in his early literary beginnings, when he cherished his ideals, when he felt in tune with the infinite, when he started his first book—and then, before it was finished, there had come a very black chapter, and he had emerged from it another man.

As Black had said, and Creighton ignored, sorrow is the most insidious disease. After the black chapter came the wooing of forgetfulness—with morphin. Even the most ingenious brain will lose its fecundity. Creighton's remarkable word-pictures of the bandit passions, his almost uncanny plots, could not have emanated from a normal brain. He had set a high standard for such a type of "literature," and he found it more and more difficult to exceed it. And his public were the type who demanded that he exceed it. His

"stuff" was like a draft of salt water to them; it made them but the more thirsty. And so morphin came to give him wonderful plots even while it lent him forgetfulness from the memory.

Creighton jumped restlessly from the hammock, irritably kicking his writing-pad into a clump of nodding "stink-weed." His lips were compressed, his face white. He was fighting, fighting. Mechanically his hand traveled to his breast pocket, then fell listlessly. Creighton scowled at the hand, holding it before his eyes, addressing it as if it were some responsible agent.

"What are you trying to do?" he asked through his teeth. "You know I've left the hypodermic in New York. I've quit it for good. Quit it, do you hear? I'll show Black." The old insidious, relentless craving for the drug gripped him fiercely. Creighton was shivering, though the June day was perfect, his hands clenched, the sweat on his brow. It was like a material fight for life with some mighty, unseen foe. By sheer physical strength he kept his hand from straying to the breast pocket—the empty pocket.

When the great surge of temptation had swept over him, Creighton stood quivering like a whipped child, his face buried in his hands.

"I can't stand this," he muttered. "I—I didn't know it had such a grip on me. Black was right—its fangs are terrible; terrible to shake off. I have conquered this time, but it will come again, and then—and then—I should have stayed in the city," he ran on feverishly, "I see now that the crowd might help me. I must have distraction. The silence, the loneliness here is awful. My thoughts will *not* be subjugated."

In sheer desperation he turned on his heel and walked hurriedly, unheedingly, up the narrow little path that skirted the lake, striving to lose himself in action. Head bent, eyes on the ground, he had gone perhaps a hundred yards round the bend of the road, when he was brought up standing by the sound of a great splash in the water.

Mechanically his eyes followed the sound, and a thrilling message was flashed to his brain. Below him, some half-dozen yards from the shore, there aimlessly floated a big yellow canoe—empty.

A ripple on the water assured Creighton of the tragedy under way. It was the first time in his life he had been confronted with an emergency, and even while he acted instantaneously, subconsciously he was aware of his own coolness and thorough grip of the situation. It surprised him. In the action of the moment his esthetic veneer had been wiped away; a strange, vague primitiveness gripped his soul—the blood of his ancestors resistlessly asserting itself through the artificiality of decades.

In a twinkling he had seen a "double-ender" swinging idly from the little jetty, and, scorning the aid of the stairway, Creighton had dived head first down the steep bank, furiously torn loose the boat's painter, seized the sculls, and, with unskilful but urgent hands was swinging through the water at a clipping, if ungraceful, pace. It had all been accomplished in the space of the proverbial minute, and as Creighton tugged manfully at the oars, his eyes flashed, his cheeks flushed, his chest heaved; exulting in endeavor, in the coming hand-to-hand fight with nature.

Before he realized it, he had run alongside the canoe, miraculously averting a collision through no fault of his own. Backing water, he leaned far over the gunwale, feverishly searching the blue-green waters for some trace of its unfortunate victim—there, there it was! A tangled gold head had bobbed up but half a dozen yards away. Immediately it sank.

"The deadly third time!" muttered Creighton, remembering having read something concerning the cabalistic number. Wildly he made for the ripple on the water. Again the tangled gold head bobbed up—still half a dozen yards away.

"Hold hard," called Creighton illuminatingly, his voice breaking with

excitement. "Just keep up a second, and I'll—" He perorated with a valiant struggle with the refractory sculls—somehow the boat was frightfully difficult to manage. Perspiring, in a perfect paroxysm of unwonted heroism, Creighton at last managed to reach the half-submerged head. Then, shipping the oars, he scrambled, all-fours, across the boat, and—and—yes, he was looking directly down into a pair of wonderfully large, wonderfully steady eyes. Somehow they did not look as if confronting death, and Creighton stared for a long time very foolishly without doing anything at all heroic.

"Why—why you're not drowning at all!" he exploded finally, with much vehemence, resentment, and astonishment.

"Why, no," said the head gravely, "I don't think I am."

Creighton still stared in profound silence. Then he looked helplessly at his blistered hands and general undignified attitude as he lay sprawled out all over the boat. Slowly, gingerly, with infinite caution, for the horrible round-bottomed thing had a treacherous inclination to rock like a cradle, and all his derring-do had somehow leaked out, Creighton managed to regain his seat, and, chin in hands, coldly eyed the golden head now floating serenely on the water. His cynicism, momentarily swept away, had come back with his

composure. He addressed the head with cold deliberation. He was too angry to keep silent.

"Of course I am ignorant of country ethics, and I dare say I will view in time, with equanimity, if not pleasure, people flopping out of canoes for the doubtful notoriety attendant upon the performance. I assure you if I had known it was a habit with you I would never have acted so—so—"

"Ridiculously," suggested the head calmly.

Creighton endeavored to wither the steady eyes, but was forced to call his



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"Why—why, you're not drowning at all!" he exploded finally.

tongue to his aid. He tried the chilling-politeness stab.

"I must say I appreciate your charming courtesy." And he bowed very frigidly.

"You don't say it as if you meant it," said the head reprovingly. Creighton in mighty wrath picked up the sculls. He was under the fire of the floating eyes, and, assuming a sangfroid he was far from feeling, he endeavored to lend a thoroughly seasoned and old-time-salt appearance to his pose. But he could not. Somehow the oars refused to work in harmony. Something was decidedly wrong, but what it was he could not say. He went through several highly ingenious movements that, however pleasing they might appear to a casual observer, unfortunately did not enhance the progress of the boat. Creighton felt his face flushing. Why didn't that beastly little girl with the steady eyes either drown herself or say something? Finally she choose the latter alternative just as Creighton had reached the climax of an amazing series of evolutions.

"It's very nice," she said approvingly, critically, as if Creighton had been performing for her especial benefit, "but don't you think if you sat the other way you'd get along better?"

"Eh?" said Creighton, glowering at her.

"I mean with the oars in *front*—not behind," said the floating head, with great gravity.

And then Creighton saw what an impossibility he had been attempting, and as he feverishly reversed his position, the girl laughed until her voice went echoing across the wide lake and lost itself in the whispering pines. And the woods must have passed it to its tenants, for they set up a great cawing and twittering as Creighton, swearing fluently to himself, went through the hazardous process of mooring the double-end.

"And that's woman for you!" he snorted, as he scrambled out of the lake where he had found occasion to fall in during the hazardous process. "That's

woman for you! Just what I always said. Soulless—soulless. Now, that girl, that charming girl"—through his teeth—"accidentally fell in, and just because she happened to be able to swim, and I tried to save her, she deliberately poked fun at me. Fun! Horribly common vulgarity. Hope she doesn't live anywhere around here. I'll just see how she proposes to extricate herself, and if she wants any help—I won't give it. I won't!"

Creighton lighted a consolatory cigarette, and, sitting on the top step of the stairway, grimly watched the gold head floating on the lake. He was painfully conscious of his watered flannels; of the fact that he had cut a ridiculous figure. His heroism had eventuated in nothing but buffoonery of the grossest kind.

The girl seemed in no great hurry to leave the water. Finally giving an excellent demonstration of the difficult "Australian crawl," she set out in pursuit of the drifting canoe. Creighton watched her, curiosity blended with his resentment.

"She'll never reach that boat," he growled. "What fools girls are! The slightest breath will capsize it—" He stopped, biting his cigarette in two. The girl *had* reached the canoe, and had boarded it with experienced ease. Not from the side, as Creighton ignorantly would have attempted, but from the end. Despite himself, Creighton, with envy and grudging admiration, watched her splendid poise as with swift, powerful strokes, anon shifting the paddle from port to starboard without effecting the perfect rhythm, she sent the big canoe bounding, leaping over the blue water like some sentient being. Creighton watched her, fascinated. He forgot to be angry. This was art, perfect art, in tune with nature. He drew in a great breath of the fresh air rich with the tang of the mighty Atlantic. By now the canoe had swept up to the jetty, and the girl, rising and poising herself, had leaped out lightly, seized the painter, and snaffled it all in the one movement.

Creighton gave one hurried look,

rose awkwardly, and departed in some considerable confusion. The girl was in a bathing-suit, and, to Creighton's esthetic sense of the fitness of things, the skirt appeared alarmingly short. Bathing-suits are all right on the beach, but—but— Well, somehow Creighton felt uncomfortable as he walked slowly homeward. He felt as if he had been spying on a scantily attired Lady Godiva. But, then, he argued irritably, how did he know she was in undress uniform? And she had looked such a girl in the water. And surely if she had not been embarrassed, why should he? And, certainly, she had *not* been embarrassed. Creighton, true to his unlovely philosophy, thought: "She's a hoiden; brazen, forward. A thing of no education or cultivation. It's rather a pity, for she is most artistic—er—that is, she is passably pleasing to the eye."

He promptly dismissed the incident from his mind.

A man, however cynical and solitary, must talk to some one. Creighton was wont to say he preferred talking to himself, as he enjoyed intelligent conversation and hated arguments. But Stryker was also a recipient of his occasional philosophizing. At meal-time, always served in solemn state, the old servant, prim, immaculate, would take his place behind his master's chair and pass occasional observations with the dishes.

"Most peculiar place this, sir," said Stryker that evening at dinner. "Do you know, sir, it's prohibition all about here, sir? Yes, sir, positively not a drop to drink."

"Indeed," said Creighton. "How did you know?"

"Well, sir, you never knows when you may be attacked with colic or such-like things, and I makes it a rule, wherever I goes to, to sort of prospect round like in case you has to perwide for—"

"I understand," said Creighton dryly. "You see I did 'perwide.' I expect if I had opened my trunk before this you would never have found out that it was a prohibition county."

Stryker coughed aggrievedly behind his hand, but diplomatically ignored the insinuation.

"I see we've neighbors, sir," he said, changing the subject. "In that big, gloomy 'ouse round the point. You can't see it from 'ere."

"Oh," said Creighton, his interest slightly roused. He thought it must be the house of the "hoiden." "What kind of neighbors, Stryker?"

"Orful," said Stryker, shaking his head. "It's common talk in the town. They call it the 'aunted 'ouse, sir. They say an orful queer lady lives there. And they say she takes something—"

"What do they mean?" interposed Creighton.

"They don't know, sir. But they say she takes some kind of stimulant, and can't shake it orf."

"Nonsense," laughed Creighton. But there was no mirth in his voice. Unknowingly Stryker had touched the quick. Creighton turned and eyed him narrowly for a second. Did he know of his "taking something," and was it possible—but no. It was merely a coincidence. An idle village slander. Stryker had a wonderful faculty for absorbing and exuding gossip.

"Maybe she's just a 'ard drinker," continued Stryker, willing to be entertaining.

Creighton irritably pushed back his chair. "Do try to mind your own affairs for once, Stryker. Try to say good of some one."

The immaculate man servant, open-mouthed, watched the master stride into the little library. "Wot's got into 'im, anyway?" he said aggrievedly. "Say good of some one? Why—why—" Here his vocabulary failed him, and gloomily shaking his head, he started to clear the table.

He was arrested by a sudden hammering on the front door. It was open, and some one was blocking the sunlight. Before he could act, Creighton had come through the library door, which opened on the hall. Evidently he had been interrupted in the unpacking of his trunk, and, in a fit of irritation, had appeared. A bottle of

whisky was in his hand. He had just lifted it from the trunk.

"Well," he began harshly, confronting the visitor. He stopped. It was the "hoiden." Her face was pale, and she spoke in quick, sharp sentences.

"Can—can you give me some whisky, please——"

"What?" asked Creighton vaguely. "Why, no—— Thunderation! Now, what do you think of that?" At his refusal, the girl had suddenly snatched the bottle from his hand and had darted away like a greyhound. Numb with astonishment, Creighton stood on the little porch and mechanically watched the flutter of her blue sailor-suit as it twinkled to oblivion among the green trees. She had rounded the point. Undoubtedly she was the tenant of the gloomy house. Creighton laughed a little in sheer vexation, and then compressed his lips. Stryker's ominous words came to him with horrible illumination. The stimulant was alcohol. The craze had come upon the girl even as the craze for morphin came upon him, and she had forfeited all decency in a wild desire to satisfy it. Either that or her mother was the one and had sent her for it.

Creighton shook his head. He felt curiously weak. Reentering the house, he flung himself into a chair, striving for mastery of self. The picture of the girl's white face and the flash in her eyes as she snatched the bottle from his unresisting hand, rose insistently before his eyes. It was as if he had seen himself. Did he look like that when surreptitiously reaching for the hypodermic? Such degradation! The line separating man from the brute beast completely wiped out. Poor, poor girl, he thought.

A vague, impotent longing to save her from herself, hoiden though she was, clutched at his soul. And he, too, required help. Perhaps the blind leading the blind might find a way out of the depths. He *would* find a way out. And he would help her, if it was she who was the slave; if not, he would save her from her mother. For well he knew the infection of a moral dis-

ease. It was the first disinterested desire that had entered Creighton's withered soul in years.

III.

"A lady to see you, sir," coughed Stryker, standing very uncompromisingly. His attitude toward woman in the generic sense had been borrowed faithfully from his master.

Creighton slowly knocked out the ashes of his pipe. His writing lay neglected on the desk. He had tried again to compose, imagine; tried, and failed. But now, instead of chaos, the past day's incidents filled his mind. He had been thinking of the "hoiden," but he had made no attempt to put into effect his past evening's good resolutions concerning her. In silence he took the card from the silver salver Stryker presented. The incongruity of a silver salver and a bungalow did not occur to either man, for their sense of humor had decayed.

"H'm!" ejaculated Creighton, eying the card. "Miss Millicent Courtney. Don't know the lady. I suppose one of those infernal interviewers who has trailed me down here." Creighton's bark was worse than his bite. However he might think, when put to it, he always exhibited unflinching courtesy.

Inwardly fuming, he slowly descended the stairs and entered the little library. A woman rose to meet him. Again it was the "hoiden." But Creighton, as his eyes grew accustomed to the room's shadows, had difficulty in recognizing her. The "hoiden" had completely disappeared—if she had ever existed. She had given place to a highly civilized young lady in the daintiest of gowns, white silk parasol, and quiet, sincere manner.

Creighton stood very stiff and erect, not knowing what to say or do.

"Won't—won't you be seated, please?" he said, at length, conscious of a host's duties.

"No, thank you," said the visitor, "I have merely come to apologize to you," her big eyes gravely looking into

Creighton's. "I am your nearest neighbor." To his surprise, Creighton felt his resentment vanishing as he met her gaze. Always a gentleman, whatever his philosophy, he now introduced himself.

The girl was suddenly shy. "I—I don't know what you must think of me," she said, "but one loses conventionality under certain conditions. To—to begin with, I had not the least idea this bungalow was tenanted, at least by you, Mr. Creighton, and it is my custom every morning to take a dip in the lake, and—and I had no idea any one thought I was drowning, and—and I know I acted detestably, and—and I'm very sorry for what I said, but you—you looked so—so—"

"So sublimely asinine, eh?" finished Creighton, quite surprised at his good humor. And then he laughed, again quite to his own surprise, and the girl joined him. Her eyes had a magical effect upon him. He felt vaguely that he could find laughing very easy if he was engaged in studying those big eyes. And Creighton was no Strephon acknowledging the charm of his first Chloe.

"And then as regards the whisky," continued Miss Courtney, "I simply had to have it. You see, this is a prohibition county, and what I had ordered from New York had not arrived—"

"Oh," said Creighton, somewhat aghast.

"Yes," said the girl simply, "I must have it in the house and—and I'll return what I—I stole. I think is the word—if you'll let me. I was desperate, and when you refused I just had to take it."

"I quite understand," said Creighton again. But he did not. Certainly this girl did not look a fit subject for the alcoholic ward. It must be her mother, he thought, and he pitied both greatly. The girl certainly discussed the subject very frankly.

"And now I must go," said Miss Courtney very suddenly, and before Creighton quite knew how it happened, he was watching her white dress as it threaded its way up the path.

In a thoughtful mood he returned to his study, and endeavored to work. He wondered why the girl had not explained why she wanted the whisky. If it had been for an emergency why did she not say so? That in itself was enough. It went to prove his suspicions concerning her mother. For Miss Courtney's eyes said that she could not lie.

"It's a great pity," said Creighton again, and he squared his elbows, determined that the day should not go by without its finding him credited with a commendable number of words. But work he could not. Somehow the great idea lying dormant in his brain seemed hopelessly trivial to-day; trivial and inconsequent. Was the world all darkness? Surely that girl, Miss Courtney, had a great burden to shoulder, and how bravely she was carrying it! She did not whine, and—and—Creighton stirred restlessly. It was the first time he doubted his right to be miserable. He could not analyze his thoughts, but he sensed vaguely that Miss Courtney's presence, incongruous as it seemed, had a curious effect on his better nature. Under her eyes it slowly stirred and waked. He wished again to hear her laugh, to gather strength from those strangely steadfast eyes.

That night Creighton fought the temptation fiend again, snatching bare victory after he had determined, late as it was, to ferret out a drug-store and morphin. The morning found him weak and nerveless. The system suddenly deprived of a wonted stimulant sets up a mighty objection. The morning mail contained an importunate letter from his publishers asking when they might expect the advance sheets of his novel. Creighton irritably tore the letter in pieces and set out for a walk, deliberately taking the direction of the point.

At the well-remembered stairway leading to the jetty sat Miss Courtney industriously sewing. She looked up and nodded shyly as Creighton removed his cap.

"May I sit down?" he asked.

In silence, she made room for him.

Creighton was steadily eying the dancing blue water beneath him.

"It seems all very queer," he observed slowly, at length, quite apropos of nothing.

"You mean unconventional?" asked the girl quickly. "We do away with convention down here. It is so lonely that one cannot afford to ignore one's neighbors."

"I did not mean that," said Creighton frankly. "I mean—well, I wanted to hate you, Miss Courtney, oh, so hard—most cordially. And I cannot." There was no trace of familiarity in his voice or manner, nor did he intend any.

"I quite understand—you wanting to," said the girl, carefully threading her needle. "Perhaps you may yet succeed." She laughed softly. Creighton laughed. It was so easy to follow such an example.

"You remind me of the man in 'Vampires,'" said Miss Courtney, at length. "Have you read it?"

"U-m-m, yes," said Creighton. He contemplated her for some time. "What did you think of it?" he asked finally, with some pardonable pride.

"I would like to meet the author," said the girl.

"Oh," said Creighton. "I know him very well," he said.

"Indeed," said Miss Courtney, manifesting no very great emotion.

"And why do you wish to meet him?" asked Creighton. He had a vague idea of how gratified and honored she would be when he disclosed himself.

"I would like to meet him," said the girl deliberately, "so that I might have an opportunity of telling him how much I despise him."

"Indeed," said Creighton, with admirable composure. He felt as if he were a balloon and some one had suddenly stuck a pin in him.

"I always wonder," continued the girl gravely, "how men of that stamp can write so contemptuously of woman. Have you read 'Vampires'? Don't you think it is horrible? What would be the use of living if there were no such

things as love and faith and charity! Nothing but bitter hate and mistrust."

Creighton was silent. He felt he should be righteously angry, that he should rise up in his might and denounce this traducer. But he did not. He was looking at her eyes. "But the world does not smile on us all," he said slowly. "John Winters may have experienced what he writes about."

"But why are sorrow and misery sent us if not to make us better, stronger, braver?" asked Miss Courtney simply. "And doesn't Emerson say we get out of the world exactly what we put into it?"

"And more often than not, what other people put into it," said Creighton grimly. "Now, suppose, for argument's sake," he added slowly, leaning back and fastening his eyes on the lake, "suppose this John Winters' faith in woman had been shattered. Suppose in his youth he had loved as only idealistic youth can love. And suppose that instead of one of God's angels as he fondly supposed the woman to be, she had been a—snake. One who in sheer vanity had wagered she could compel the love of the silly, idealistic youth. And suppose she had won her wager and in sheer sport had set the wedding-day, and that the poor fool of a boy had strained every nerve, every resource, to be worthy of entering this paradise he had won. Suppose that the doors had been flung wide and he had entered—hell. For the beautiful little white snake, exultant in its pretty skin, had crawled off with some money-eyed admirer that the boy never knew existed. Yes, the old, old story—ever new," concluded Creighton quietly but with very white face. "And suppose the memory of the little white snake was ever in his heart," he added, "turning it to gall. Suppose he was afraid of meeting it in highway and byway; afraid because he knew its horrible, compelling fascination over him; afraid of its hellish beauty; afraid that if he met it he would fall so surely as he doubted the God in heaven—let it be thrice married. And then—and then, just as surely would he dash its head

into the dirt and crush the sinful life from its throat. Just suppose all that."

"But there are no such women," whispered the girl. "It is too horrible."

"But there are," said Creighton grimly. "I know. You have listened to a chapter in the life of the man who wrote 'Vampires.' Only three others know it—his faithful servants and a friend."

"And you are the friend," said the girl. She was silent. "But he should be man enough to conquer his sorrows," she said at length. "Don't you think so? Instead of brooding over them, circulating them, poisoning the world, he should look for the good, not harp on the bad. Live in the future, not the past."

Creighton stirred restlessly. "I always find," he said somewhat sarcastically, "that such advice invariably comes most freely from those who have never experienced tribulation in any form——"

"And don't you think I have?" caught up the girl quietly. "Who can go through the world without it? Who would want to? Without opposition there can be no growth."

Creighton thought of the whisky, and was silent. Then he laughed outright. "But you," he said, scanning her perfect figure and impertinent little nose, "what do you know of real opposition? You live in a back-water, secure, serene,



"I might have an opportunity of telling him how much I despise him."

contented, immune from the gales of the world. Why you have no real responsibility; no more than a butterfly."

"Indeed!" she said demurely. She looked up and laughed a little, replacing a straying wisp of gold behind her ear. "And do you really think one can exist without responsibility?"

"Without real responsibility," said Creighton. "Women can. They marry——"

"And then have to shoulder their

husbands' responsibilities as well as their own," said the girl dryly.

"But what responsibility can you possibly have? What experience of sorrow, of the world's moods?" asked Creighton, not intending to be personal. Miss Courtney laughed. "Well, you see I am a trained nurse. I worked up to the head of a ward in a big hospital. I have been through the Russian war with the Red Cross. At present I am on a somewhat responsible case. I am twenty-five, you see."

Creighton eyed her in profound silence. Was this the hoidenish little girl he had seen cavorting about in the water? "I—I can't believe it," he stammered. "I thought trained nurses were—were—well, homely and ancient and somewhat like a frigid automaton, you know," he explained, illuminatingly. "Really I did." He was silent, thinking. Mentally regarding Miss Courtney from a new standpoint. "Do you like nursing?" he added. "Isn't it very exacting? Somehow I cannot reconcile you with a temperature chart and hypodermic—" He stopped. He had almost forgotten. The memory caused his hand to stray in the old mechanical manner toward his empty pocket. He felt the girl's grave, steady eyes upon him.

"Yes, of course I like nursing," she answered, after a long pause. "But you don't think I merely practise it as a hobby? I don't, you know. I don't pretend that I don't have to work for a living, for I do—hard. I am not an heiress in disguise, nor did my father lose all his millions suddenly in copper or some equally obliging mineral. Nor am I the favorite niece of some wealthy old uncle. I am quite commonplace and ordinary, as you see. I have nothing to depend upon but these"—and she held out her firm, tanned young hands—"together with the collaboration of a poor but honest brain." She laughed.

"And don't you find it difficult to fight the world?" asked Creighton. "You alone, unaided, against it?"

"Not against it, but with it," she said. "No, I find it quite a habitable

place, and I've no longing to be an angel. Dad used to say the world looked dreary only to cowards who, hiding from imaginary ills, stick their heads in the mud and refuse to see the sun. And I guess dad had plenty of excuses for acting like an ostrich, if he wanted to. Dad, you see, was an obscure college professor, with more children, all girls, at that, than money. But he always said he hadn't enough—children. He was a dear old-fashioned dad, and he didn't want us girls to work—as if we would let him shoulder the fight alone! So I lit out and rustled for myself. My first position was teaching in a one-room school of a one-horse town. Fancy me teaching! But the youngsters were dears, and we hit it off splendidly. Then I suffered from a brief attack of incipient journalism, and when I had completely recovered I went into the hospital. I rose at five, scrubbed beds with carbolic acid, cleaned instruments, attended lectures ad infinitum, and in time managed to scramble to the head of the medical ward. It was great fun—busy all the time—and I really think I accomplished some good. Then came the Russian war, and I went out with the Red Cross. I think I saw my share of horror and misery, but I wouldn't have missed it for all the world. I felt as if there was really some excuse for my being alive; there was so much to do." She looked with far-away eyes at the lake.

"And what will the end of the story be?" asked Creighton slowly. "Don't you possess the feeling that you are preparing for something great; serving a probation for something that never comes? I know I feel that way. I am always waiting for something that never happens."

"No," said the girl, shaking her head. "I don't feel that way. I'm quite contented with the present. To work, to laugh, to see home and dad twice a year. And then some day when I've earned enough to go back home for keeps, back in dear old Dixie, when the world needs me no longer, then, perhaps, I will be content to live in the fu-

ture. Home—friends—they are everything. And I realize it more every day."

"U-m-m," mumbled Creighton, a vague longing possessing his soul. "Home, friends! I suppose you are right. But what about the next world?" he asked thoughtfully. "Don't you wonder, supposing there is one —"

"Is one?" caught up Miss Courtney, dropping her sewing and eyeing him strangely. "Are you an atheist?"

"I—I don't know what I am," said Creighton half-sullenly, resenting the look in her eyes. "I suppose I've a right to believe or disbelieve, just as I see fit. You see," he added, something of the demagogue in voice and manner, "I've gone deeply into all the isms, made a study of them—"

"And so have I," added the girl. "And don't they all teach a future existence, a supreme being? Aren't they all based on the ten commandments? What does it matter greatly what the road is called, so long as there is one and it leads beyond? Your duty is to keep on it. I think you have mooned about so much that you have strayed off. I am not a theologian, and I don't wish to be. Idleness begets disease of the soul and body. You must be very idle, Mr. Creighton, to have so much time to doubt."

Creighton shrugged his shoulders. "What is your philosophy of life?" he demanded.

"I don't know, I'm sure," laughed the girl. "I'm too busy to know whether I am happy or not. I think the old proverb says that the only man who is truly happy is he who does not know he is happy. I have no philosophy of life. What is such a thing like? But there is a sermon of Robert Louis Stevenson's which I have always remembered, and I think it is the best philosophy one can have. I think it runs: 'To be honest; to be kind; to earn a little and spend a little less; to make, upon the whole, a family happier for his presence; to renounce, when that shall be necessary, and not be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these

without capitulation; above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself. Here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.'"

Creighton was silent. "And Stevenson lived it," he said at length, with something akin to a sigh. Silence came. Finally Creighton looked up at the girl, speaking quietly, deliberately referring to a past topic. Something was in his heart that moment that felt foreign—foreign but sweet.

"And so you despise the man who wrote 'Vampires,' Miss Courtney, and you think him despicable in every way?" It was more of a statement than a challenge.

"Not so much since you told me his story," replied Miss Courtney. "I think I pity him more; not for what he has gone through but for his present weakness. His writings show such strength, in many ways, and yet, how weak he must be! After all, what is the use of being a man if you are not strong? And he could teach us so much if he only would. I think he has sold his gifts to the spirit of revenge. If he could forgive, forget. If he could replace the memory of that woman with the actual presence of some true woman. But he refuses to look for one, believing all bad."

"Does he?" said Creighton a little grimly. "And you think that such a woman as you describe could lead him out of the wilderness, Miss Courtney?"

He looked directly up into her eyes.

"Be sensible," she laughed lightly.

"What have I to do with John Winters? Nothing—absolutely nothing."

"That is so," said the man, trying to smile. "Nor would you," he added to himself.

"You take it very much to heart," she bantered. "One would almost believe you were his proxy, Mr. Creighton."

The man was aimlessly throwing pebbles into the lake. He could not fathom his present mood. He could not give it a name, acknowledge it. But his tongue owned no sovereignty.

"And if I was his proxy?" he said,

with a smile. "I mean—if I should speak for myself?" He kept his eyes on the water.

The girl was silent.

"I must go," she said quietly at length, rising and glancing at her bracelet-watch. "My vacation is up. Mrs. Lessing, my patient, does not rise until twelve."

"You haven't answered my question," said Creighton stubbornly, rising and facing her.

"Isn't a day or two's acquaintance rather a meager platform on which to base—absurdities?" said Miss Creighton simply.

"I wonder why I asked her that," Creighton mused to himself on the way home. "I who hate all women!" But deep down in his strange heart he did not wonder—he knew. It seemed incredible—but he knew. Something had entered his heart, and under the stimulant he wrote far into the night. He worked over the story he had begun so many years ago, before the black chapter had entered his life. Many times since then had he attempted its completion, for he realized that in it he had written down the best his soul could conceive. And he never could finish it—write even one chapter. But to-night, somehow, he was in harmony with it. Something told him that he was slowly but surely coming into his own; coming, after all the years. He felt a mighty work being conceived under his hand; mighty in its uplifting strength. The sordid cloak of morbid sensationalism had dropped from him. He wrote as one in a dream. For the first time in years he went to bed at peace with himself.

Up-stairs in his room, Stryker was not at peace with himself. He had spent the afternoon off in wandering about the point and in denouncing the universal solitude. And he had returned to the bungalow with a very white face; so white and quivering that Betta unkindly asked him if he had discovered that the county was not prohibition. Stryker had evaded inquiry by offering to let her smell his breath. He had been very nervous the entire

evening, and his constant unuttered thought was: "I must get the master away; away before 'e knows."

IV.

A month had passed. A month under certain conditions has the potentiality of decades. Not a day had gone but Creighton had spent the fore part of it with Miss Courtney. But from noon the girl's time had been devoted to her patient. Creighton was not overburdened with inquisitiveness. That Mrs. Lessing was not Mrs. Courtney was enough for him. But sometimes he had been tempted to inquire into the household affairs of the gloomy house on the point, and frankly ask what ailment Mrs. Lessing suffered from, and whether or not it was mere idle village gossip that she was of unsound mind. Miss Courtney had preserved a uniform professional reticence regarding her patient, and, in truth, Creighton was so keenly alive to the new spiritual life unfolding itself before his astonished eyes that he had little thought for his eccentric neighbor. He had never seen her, but he understood that she took long, solitary walks with Miss Courtney; walks that took her from the eyes of the world. For it seemed, or so the trained nurse had inadvertently dropped, that Mrs. Lessing shunned mankind.

Creighton was living in a new world; daily drawing from Miss Courtney's vigorous, wholesome personality material with which to construct a new philosophy of life. He was battling successfully against morphin, meeting the climacteric of the craving with slow but ever increasing will-power.

He no longer experienced the soul-harrowing, restless condition of mental impotency. For his book was progressing, and it gave every promise of being the great creation of his life. He had taken up the broken thread of early idealism; and the idealism was now tempered by the experience of the man who has suffered greatly, and who has risen triumphantly from embitterment. In literary style, sincerity, and

purity of thought the book was immeasurably above anything he had accomplished.

Creighton had known that he was prostituting his talents, and the knowledge had rankled like a cancer. He had craved for the highest literary audience while knowing that owing to his perverted outlook on life he could not meet the standard demanded. But now as the fetters of the insidious drug fell from him, as he daily realized that he was no longer a slave but a free man, secure in the sense of freedom, freedom slowly giving him renewed faith in self, his forfeited self-respect, as he daily learned from the unconscious Miss Courtney the true meaning of the word "life," thoughts and ideas long alien came to him and served loyally.

Black had been right, after all. The lodging of his soul must be thoroughly renovated, reconstructed, before greatness became a permanent tenant. He could not write one way and live another. And the key-note of his regeneration was love.

He was not fully aware of the fact. He was quite content to live in the present and question not; but he had a vague longing to make himself worthy in all things. His mornings were spent in canoeing, bathing, fishing, reading. His physical health increased with his moral; he saw the influence each exerted on the other. From Miss Courtney he learned the mysterious might of nature; her breadth, her tolerance, her splendid generosity in ever seeking to rebuild, replace. He lived in an atmosphere of peace, content—progressive, not stagnant. His afternoons were devoted to writing, and the book grew under his hand like a living thing. His intellect never wavered nor flagged, but created ever at white heat. For the book was called "Regeneration," and he was striving to write down his own sensations. And the spirit behind the pen was forgiveness, not revenge.

As a household, even to the domestic staff, takes its attitude from the head, Creighton's new attitude toward life affected Stryker and optimistic Betta. It is true that the abysmal-looking man

servant at first shook his head and endeavored to persuade his master to return to New York. But his vague forebodings were turned aside by Creighton's new-found optimism. And Stryker would say nothing openly. In time, as the days went on, he learned to laugh, but the watchful look that had crept into his eyes that night of his ramble, weeks past, still remained. He contented himself with the thought that precaution against danger is the next best thing to absence from it. And if Creighton persisted in staying, he, Stryker, could guard him from it. That was something he kept hidden in his heart.

And there was a "something" in Creighton's heart, too, which caused him to wince. The "something" was: When Miss Courtney learned, as she must, that he was the author of "Vampires," what would be her attitude toward him? And if she knew the other something—the more paramount of the two—that he was but emerging from the shackles of morphin, would her philosophy, broad, clean, wholesome as it was, hold any place for so weak, so worthless a friendship? She must know in time, for she had usurped more than a stranger's place in his heart. But he procrastinated. He told himself that he would win complete, final absorption from morphin, regain single sovereignty of manhood before he dared risk the chance of forfeiting that friendship. For he knew in his heart that the support of her society withdrawn from him now at this crucial stage, his half-snatched victory might turn utterly to defeat. He could not afford as yet to stand by himself.

It so happened that Miss Courtney herself brought up the question. She had been unusually silent one morning, and, after an hour's fishing, Creighton proposed that they win sanctuary from the hot sun by mooring the canoe under the friendly branches of an overhanging oak. They did so, Creighton showing the paddles, one on either side of the canoe, deep into the soft mud in the way the girl had taught him. Silence ensued. A vague pre-



The girl's sleeve had fallen back above her right elbow, and Creighton saw a livid bruise on the firm flesh

monition of impending evil took possession of Creighton's soul. Why, he could not explain. The girl's sleeve had fallen back above her right elbow, and Creighton suddenly saw a livid bruise on the firm flesh. He started, his eyes narrowing.

"Why—why, it's a bite!" he cried aghast, leaning tensely forward.

The girl flushed slightly, nodding quietly, and pulled down her sleeve. "A mere nothing; an accident," she said.

Creighton was eying her intently, a swift anger rising in his throat. A horrible phantom thought was seeking articulation. "Did—your patient do that?" he asked sternly. To his surprise, a long-alien spirit of mastery had him in its sway. He felt something akin to the mother who has seen her child maltreated. "Did she?" he repeated, with clenched hands.

The girl was idly dipping her hand

in the water. "And if she did?" she asked calmly, meeting his eyes.

"Why?"

"Why?" caught up Creighton, his face aflame. "Why—why, because if she were a man I'd thrash the evil life out of him," he said illogically. "Why do you permit such brutalities?" he ran on impetuously, breathing heavily. "Why do you stay——"

"Because I want to earn a living—and other reasons," said Miss Courtney, with a laugh. "There is nothing to be alarmed over."

"But you should leave," persisted Creighton.

"Mrs. Lessing needs me——"

"It looks like it."

"But you don't know her history—her need," said the girl earnestly. "It is a sad, sad story. I do not know it all, but I do know that sorrow has been in her life—much sorrow. I think she is trying to live out a wrong. She must at one time have been beautiful, but smallpox has ravaged her. That is why she isolates herself. Even her husband turned from her. Her disfigurement, her husband's desertion unbalanced her mind. To forget her troubles she became a morphin fiend. I first met her in the Johns Hopkins Hospital. She was saturated with the

drug. She was in my ward, and took a strange and violent fancy to me. I cannot account for it, but I was the only one who had the least influence over her. She was without a friend, but she had some means. When finally she was able to leave the hospital she begged, implored me to come with her as companion nurse. She affirmed, and the doctors bore it out, that I was the only one who could save her from herself. I at last consented, and she came north, taking the house down here. I have been with her a year now."

"But—that," said Creighton, pointing to her arm.

"Well," replied Miss Courtney quietly, "the mentally unsound are subject to strange humors. Mrs. Lessing is about a dozen degrees insane. She is almost normal, but is subject to strange fancies. The craving for the drug comes upon her terribly at times. I have all I can do to restrain her. That day I—I stole your whisky I had found her in possession of my hypodermic, and in the struggle that ensued she fainted. I have to carry it about with me, for she is ingenious enough to discover it, no matter where I hide it. It seems so pathetic to think that she wishes me to protect her from herself and then sets about finding a way to hoodwink me."

"And still you have not answered my question," said Creighton, a strange nausea possessing him.

The girl flushed. "Jealousy," she said at length thoughtfully, "is one of the predominant traits in the mentally unbalanced." She looked quite frankly at Creighton. "Mrs. Lessing knows that you and I are much together, and, poor soul! attributes a meaning quite different from mere friendship to our intimacy. It may seem ridiculous to a layman, but she is jealous of me. I do not say it with vanity, but she is afraid of losing me. It is an obsession with her; a mania. She pitched into me this morning; ordered me peremptorily not to see you again, Mr. Creighton. And then, suddenly relapsing into one of her insane periods, crying that she would kill rather than lose me, she flew

at me. Of course it was over in a moment, but I got the bite. I pity her greatly. She was beside herself with grief when she realized what she had done. She has not very long to live, for the morphin has wrecked her heart action."

Creighton sat immovable throughout the girl's matter-of-fact rehearsal.

"But it's monstrous, incomprehensible," he said at last, with white face. "The woman should be in an asylum. What right have you to risk your life—to subject yourself to such conditions? It's a shame, a barbarous shame. You must leave at once. Are you to be at the beck and call of that maniac—"

"She is not a maniac," said Miss Courtney gravely. "She is human, quite normal at times. An asylum would complete her ruin. My duty is clearly with her. Mrs. Lessing would commit suicide if I left her. I know that. She has tried it before. I admit I am not greatly in love with the position, but no one needs me like Mrs. Lessing. She has many lovable qualities. As I say, it is only a matter of time with her, and surely, if I can make her poor wrecked life any the happier, I am happy in doing so. It is splendid to feel that you are of some use."

Creighton irritably threw a stone into the lake. "Then I am to lose your society?" he asked abruptly. "Are you sure Mrs. Lessing's needs are the most paramount?"

"Yes," said the girl, after a moment, scrutinizing Creighton enigmatically. "And, really, there is no danger. Doctor Black, an old friend, was to be my neighbor, but I dare say he will run down to see—"

"Doctor Black!" caught up Creighton quickly. "Do you know him?"

"Yes," said the girl. "He was visiting surgeon at Johns Hopkins. Do you know him? But you must, for I know he intended occupying that bungalow you have. Isn't he splendid?" she ran on, with shining eyes. "I had charge of the operating-theater under him. He is splendid in every way. Tell me, is he an intimate friend of yours?"

Creighton glanced at her flushed cheeks. The vague premonition of impending evil he had experienced had come to stay. And now he knew what it portended.

"Black and I were college-mates," he said coldly, his eyes on the girl. "He did not tell me that he knew you. He is all that you say. I took the bungalow off his hands because—because he was tied up with clinic work, and could not get away."

"He works too hard," said Miss Courtney, with conviction. "Isn't it a coincidence your knowing him?"

Creighton's lips were compressed. His but shortly conquered cynicism had come back and engulfed him. As has been stated, Creighton did things suddenly, and he drew conclusions as suddenly. He was thinking of Black and the girl. Why had the doctor not mentioned her to him, knowing they would be neighbors? Evidently to keep him from poaching on private property. He bit his lip at the thought, absently toying with the girl's work-bag. Then, he thought dreadingly, he had come to know the meaning of love too late. The second coming of love had but served him like the first. He had been a fool.

Jealousy will lead man many a queer chase. The beautiful enchantment of his past month's existence dissolved before Creighton's eyes as he followed jealousy in her wild ramble. At the thought of returning to the old existence with the added burden of this new cancer, the cancer of unrequited love gnawing at his vitals, he was overcome as with physical nausea. He was destined to go through the world alone. He felt dazed, numb. He hardly knew what he was saying, but he experienced a savage desire to inflict the greatest self-pain at once. He rose.

"Then in view of the fact that Mrs. Lessing does not wish our friendship to continue, and you agree with her, I must say good-by," he said vaguely, and without waiting for a reply, he lifted his cap and walked swiftly, blindly, down the path. It was all so sudden, so unexpected. The girl watched him, too dazed to speak. Her lips were

trembling, and a wounded look flickered in her eyes.

It was not until he reached the bungalow that Creighton became aware for the first time that in the stress of the moment he had forgotten to return Miss Courtney's work-bag he had been toying with. It was still in his hand, clenched tightly. His first impulse was to return with it. Then a letter on the table caught his attention. It was in Doctor Black's writing.

Creighton threw the work-bag on a near-by lounge, and as he did so a small black leather case fell from it unnoticed to the floor. With a half-bitter smile Creighton slowly tore open the letter. His face cemented as he read. It was the letter of introduction to Miss Courtney that Doctor Black, until then, had forgotten to send. Creighton laughed a little as he tore the letter across. "And so she knew all the time who I was," he mused cynically. "How admirably she dissembled! What a fool I have been! I see it all now. She was watching me all the time; knowing all the time I was a victim of morphin, knowing I was the unregenerate author of 'Vampires.' And I, poor fool! thought I was fighting alone, winning alone."

What hurt the most was not that Miss Courtney had helped him, but that she had helped him for the sake of Doctor Black. "I was merely a patient," thought Creighton, trying to laugh. "Nothing but a patient. And very likely her wholesome interpretation of life was all invented for the occasion. Doctor Black is very clever. He had my philosophy of life changed by proxy. I never suspected for a moment that I was under the watchful eyes of a trained nurse and—Black's fiancée. Well, she almost cured me, but I'm afraid of a relapse."

That afternoon Creighton endeavored to continue with "Regeneration," but failed signally. He was finding it very difficult to live up to that part of Stevenson's sermon which said: "To renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered." His newly erected life structure had been demol-

ished. It would be difficult to rear one as worthy, especially when the chief support had vanished forever. Creighton fought a hard fight with himself that afternoon. He realized that his only salvation lay in application, but he could not apply himself. He was out of tune. The sense of his loss, the future stretching like a dreary waste before him, claimed first place in his mind. And through the interstices not filled with self, there crept the old craving for morphin—the drug that brought forgetfulness.

In an evil moment Creighton's eyes chanced to light on the little square case that had fallen from Miss Courtney's work-bag, and lay neglected on the floor. It was a hypodermic syringe and a vial of morphin, the one Miss Courtney had taken from her patient. Temptation in its concrete form was at hand at last. Creighton had been wise enough, strong enough to put it beyond his reach, but now— All his slumbering craving for the drug flamed into life at sight of the little syringe. His nerves cried aloud like living things.

"I won't!" said Creighton, through his teeth. "I'll give it back now—"

But half-way to the door he wavered. Again he took the instrument from its case. It mesmerized him. "Just one little injection," whispered the voice of the flesh. "It will steady you. Anyway, what does it matter now?" And Stevenson also said: "Life would not be worth the living if we did not indulge our weaknesses."

As if yielding to some supernatural, all-compelling influence, Creighton slowly bared his wrist. Slowly he drew back the little silver piston. And then the memory of a girl's steady, sincere eyes rose before him. They seemed so real, so sentient, that Creighton wavered. He could not brave their contempt. He felt that the crisis of his life was at hand, the fork in the road. Either he would win final, absolute freedom, or hopeless slavery and degradation. The supreme test had come. There was no equivocation. Concrete temptation was in his hand.

The battle of the flesh was long and bitter. Twice Creighton flung the hypodermic on the lounge, and twice, yielding to the master craving, painfully searched for it, and regained it. He hated himself for his weakness; he was as a child. Then finally the hypodermic was flung aside for the third time, and Creighton threw himself on his knees by the lounge, burying his face in his arms.

"God help me!" he whispered. "Help me to be a man!"

How long Creighton knelt there he did not know. But when he rose to his feet he felt that his last despairing supplication had been answered. Something had stretched out from the great unknown to lend him fortitude. Some presence had reached him in his hour of need. But he had fought and won. And then he became aware that some one had entered the room while he knelt, and was regarding him steadily.

It was Miss Courtney. Her knock, unanswered, she had taken advantage of the open door. Creighton drew himself together.

"Well?" he said vaguely. His voice was quivering with the stress of the recent conflict.

"I want that hypodermic," said the girl quietly.

Creighton mechanically searched for it with his eyes. "I—I haven't it. It must have dropped behind the lounge." He was trying to interpret Miss Courtney's attitude.

"You have it," said the girl hotly, suddenly stooping and holding aloft the empty case. "Give it to me—at once!" A feverish light was in her usually steady eyes. She confronted Creighton with clenched hands. "I must, *will* have it, Mr. Creighton, immediately!"

"Why?" asked Creighton quietly, with no inquisitiveness in his voice.

The girl's composure suddenly broke down. Her lips quivered. "Why? Why, because I know why you took it. But—but I thought your manhood had saved you. I can never forgive myself for carrying it with me, but I did not think you could stoop so low—"

"You mean," said Creighton sternly,

with very white face, "that I knew the hypodermic was in your work-bag, and that I deliberately stole it? Is that what you mean?"

The flush died from the girl's face as she met his eyes. The balance had suddenly been reversed. Creighton, with his but lately hard-won manhood, had come into his heritage—the old mastery of man over woman. But the girl did not flinch.

"What else can I think?" she asked hurriedly. Their eyes met in conflict.

"Don't be hard," whispered the girl, at length. "Don't think me hard. I know all the horrible mastery of morphin. Haven't I seen its power daily? Don't you see that I—I meant to save you? Please give me the syringe—*please!*" she finished piteously.

In silence Creighton searched for the hypodermic behind the lounge. Finally he located it, and in silence handed it to the girl.

"Thank you," she said simply. Then, with sudden savagery, primitive in its hate, she smashed the vial into the sandstone fireplace. "How I loathe it!" she whispered, with clenched hands.

"So do I," said Creighton quietly, musingly. "It has lost all its terrors for me. It was in pure absent-mindedness that I took your bag, Miss Courtney. I did not know its contents until the syringe fell from it accidentally. I admit I had a hard fight to keep from using it, but I won. You can see that. It was the last kick of the fiend. I have not touched it since leaving New York. I am free now; free!" He drew in a great breath. "Do you believe me?" he finished simply, without any animosity or belligerency. The girl looked long and steadily into Creighton's clear gray eyes.

"I believe you," she said. "I—I am so glad; so glad." A flush burned in her cheeks. "I was so afraid your fight had gone for naught. Forgive me. You are stronger than I suspected—and I am so glad; so glad." She repeated this over half to herself, her eyes shining.

Creighton smiled sadly.

"Yes, the cure is complete, Miss

Courtney," he said, regarding her steadily; "and for your help I thank you. And I thank Doctor Black. You both have achieved a triumph. But somehow I cannot help but wish that I had been left to my fate. The cure has been worse than the ill. I have gained something, but I have lost—everything. You and Doctor Black are, primarily, scientists, experimentalists. But I am not. You did not take into consideration a man's heart—or his soul, rather. With you it was purely the body. I know I only am to blame, but I was in the dark; you, the light. And so, Miss Courtney—well, I only wish you had been honest with me. Perhaps then I would not have played the fool with such masterly precision." Creighton spoke half-banteringly, but there was no mistaking the pain in his eyes. He was like a wounded beast striving to die game.

Miss Courtney regarded him for a long time. "Played the fool!" she echoed finally. "Why, Mr. Creighton, you have played—the man."

Creighton bowed. Despite all his efforts, he could not keep the bitterness from his voice.

"Yes, poor, blind man! You see, Doctor Black even did not tell me until to-day that you knew all about me. How you must have secretly laughed when giving your candid opinion of the author of 'Vampires'! But of course it was all in a good cause. I wonder was your philosophy of life merely assumed to lead me out of the depths, or did it just happen to fit the occasion?"

"Is this a joke, Mr. Creighton?" asked Miss Courtney. "If so, will you give me the key, please? I want to laugh so much."

"Eh?" said Creighton.

"You say I know all about you," continued the girl. "I know nothing except what you have told me. I knew you were fighting morphin simply because the minute punctures on your wrist said as much. And I knew what it meant—your hand feeling in your breast pocket. But I did not help you—how could I have any influence over

—you? You helped yourself, and I saw that you were conquering, and I was glad——”

“Why? Why?” asked Creighton, clenching his hands.

The girl flushed vividly as she met his eyes. “Why?—why just—because,” she whispered.

“Because you said you despised him,” said Creighton doggedly. “And I was trying for regeneration, and I—almost found it.”

“Almost?” asked the girl, meeting his eyes. “A pulse was beating in her throat.”

“Almost,” said Creighton quietly.



There came a flash and the crash of a report.

“And you didn’t know?” asked Creighton rapidly, taking a step forward in his eagerness. “You didn’t know that I was the unregenerate author of ‘Vampires’?”

“You?” Miss Courtney opened her eyes very wide, slowly drawing in her breath. A great understanding was slowly dawning in their depths. “Why—didn’t you tell me?” she whispered.

“I found, too late, that Doctor Black owned the prescription.”

“I do not understand.” Miss Courtney met Creighton’s eyes, and the pupils of her own enlarged and darkened. “Oh!” she said softly. “You know—Doctor Black and I are merely friends.”

And just at that moment, as the man and the girl faced each other, eye to eye and soul to soul, an old woman,

a servant attached to the gloomy house on the point, suddenly burst into the room.

"Th' missus has gone!" she cried, turning to Miss Courtney with blanched face. "She slipped out after you left. She said she was goin' to drown herself, and I couldn't stop her——"

But Miss Courtney was already running from the house.

"Let me come!" called Creighton imploringly.

"No!" flung back the girl. "Mrs. Lessing hates strangers. It's all right."

V.

Alone, Creighton seated himself in a chair, his back to the window, a vague, wild hope struggling for birth in his heart. Miss Courtney's unequivocal denial opened up limitless possibilities. Creighton was by no means an egotist, but neither was he inordinately stupid. He had read in Miss Courtney's eyes, her manner, something which, impossible as it might appear, he fervently prayed might be true.

Mrs. Lessing, confound her! had once more intervened at a critical moment. He wished, irritably, he had overridden Miss Courtney's wishes and accompanied her. When could he see her again? He would go over to the point. He must see her, ask her——

Creighton checked his musings and looked up. For a second time that day a woman had entered the room during its owner's preoccupation. But this was not Miss Courtney. This woman was smaller, dressed in black, a long, heavy veil covering her face.

Creighton, astonished, slowly arose, his back to the light. The woman advanced with a curious, nervous, jerky step. She halted.

"They say I'm mad," she whispered confidentially, one hand nervously opening and clenching, the other hidden in the bosom of her dark jacket. "They say I'm mad. Do you think so, eh? Do you think so? I'm not mad—really. But just sometimes I have a longing to choke some one—choke,

choke, choke! I think I could do it. I know I could." She clenched her thin hand. "Is that madness?" She laughed a little.

Creighton felt the sweat break to his forehead. He knew he was confronting the mistress of the "haunted house."

"No," he said reassuringly, soothingly, "you are not mad at all. It is quite natural to feel like choking some one. I assure you I have felt it quite often—quite often, I assure you." He vaguely remembered having read somewhere at some time that it is a safe idea to humor the insane. He must devise some means of pacifying this maniac until such time as Miss Courtney came. For undoubtedly the trained nurse would trace her here.

Mrs. Lessing was silent. She passed a hand wearily to her head.

"I have something here that is not friends with me," she explained confidentially, tapping her head. "Sometimes it makes me do things that I am afraid are wicked."

"Oh, yes, we all have that," agreed Creighton. "Won't you sit down, please?"

He felt as if acting the clown for the edification of a child.

Mrs. Lessing, paying no attention to his invitation, mumbled for a time to herself. Then her manner changed. Her figure became tense.

"I forgot," she apologized. "I came to kill you. I must do it before I forget. It is very important."

Creighton tried to laugh, and he succeeded in making a success of it.

"Don't laugh," remonstrated the woman sternly. "You must have a very clean soul if you can laugh. I haven't a clean soul, you know. But I am going to kill you. You are the man who has taken away the only thing I loved. I used to watch you both from my window. It is not right for you to take her away. I know she loves you. When you are dead she will come back to me. I know how it is. Now, pray God to forgive you your sins, won't you?"

In a flash her hand whipped out of

her bosom, and Creighton found himself confronting a steady Colt. The woman was perfectly capable of murder. Creighton did not flinch. To his surprise—as he was surprised that morning of the abortive rescue—he was very calm and collected. The blood of his forefathers had again arisen to meet the crisis. He was not a coward, but he could not repress a shudder at the woman's manner. It was gently demoniacal. He could see the glint of her eyes through the heavy veil. His only salvation lay in pacification; working round while talking, until he could risk all in a sudden leap. Now he prayed that Miss Courtney would not come. Her arrival would precipitate murder—very likely Miss Courtney's. For maniacal jealousy is capable of anything.

"You see," explained Mrs. Lessing, raising the wicked little gun, "at first I was going to kill myself, but then I thought it would be so much better to kill you. Wouldn't it? Have you said your prayers? Do you know any?"

Creighton appeared very thoughtful. "No, I don't know any. I'm sorry." And very slowly he took a step to the right. The gun followed him.

"You are wicked not to know any prayers," said Mrs. Lessing. "The Lord's Prayer is the best. Repeat it after me: 'Our Father, which art in Heaven.'" Creighton shivered at the grotesque blasphemy of the situation. He wavered, but the gun was deadly. His eyes on the woman's veiled face, he slowly took another step to the right. "Our Father, which art in Heaven," he repeated.

"Hallowed be Thy name," continued Mrs. Lessing wildly. "'Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth.'" And so the prayer went on, Creighton dragging out the sacrilege which would terminate in his death. But he was slowly approaching the woman, taking a circuitous course; determined that "Amen" would either find him struggling with her for the mastery, or coughing up his life's blood with a bullet through him.

"Lead us not into temptation,"

said Mrs. Lessing, "'but deliver us from——' Stand! Not another step, or I fire! You are trying to deceive me!"

Creighton stood, checkmated. At that moment a shadow crept through the door behind the woman. It was Stryker. He took in the situation at a glance. He had been expecting something of the sort. His eyes signaled to Creighton over the woman's head. Silently he crept forward.

"For Thine is the kingdom," said Mrs. Lessing, motioning with the gun.

"For Thine is the kingdom," said Creighton. And then, not wishing to risk his servant's life, maddened at his impotency, he sprang in. There came a flash and the crash of a report. At the same instant Stryker leaped in from behind. He wrenched the gun from the woman's hand. When the smoke drifted away, Mrs. Lessing was lying on the floor, and Creighton, the blood streaming from a wound in the shoulder, was bending over her.

"She's fainted," said Stryker. "Come away, come away!" he said roughly to his master, striving to drag him to his feet.

Creighton shook him off. As he crouched by the woman's side, a ghastly conviction, a memory seeking for verification, possessed him. With palsied hand he lifted the heavy black veil. The face beneath had once been beautiful, but the ravages of smallpox, passion, grief, the stamp of morphin had made it a thing of loathing. Just then Mrs. Lessing opened her eyes and looked up into Creighton's. The wave of homicide had passed. The shock had brought normality. And as she looked up at Creighton a great fear possessed her. And Creighton knew. And he knew the woman knew. There was no need to say anything.

Creighton gently raised the meager body and laid it on the lounge. Mrs. Lessing was breathing in curious little gasps. Her heart, worn out, could not stand what she had come through. She lapsed into unconsciousness. Creighton and Stryker, servant and man, watched in silent impotency. The Creator of all

things had taken a hand in their muddled game of life, and there was no gainsaying His omnipotency.

Creighton was numb with stress and shock of the moment. A chapter in his life he had hoped expurgated, if not obliterated, had suddenly risen up before him in this out-of-the-way corner. Rising imperiously above the chaos of his thoughts, there stood out a mighty awe at the irony of fate. She who had wrecked his early life had been the indirect cause of his building anew. And she who had staked all upon the beauty of the flesh had lost all.

Mrs. Lessing opened her eyes. "Forgive me for—all," she whispered. "Forgive me."

Creighton could only bow his head. Stryker coughed and turned away.

"Say so," said Mrs. Lessing.

"I do—I do," said Creighton. He was kneeling by her side. Suddenly he saw her eyes spring to renewed life. She made one final, supreme effort to arise, then fell back, and Creighton knew that the poor, tortured brain had at last found sanctuary. Then he became aware that Millicent Courtney had entered the room. Creighton rose with difficulty. Stryker, with much discretion, had retired. The girl was looking at the revolver lying on the floor, at the blood on Creighton's shoulder, and a great horror was born in her eyes.

"No," said Creighton, shaking his head, interpreting her swift suspicion, "it was heart-failure."

Miss Courtney's eyes darkened and

grew wet. "I am sorry," she whispered.

There was so little to say, so little to do. Creighton nodded dully. For the moment he was living in retrospect.

"I told you her story—once," he said.

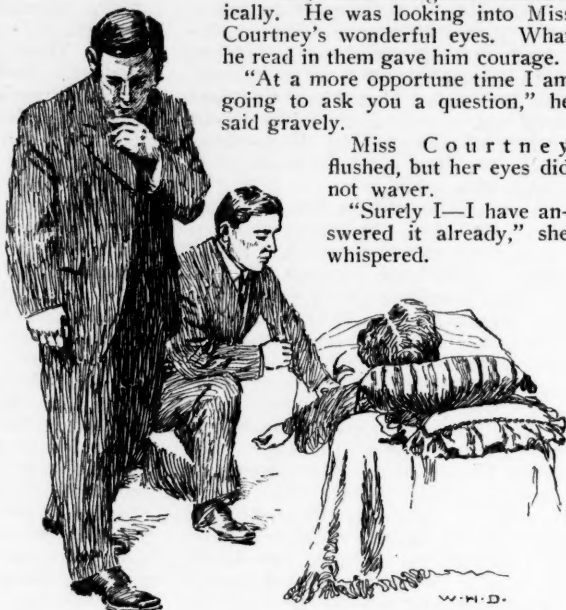
"Oh!" said Miss Courtney, a great understanding showing in her face and manner. "And—you forgave her?" she asked tempestuously. "Oh, you did. You must have. Say you did!"

"I did," said Creighton mechanically. He was looking into Miss Courtney's wonderful eyes. What he read in them gave him courage.

"At a more opportune time I am going to ask you a question," he said gravely.

Miss Courtney flushed, but her eyes did not waver.

"Surely I—I have answered it already," she whispered.



Stryker coughed and turned away.

And it was not until their engagement was announced, and the success of "Regeneration" assured, that Doctor Black, exulting in his experiment, was informed by the interested parties that he had completely forgotten to mail the letter to "the party of the first part"—Miss Courtney. At all events, the all-around success of "Regeneration" amply verifies the correctness of the doctor's theory, in spite of the hitch in its application.



THE COUNTERFEIT TEN MILLION

BY C. H. FORBES-LINDSAY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

(Continued from the April number.)

ONE day in April, 1898, Taylor left his place of business with a suit-case and walked to the Broad Street station. So did Operative Griffin, of the secret service. Taylor bought a ticket for Lancaster. Griffin happened to be going to the same town, and they traveled on the same train. At Lancaster, Taylor, with his evidently heavy suit-case, went directly from the station to the cigar-factory of Jacobs, and was closeted with the proprietor for an hour or more.

When he left, the suit-case was perceptibly lighter.

When this incident was reported to Chief Wilkie, he could not readily imagine what legitimate business an engraver would be likely to have with a cigar-manufacturer. He decided to place Jacobs under surveillance. At the same time, with only a nebulous suspicion of the truth, he caused a quantity of Jacobs' goods to be deliv-

ered in Chicago, whence they were transshipped to Washington. Every stamp on the boxes was a forgery. Thus an unexpected link was added to the chain of detection, but the case was far from complete.

The agents in Lancaster soon discovered that large shipments of goods went from Jacobs' place to the warehouse of a man named William L. Kendig, on Queen Street, Lancaster, and that packages which might well have been bundles of stamps were carried at intervals by a certain James Burns from Kendig's offices to Jacobs' factory.

The government detectives now had five suspects in view, and these were shadowed with unremitting patience for months before anything of further significance happened.

Just after the usual monthly inspection of Jacobs' factory in September, he was seen to leave his place in ap-

parent agitation, and walk hurriedly to Kendig's warehouse. The two engaged in animated conversation for some time, and at its close a covered van drove up to the place. It was loaned and driven by Burns some miles into the country, and was followed by a secret-service man on a bicycle. In a lonely spot the contents of the wagon were buried. Chief Wilkie formed a shrewd guess as to the character of the stuff that had been interred, but he was not willing to risk alarming the gang by disturbing it.

This action of Jacobs and Kendig greatly puzzled the secret-service men, who were not aware of having given the counterfeiters any cause for uneasiness. The explanation transpired some time afterward. When he learned of the counterfeit revenue-stamps, Chief Wilkie feared that a possible detection of the fraud by the revenue inspector might occasion a premature exposé. Accordingly, the inspector—Downey by name—was instructed to make his examinations perfunctory for a while, and in case he discovered any irregularity, not to betray his notice of it. Downey had no knowledge of the actual condition of affairs, and probably had no thought that Jacobs was suspected of a serious crime.

When he went to Jacobs' factory for the September inspection, Downey was much worried on account of private affairs. Jacobs, noticing his depression, asked its cause. Downey admitted that he had a note falling due which he was quite unable to meet. Going to the safe, Jacobs produced two one-hundred-dollar bills, and pushed them across the table toward the inspector, with the remark: "If that will do you any good, you're welcome to it. Pay me back when you get good and ready."

Downey was overcome by genuine emotion at what appeared to him to be the spontaneous generosity of the cigar-manufacturer, and on the impulse of the moment he betrayed the secret service.

"You've done as much for me as a brother would, Jacobs," he blurted out, "and I'm going to prove that I am not

ungrateful. Take my tip now and watch yourself. Wilkie's got his eye on you."

"What for?" asked Jacobs, astounded.

"I don't know anything about that," replied Downey, "but he's got you spotted, I tell you."

Thus poor Downey, a weak but naturally honest fellow, became entangled in the spreading meshes of this web of crime.

Having removed the incriminating stuff from Kendig's place, Jacobs' next move was to learn, if possible, the true significance of Downey's warning. If the secret service had really discovered the stamp fraud, Jacobs was in a bad way, and immediate flight might be the best course; if Downey had detected the forgery, and was keeping the knowledge to himself with a view to blackmail, a settlement would be comparatively easy. Some few years previously, Jacobs had been associated with a man who was criminally indicted for certain warehouse irregularities. This individual had, to Jacobs' knowledge, secured immunity by bribing Ellery P. Ingham, a United States district attorney at the time. To him Jacobs turned at this crisis.

Soon after the agents at Lancaster had reported the clearance of Kendig's warehouse, MacManus, the chief of the Philadelphia office of the secret service, was approached by Harvey Newitt, an attorney and partner of Ingham. After some preliminary fencing, Newitt informed MacManus that he had two clients from Lancaster, whose initials were J. and K.; that they had reason to believe the secret service was interested in their doings; that they desired to be apprised of any movement as soon as MacManus should learn of it. Newitt handed MacManus a retainer of \$1,500, and agreed to pay him \$500 a month as long as Newitt's clients remained unmolested. MacManus accepted the money, and ten minutes later turned it over to Chief Wilkie at his hotel.

Jacobs and Kendig now felt that they were secure from interference, or, at least, that they would receive season-

able warning of any projected action of the secret service. They immediately proceeded to get back to business. The buried material was returned to Kendig's warehouse, and at the same time the agents in Philadelphia, who had closely shadowed Taylor and Bredell all this time, noticed signs of renewed activity about the Filbert Street place.

More months elapsed while the weaving of the web of evidence went on. At length the time was deemed ripe for arrests. At noon of April 18, 1899, Taylor and Bredell were quietly captured in their shop, and all their counterfeiting material was secured. They were secluded in the place, under guard, until the next day. At two o'clock the following morning, Chief Wilkie and Operative Burns entered Kendig's warehouse with a key that had been obtained from the engravers. A large stock of forged revenue-stamps was found. At about seven o'clock, James Burns, ex-prize-fighter and handy man to Jacobs and Kendig, came to open up the place, and was gathered in by the waiting detectives. An hour later Kendig arrived, and met with a similar reception.

A visit was then made to Jacobs' factory, and he was found in the office. A search of the safe revealed the test-notes that had been printed from the hundred-dollar plate. There was an abundance



In a lonely spot the contents of the wagon was buried.

of counterfeit revenue-stamps about the place. In fact, each of the original conspirators was, in police parlance, "caught with the goods on him."



"If that will do you any good, you're welcome to it."

Returning to Philadelphia with his prisoners, Chief Wilkie caused the arrest of Newitt later in the same day, and the public got its first intimation of this sensational case.

Thus far suspicion had not fallen upon Ellery Ingham. He had avoided all dealings with the officers of the law, and Newitt had assured MacManus that his partner was entirely ignorant of the affair. It remained for Jacobs to put a different aspect on the matter. In the course of conversation with the secret-service men, it became evident to Jacobs that the attorneys had given him "the double-cross," as he expressed it. They had declared to him that James M. Beck, the United States district attorney and others besides MacManus had been "fixed," and that their total outlay in "keeping the lid on" was \$3,500 a month, seven times the actual expenditure. When Jacobs learned of this gross violation of the code of honor among thieves, he was moved by virtu-

ous indignation to give Ingham away, and the arrest of the lawyer followed.

The trials extended over a period of more than two years. The original indictments covered the eight men whose names have been mentioned in this narrative, but the proceedings attending their conviction involved five others, previously innocent, and occasioned several sensational incidents. The evidence against the five principals was overwhelming. Downey admitted his guilt, or indiscretion. But the verdicts against Ingham and Newitt were not secured without difficulty. Two attempts to bribe members of the juries that sat on the case were discovered, and the offenders were convicted and imprisoned.

This story would not be complete without a brief recital of the wonderful feat performed by Taylor and Bredell while confined in Moyamensing prison.

More than a year after the arrest of the counterfeiters, Chief Wilkie learned

that a new bogus twenty-dollar note was circulating in Philadelphia. Secret service operatives soon traced some of the counterfeits to a man named Hayes, and to Harry Taylor, a brother of Arthur, from whom the prisoners declared the notes had been received.

Arthur Taylor accounted for them by saying that the Hendrick head-plate from which they were made had been held out when the rest of the outfit was turned over. Chief Wilkie was inclined to accept this explanation, until inquiry at the treasury developed the fact that the note from which the plate had been engraved was not issued until after the arrest of the counterfeiters. Confronted with this contradiction, Taylor and Bredell made a statement that fairly astounded the chief.

They declared that they had made the plate and printed the bills in their cell at Moyamensing, and that without any aid or collusion on the part of any prison official. Superintendent Motherwell and the members of the board scouted the story as incredible, protesting the utter impossibility of the prisoners having accomplished what they claimed. Taylor and Bredell, however, fully satisfied the chief that they had told him the exact truth, and the evidence adduced at the subsequent trials corroborated their statements in every particular.

After the conviction of Taylor and Bredell in the original case, sentence had been suspended pending their appearance as witnesses against Ingham and Newitt. Meanwhile they were confined in one cell at Moyamensing, and accorded the same treatment as prisoners awaiting trial. Friends were allowed to visit them, and to bring in food, clothing, etc. These conditions continued for nearly two years.

In the meanwhile, one of their attorneys conceived the idea that had they contrived to save a complete plate from the seizure of the secret-service men, he might be able to negotiate a

reduction of sentence with the district attorney in consideration of its surrender. He put the matter to his clients, but was disappointed to learn that they had given up everything in the form of counterfeiting material. However, he urged them to think it over, and the result was their determination to make the required plate in prison. Relatives of the prisoners—the mother of one and the sister of the other—smuggled the necessary material into them by degrees. In this way they secured steel for the plate, tools, ink, chemicals, a miniature hand-press in sections, a lamp, supplies of oil from time to time, several yards of black cloth, and numerous other articles.

At night the barred door of the cell was covered with a solid wooden one, having a small aperture through which the warder on duty could look in. Carrying an imaginary line from the peephole to the opposite wall, the prisoners discovered that there was a space in the angle of the wall which fell outside of the field of vision. Night after night for four months they worked in this corner, a shield of black cloth shutting off the light of their lamp. They seemed to have discovered a means of bleaching an entire note by this time, for, when the plate was at length finished, they printed upon genuine one-dollar bills without splitting them.

One hundred and fifty twenty-dollar counterfeits were printed, and then the material was all sent out of the jail in the same manner as it had been brought in.

The government had no desire to extend the prosecution to the women involved, and promised them immunity from punishment on condition of confession. Each recited the part she had taken in the affair, and Taylor's mother drew a diagram of the spot at the foot of her husband's grave where she had buried the plate. Chief Wilkie went out to Fernwood Cemetery with a hand-trowel and recovered it.

THE MAN I LOVED

—BY—

GERTIE S. WENTWORTH JAMES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
A. G. LEARNED



JUST as I had come to the conclusion that the capacity for real *caring* was not in me, Harry Townsend "entered my life"—as the lady novelist phrases it.

He entered it at the Mortimers' house-party, where sixteen people were invited for ten days in order to kill. The men were all "guns," and the women were—well, just women, with the exception of Mrs. Ayers and Flossie Page, who made great show with their suede-and-leather shooting costumes. They reckoned themselves as "guns"; therefore, of course, they were not women—anyhow, from *my* point of view!

Now, though I liked Harry Townsend's cold eyes, moody profile, sleek head, and general air of restrained hostility toward mankind, I wasn't in the least sure that I was *really* keen when I made the following absurd remark to Helen Prentice.

We were leaning over the first floor banisters regarding the "guns" gathered in the great square hall below, who were making final preparations, jests, bets, and remarks before starting for the day's sport—and I was watching Harry Townsend, who was stand-

ing almost immediately beneath our point of observation, and carrying on a careless argument with Albert Cross (a person with a small waist, well-arranged features, and no morals).

"That's a man I'd *love* to be in love with!" I ejaculated, with a foolish spontaneity of which a young woman who has seen more than four seasons should not be guilty.

Helen laughed unpleasantly, while her glance followed my own, and, as she craned her neck farther forward, she looked more of a ladylike giraffe than usual.

At this point both Albert Cross and The Man I was thinking about looked up, and as a pair of gray, bored eyes met my own they lighted up as though an electric switch had been turned on.

Without the least alarming shadow of a doubt he hadn't heard a word I said, but it was just the magnetic in-

fluence of thought drawing thought that caused him to elevate his glance just at that moment.

Then Albert Cross smiled enough to reveal the unnecessary gold filling in a side tooth, waved what he meant to be a picturesque salute, and they all went off.

But that one look from The Man I *could* love stayed with me, just as a similar optical encounter across the dinner-table had done last night. Gray eyes can be very holding!

The rest of the day I spent in avoiding my own sex, and when the men returned, and Harry Townsend left the "come-here" smiles of a millionaire's relict in order to heed my babblings, I felt a sensation of rapturous content that was new.

For an hour we went on talking, and later, when dinner was over and most of the others were "bridge-ing," we picked up the threads a good deal farther on than where we had dropped them.

This way of things continued for nearly a week, and one night, when people and chance had divided us during the evening, I found a small note slipped under my door.

What of an early morning walk and oxygen at eight-thirty? (it said in a satisfactorily indistinct handwriting). If so—do. I shall be in the hall at eight-twenty-five, wondering how far the matutinal energy of woman is possible. Do!

H. T.

I liked the little letter in the same way I liked the middle-height man.

It was stimulating—urgent enough to appease feminine self-esteem, and yet careless enough to create keenness.

We women are artistic puzzles. If a man *doesn't* show that we enthrall and enchain and enchant him, we positively loathe the monster, and if he shows it too much we begin to wonder if we *do* care about him, after all. And if—but there, it's just a matter of the right man doing what he thinks he'll do.

Let the wrong man make, or refrain from making, a million efforts, and we are merely "tired"; but let the right

man do *anything*—from wearing a soft golf collar to murdering his aunt, and it's just, just, *just* what it ought to be!

But I wasn't *quite* sure that Harry Townsend was this waited-for "right man" until the next morning, when we met in the hall at eight-thirty (being late was never one of my wiles), and made for the heights, where surely Aurora must have placed her throne.

There was that perfect haze which only very young autumn can give, when the dews grow heavier and the sun makes fervent efforts to retain its full power—like a warrior who wants to fight all the harder when he feels his strength less keen. And in the distance, hills, which seemed to mark the limit of the world, as though we were alone and safe from the interruption of other people who might exist in other planes.

They say that morning is not the time for passion and romance, and that moonlight, shaded candle-light, or electric light, with all the artistically artificial environments which come with the evening, are best for the fostering of love's dream, which is not always young.

As a general rule, this may be right, but when people *do* love in the early, sweet morning, oh! how far more glorious it is!

All the mysteries of nature, the mating of flowers and of birds seem explained, and their joy mingles with the rapture of human passion—a passion that is rarefied by the perfect purity of the morning.

Yes, love in the morning just once before your time for loving is over! The experience is worth all the after-math of memories that may be pain!

But though there was rapture for us in the dew and the mists—rapture that reached the far hills—there was no verbal confession that morning.

It was as though we wanted to delay the great moment, after which no other moment could be quite the same; so when we returned to breakfast we were only lovers in our own hearts—not as far as conventional observances go.

But all day I seemed to feel what

would be. I mentally rehearsed the first firing of those chill, gray eyes, the first pressure of that rigid, tightly closed mouth, and the first softening of that cool, almost toneless voice. I *felt* it—I *knew* what it would be, and in gladness I waited!

Directly dinner was over somebody challenged Harry—I thought of him as "Harry!"—to play Albert Cross a hundred up at billiards, giving him

"It was only the memory of a remark that struck me," answered the Honorable Archibald Prentice's giraffe daughter.

"Oh—h—h?"

"Yes, I was thinking how when I told *him*" (jerking the giraffelike head in the direction of the billiard-table), "that you said he was '*a man you'd love to be in love with*,' he made a reply that he hasn't played up to entirely. He



I watched the game with that absurd interest a woman always feels in the simplest doings of THE man.

twenty-five, so most of the party, including Helen Prentice and myself, strolled in to look at the match.

I watched the game with that absurd interest a woman always feels in the simplest doings of *the* man, and as Harry finished a nice clean thirty break, I caught Helen's eye fixed on me with amusement in its ineffective depths.

"You look as if you wanted to smile. Please do so—don't mind me!" I said.

said: '*Then I must give the fair one a treat, and do my best to inspire the tender passion she yearns to lavish.*' Ha! ha! I told him that——"

But the rest of that awful sentence remained unborn, because at that moment our hostess swished and crackled up (Nelly Vandewater Browne is so fond of *glacé*) to make some idiotic observation about new moons and temperaments—an observation which, however, I managed to escape by sliding

round the heavy green plush curtains and leaving the room.

What I did, or where I went, I hardly know. My only recollection is that I found myself out in the grounds raging up and down in the moonlight like a maddened animal.

She had told him! She had told him, and that's why he had done it all!

The looks, the talks, the walks, the beautiful replete silences, the—the *everything* were only part of his method for "inspiring the tender passion I yearned to lavish!"

He was having fun—fun at my expense!—or, if it wasn't fun, it was *kindness of heart*; which was worse—*much worse!*

Heavens! how should I bear it! I couldn't bear it unless he gave me the chance of showing him that I *wouldn't* "love to be in love with him"—that I *didn't* want him, and that there was no place whatever for him in my heart!

This would be the only way that—ah! a definite footstep!—coming nearer—a touch on my arm—a voice!

Gott sei Dank!—my moment had come! I could see it in his eyes, which, instead of being chill, were alive—alive with the fires of ridicule, or *pity?*

"I felt you were here, and I had to come after you," was his greeting.

"Did you? I wonder why that was!"

"I don't wonder—I *know*. I came to ask you to marry me, because I can't

let another night pass without knowing wh—what the rest of life is going to be. Evelyn, of course you know all I feel—a woman always knows, and, dear—*dear*, what is it to be?"

Oh! how well he did it!—how well and artistically!

"It is to be 'No,'" I answered, in beautiful, strident English; making our hideous language sound gloriously harsh. "It is to be No—No, Mr. Townsend, b—b—because I care for some one else!"



I couldn't pretend or hesitate when, at last, I was so very glad and thankful.

This was a lovely lie, and I gloried in it.

"I see," was his only reply. "I see I have made a mistake. I am sorry!"

That was all, and a moment later I was alone, feeling, of course, most pleased with the interview, the opportunity that had been given me, and the way I had made use of it!—and as for sitting

down in the summer-house and crying as I cried when I was a little girl bereft of a kitten I yearned to possess—why, nothing would induce me to do it!

I was glad—*glad*, and I would run back to the house and go to my own room and think how pleased I was!

I hurried in, and in the corridor met Helen Prentice.

"I say," she said, looking down at me from her giraffelike eminence, "I hope you didn't mind my telling Albert Cross what you said—it just occurred to me you looked blue about it."

"Albert Cross? What?—who?—how?" I gasped.

"Why, about my repeating your remark that he was '*the kind of man you'd love to love.*' I didn't mean any harm, it was only an impulse, and it doesn't matter, as evidently *he wasn't a bit interested!*"

To this day I don't think Helen ever knows why Evelyn Alston, most undemonstrative of young women, leaped up, threw two arms round her giraffe neck, and kissed the face that finished it off!

I just kissed her because I couldn't help it, and because I *adored* her for having misunderstood.

So it was neither pity nor fun, and, being neither, it must be—Oh! dear joy of living, what must it be?

That night I wrote a rather silly, explanatory note, and delighted my maid by instructing her to slip it under a young man's door. Hitherto she had found me considerate though tame; but now at last she began to have hopes of cheerier times.

Perhaps it would have been more dignified and more credit to mama's upbringing if I hadn't written; but when so many women grow hideous just for the need of happiness, I couldn't risk

not grasping mine before that awful "too-late" time came round.

And in the morning we met again. It was another young September day, and—well, it was the first real morning of my life!

He held out his arms to me, so, without any pretense of hesitation, I went into them, and rested there.

I *couldn't* pretend or hesitate when, at last, I was so very glad and thankful.

I had found The Man I loved, and, thank the dear God who wills such beautiful things, *the Man loved me!*

There was no question of incomes, or age, or suitability—it was just the primeval selection of two human beings who were necessary to each other.

We were necessary then, we are necessary now, and I believe that when the end comes, we shall be so necessary that the angels who have understood romance on earth will be kind, and not keep us long apart!

And thus ends the little stories of my lovers—at least, did I ever have any others? Oh, surely not! It couldn't have been.

It seems to me that always it was only Harry! But, of course, I *may*—yes, I *may* have been mistaken!

Boat Song

WE have rowed hard 'gainst the tide
When land was undescried,
Now ship the oar, and glide
With the wave,
Too soon lest we should reach
The unfamiliar beach,
And parting each from each,
Find the one boon denied
That we crave.

The one thing we demand
Out of this unknown land,
Before clear grows the strand,
The clouds lift,
In faith let us implore—
See one form on the shore,
The burning hope restore!
So be it—rest your hand.
Let us drift.

MAY KENDALL.



On the Golden Rule

By Charles Battell Loomis

THAT Golden Rule is a queer sort of proposition. There was a man out in Toledo named Jones, and he actually lived by the Golden Rule—he did unto others as he would that they should do unto him.

What was the result? What was the inevitable result?

Why, people said he was crazy.

That is, some people said so; others said he was up to some game.

And he was simply following that rule that the sanest man who ever lived gave us as a means of attaining happiness in this world and the next.

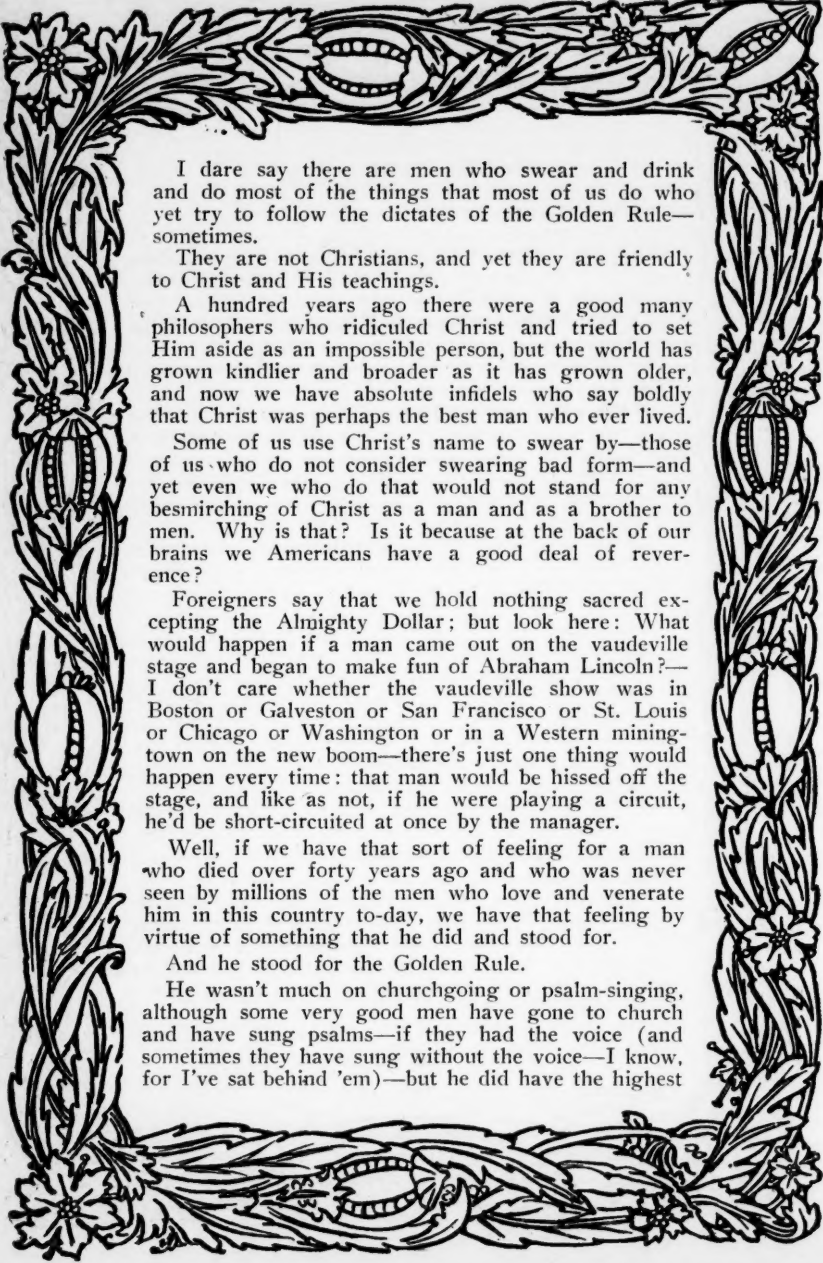
Nineteen hundred years of preaching of that kindly doctrine, and they call "Golden Rule" Jones either crazy or knavish.

This is a queer world.

But I want to tell you that *every* one did not think Jones crazy. Some of the men whom he benefited thought it the most natural thing in the world that he should do unto them as he would have them do unto him, and they passed the good word along that he was giving people "a square deal," and I would not be a bit surprised if the United States, in 2006, would be a better place just because that "eccentric" fellow Jones lived here in the closing years of the nineteenth century and followed the teaching of a man who taught nineteen hundred years ago and who still has influence.

There are some people who hate to be Christians, and probably if any one asked you and me point-blank if we were Christians, the answer in each case would either be a hesitating affirmative or a shame-faced negative or a hesitating negative or a shame-faced affirmative.

But there are men who aren't good "Christians" who try to follow the Golden Rule.



I dare say there are men who swear and drink and do most of the things that most of us do who yet try to follow the dictates of the Golden Rule—sometimes.

They are not Christians, and yet they are friendly to Christ and His teachings.

A hundred years ago there were a good many philosophers who ridiculed Christ and tried to set Him aside as an impossible person, but the world has grown kindlier and broader as it has grown older, and now we have absolute infidels who say boldly that Christ was perhaps the best man who ever lived.

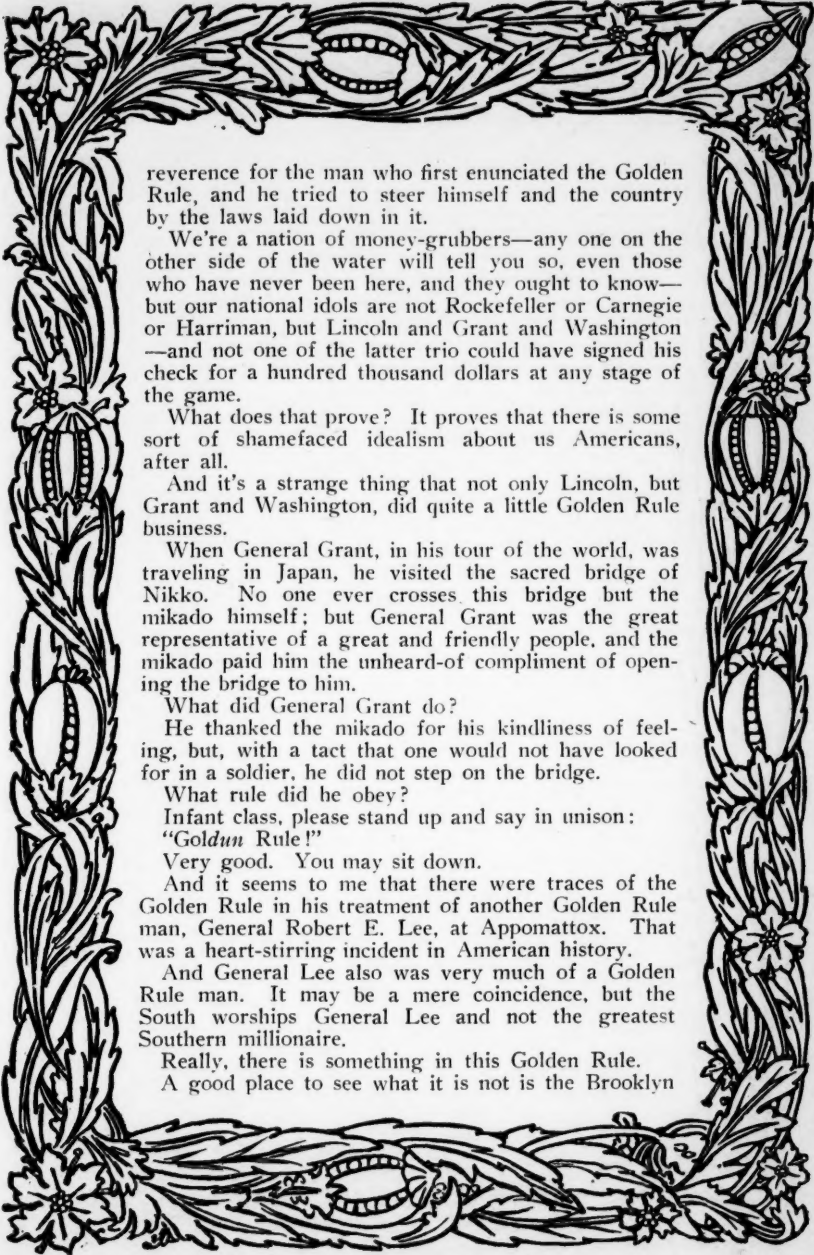
Some of us use Christ's name to swear by—those of us who do not consider swearing bad form—and yet even we who do that would not stand for any besmirching of Christ as a man and as a brother to men. Why is that? Is it because at the back of our brains we Americans have a good deal of reverence?

Foreigners say that we hold nothing sacred excepting the Almighty Dollar; but look here: What would happen if a man came out on the vaudeville stage and began to make fun of Abraham Lincoln?—I don't care whether the vaudeville show was in Boston or Galveston or San Francisco or St. Louis or Chicago or Washington or in a Western mining-town on the new boom—there's just one thing would happen every time: that man would be hissed off the stage, and like as not, if he were playing a circuit, he'd be short-circuited at once by the manager.

Well, if we have that sort of feeling for a man who died over forty years ago and who was never seen by millions of the men who love and venerate him in this country to-day, we have that feeling by virtue of something that he did and stood for.

And he stood for the Golden Rule.

He wasn't much on churchgoing or psalm-singing, although some very good men have gone to church and have sung psalms—if they had the voice (and sometimes they have sung without the voice—I know, for I've sat behind 'em)—but he did have the highest



reverence for the man who first enunciated the Golden Rule, and he tried to steer himself and the country by the laws laid down in it.

We're a nation of money-grubbers—any one on the other side of the water will tell you so, even those who have never been here, and they ought to know—but our national idols are not Rockefeller or Carnegie or Harriman, but Lincoln and Grant and Washington—and not one of the latter trio could have signed his check for a hundred thousand dollars at any stage of the game.

What does that prove? It proves that there is some sort of shamefaced idealism about us Americans, after all.

And it's a strange thing that not only Lincoln, but Grant and Washington, did quite a little Golden Rule business.

When General Grant, in his tour of the world, was traveling in Japan, he visited the sacred bridge of Nikko. No one ever crosses this bridge but the mikado himself; but General Grant was the great representative of a great and friendly people, and the mikado paid him the unheard-of compliment of opening the bridge to him.

What did General Grant do?

He thanked the mikado for his kindness of feeling, but, with a tact that one would not have looked for in a soldier, he did not step on the bridge.

What rule did he obey?

Infant class, please stand up and say in unison: "Golden Rule!"

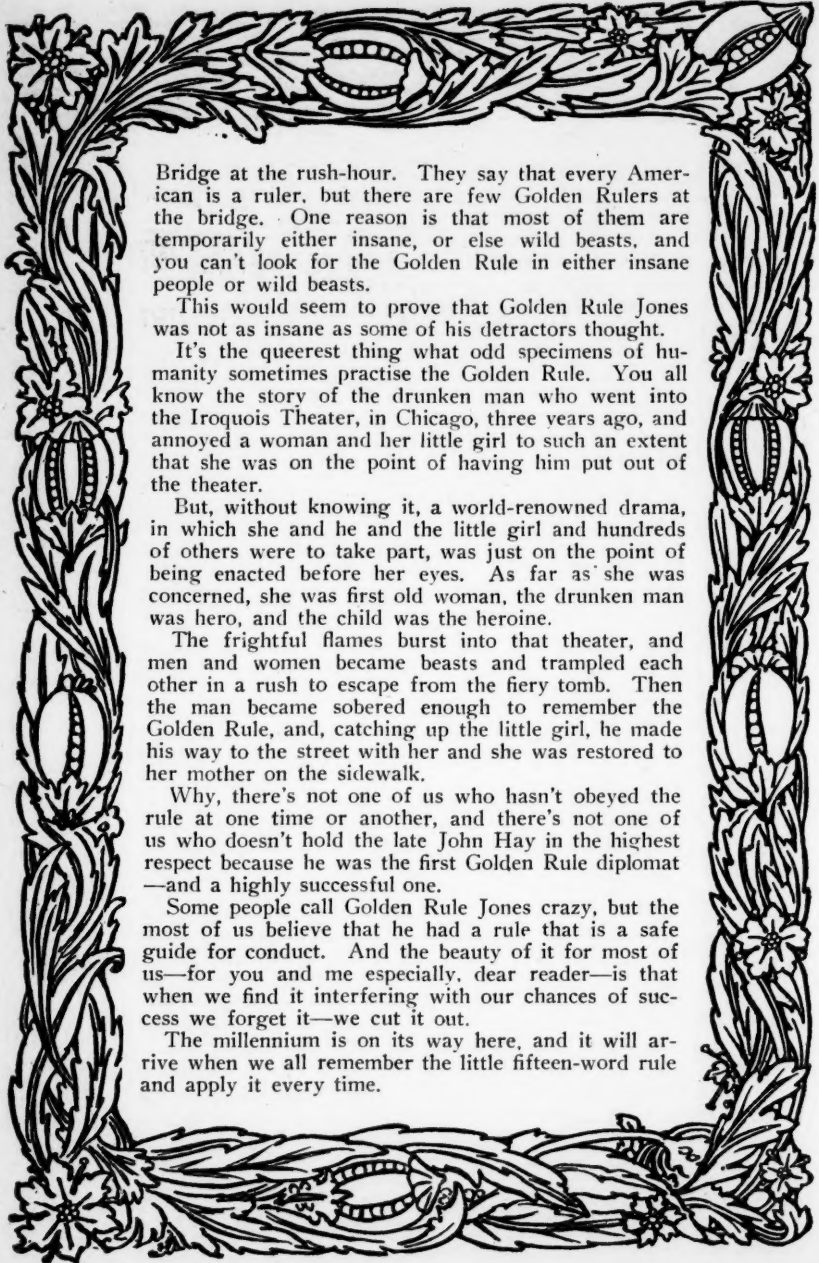
Very good. You may sit down.

And it seems to me that there were traces of the Golden Rule in his treatment of another Golden Rule man, General Robert E. Lee, at Appomattox. That was a heart-stirring incident in American history.

And General Lee also was very much of a Golden Rule man. It may be a mere coincidence, but the South worships General Lee and not the greatest Southern millionaire.

Really, there is something in this Golden Rule.

A good place to see what it is not is the Brooklyn



Bridge at the rush-hour. They say that every American is a ruler, but there are few Golden Rulers at the bridge. One reason is that most of them are temporarily either insane, or else wild beasts, and you can't look for the Golden Rule in either insane people or wild beasts.

This would seem to prove that Golden Rule Jones was not as insane as some of his detractors thought.

It's the queerest thing what odd specimens of humanity sometimes practise the Golden Rule. You all know the story of the drunken man who went into the Iroquois Theater, in Chicago, three years ago, and annoyed a woman and her little girl to such an extent that she was on the point of having him put out of the theater.

But, without knowing it, a world-renowned drama, in which she and he and the little girl and hundreds of others were to take part, was just on the point of being enacted before her eyes. As far as she was concerned, she was first old woman, the drunken man was hero, and the child was the heroine.

The frightful flames burst into that theater, and men and women became beasts and trampled each other in a rush to escape from the fiery tomb. Then the man became sobered enough to remember the Golden Rule, and, catching up the little girl, he made his way to the street with her and she was restored to her mother on the sidewalk.

Why, there's not one of us who hasn't obeyed the rule at one time or another, and there's not one of us who doesn't hold the late John Hay in the highest respect because he was the first Golden Rule diplomat—and a highly successful one.

Some people call Golden Rule Jones crazy, but the most of us believe that he had a rule that is a safe guide for conduct. And the beauty of it for most of us—for you and me especially, dear reader—is that when we find it interfering with our chances of success we forget it—we cut it out.

The millennium is on its way here, and it will arrive when we all remember the little fifteen-word rule and apply it every time.



ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER COLLINS

IT'S the mos' settin'-up thing I ever see," said Miss Wence admiringly.

"It jes' takes ten year right offen you." The little milliner had a bird-like way of turning her head, and a smile that had acquired, through years of professional practise, a suggestion of respectful admiration. She handed her customer a small hand-glass to assist in getting a side and back view of the frivolous creation perched on an unsuitable head.

Mrs. Eaton twisted her head this way and that. "I allers did like blue," she said.

Miss Wence caught the note in her voice, and pressed the sale.

"Oh, blue's your color," she said. "I ain't one that likes to sell hats jes' to sell 'em. I like 'em to become. I dunno's I ever see you look so good." Her smile spread a little, daring to develop open approval.

Mrs. Eaton lifted the hat from her head and held it in her hands. "I dunno what Hiram 'ud say to it," she faltered. She knew too well.

"Why, Mis' Eaton," ejaculated Miss Wence, in well-simulated surprise, "of course he'll be glad to see you look so good. Squire Eaton ain't one to objec' to the price. He's sech a good man."

"Yes," said the squire's wife, "Hiram's a good man. No one ain't ever said he wa'n't."

She stroked the blue feather with

tender fingers—worn fingers, pricked by needles, stained by vegetables, shriveled by much water. Her little head stood out clearly against Miss Wence's one window, the light falling from behind, making the profile in evidence. A gentle profile it was, with lips curiously at variance with the eye and cheek. "Pepper and salt" was her hair, brushed tightly back into a braided knot, fastened by two hairpins that had occupied the same places for twenty years. Hiram had not liked her curls when they were married. He thought it was tidier and more modest to fasten the hair back smoothly.

The milliner's cat came from the back of the shop and rubbed herself, purring, against the visitor's skirts. Outside, the children were going by from school; some of them had their hands filled with pussy-willows. A pair of bluebirds chattered in a tree nearby, and a boy stopped to spin his top on a flat stone.

Mrs. Eaton looked from the whirling top to the bare-limbed tree so full of promise that the birds chose it to sing in, and the wine of youth came into her veins, a rush of spring that made her winter garments seem all dingy and sad like the sparrows when the robins and orioles have come. She laid the hat on the long table that served as a counter.

"I'll take it," she said. "You kin

jes' do it up an' I'll carry it along o' me."

Miss Wence blinked a little. She had decided, in her mind, upon a modest, dark-gray bonnet, which she firmly intended selling when the moment of temptation had passed, and her customer should drop from the unwonted flight that had fastened her attention upon the blue feather—so valiantly blue. She quickly recovered her pro-

she had undertaken to have her own way about anything that she was excited. Why shouldn't she wear a blue feather? She struck Dolly sharply with the whip, and Dolly started as though a strange hand had been laid on the reins.

When she turned the curve in the road where she could see the farm a new disturbance arose in her heart. Would Hiram be there? She knew



"I'll take it," she said. "You kin jes' do it up an' I'll carry it along o' me."

fessional manner. "It's dretful becomin'," she pronounced assuringly.

"Yes," agreed the squire's wife, with a little thrill of girlish vanity, "I dunno why I shouldn't hev' somethin' becomin' onct in a while. I was kind of a pretty gell." She looked back into the mirror, as though for her lost youth.

She drove home sustained by the singular strength that self-assertion so often delivers. It was so long since

how pleasant he would be if he saw her coming; how he would take her bundles from her and carry them into the house, and lead Dolly to the barn and unharness. She passed the scrupulously unused front door and turned to the side of the house, where Dolly stopped without suggestion from the driver.

Hiram was not there. She took the key from the nail where it hung con-

fidingly and carried her bundles into the house. She opened the box and tried on her blue hat before the little mirror that hung over the kitchen sink. How pretty it was! Was it foolish?—and vain? It surely wasn't wicked. It *was* becoming. Her color came and went. She put it away carefully.

She led Dolly to the barn and unharnessed. She didn't often do that. Hiram didn't believe in "wimmin folks" doing sech things. Hiram was a good man. "Nobody ain't sayin' he ain't," she said to herself, as she hung the head-stall on its accustomed nail. "No, he'll want to know why I done it," she mused; "an' I dunno's I kin tell. I jes' kind o' thought I would."

She changed her dress and bustled about the kitchen getting supper.

Hiram came in and washed his hands at the kitchen sink. "What did you unharness fer?" he asked. "Why didn't you wait tell I come in?"

"I dunno," she answered. "I jes' kind o' thought I would."

"Git all you wanted to the Corners?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, "I got all I wanted. I ain't so sure I ain't got mor'n I want," she added mentally. She was uneasy.

The blue feather waved itself before her eyes. She tried to forget it, but it seemed to lift the cover of its prison-box and crawl out at her. She looked at her husband's face as he sat across the table—a kind old face, with a very firm mouth. She knew that mouth. Her own had developed lines of self-control in dealing with it.

She dreamed that night that the blue feather came and climbed on the bed like a snake and waved itself at her accusingly from the foot-board. She dreamed that Hiram lifted the cover from dish after dish, as they sat at the table, and found a blue feather in each one.

Hiram did his Sunday chores quickly. No unnecessary work was done at the farm on Sunday. When the animals were cared for he came into the kitchen.

"Come, mother," he said, "you're

spendin' too much time here. You better hurry, or we'll be late fer service."

She was well trained. She dropped her half-finished task and followed him up-stairs. She dressed in desperate haste, but her hands refused to do her bidding; they trembled, and everything went wrong. Hiram called to her, and at last she pinned on her blue hat defiantly, and half-ran down-stairs to the side door, where he waited with Dolly. He did not look at her. He had a way of not looking at people. He only told them what to do in few words. He spoke to her once or twice on the way to church, and she answered him briefly. Twenty years they had lived this way. They understood.

"Fer the lan's sakes! Will you look at Mis' Eaton's bunnit!" ejaculated Mrs. Winterbourne from the church steps, as they approached.

"She got it to Miss Wence's yestidy," explained Mrs. Pearsall. "'Twas four dollars an' a half. Ain't it redick'lus? Miss Wence says she mos' had a fit when she found she was reely goin' to take it. Like's not the squire ain't see it yet."

The squire saw it as his wife paused to speak with some friends before entering the building. He had turned Dolly toward the long, low sheds, where the patient beasts kept Sabbath, and he looked back, because he didn't approve of visiting on the Lord's day. His eyes widened, and then grew narrow. His mouth trembled, and then grew firm. He was grieved, and then determined. Nobody ever said he wasn't a good man.

He walked into church gravely and sat beside his wife, who had not waited for him. He passed the plate, as usual. He found the places for her in the hymn-book, a most unusual courtesy at the Corners. He walked out gravely. He disapproved of lingering in the aisles, as was the custom of some of his neighbors. On the church steps he waited. His wife was behind him, listening to Mrs. Winterbourne's account of the baby's last attack of croup, and replying nervously, because she knew her husband felt these things ought not



"Lucindy," he made answer, "I ain't a-goin' to leave these here steps till that there thing comes offen your head."

to be spoken of in the sanctuary. Mrs. Winterbourne chattered glibly, and kept one eye speculatively on the blue hat. Mrs. Eaton tried to smile without making any other reply to several questions. She was accustomed to yielding absolutely to her husband. He demanded it. On the church steps he waited for her.

"Lucindy," he said, "take that there wing o' Satan offen your head. Take it off," he repeated, as she hesitated. "It's worldly. It's friv'lus. It's a insult to the house o' the Lord. An' you a Methodist! It's onbecomin' to your years an' your perfeshions."

The people who came from the service waited to see what she would do. She caught the glances they exchanged. She had seen these looks before when Hiram grew high-handed. She hesitated, and he spoke again.

"Lucindy," he said, "take it off an' cast it from you. Say, 'Git thee behint me, Satan.'"

Then her gentle face hardened. Some of the lines he had taught her

deepened there. Her little mouth set itself tight. "I'm goin' home, Hiram," she said. "Is Dolly ready?"

"Lucindy," he made answer, "I ain't a-goin' to leave these here steps till that there thing comes offen your head."

She looked at him steadily a minute, and the people waited. Then she turned from him quietly and walked down the steps toward home. It wasn't too far to walk. They usually drove on Sunday out of respect for their best clothes, which were cared for almost as reverently as the day was, year by year.

She was a small woman, but her form took dignity that approached height as she went her way. One by one, in groups, by twos and threes, the congregation left him, turning as they went to look back at the solitary figure standing on the church steps. The children came to look at him during afternoon, and, when the young people gathered for their early prayer-meeting, they found him sitting quietly watching the gray west where the sun had just gone down.

Lucinda came to service early. The congregation was large and prompt that night. She carried a basket on her arm.

"I brung you somethin' to eat," she said. "Goin' in to service?"

"I hev said, Lucindy," he replied, "that I ain't goin' to leave these here steps until I see that there hat come offen your head."

Lucinda looked up at the stars. "Well," she said, "I'll bring you a blanket from the shed. It's goin' to be a warm night. I'll take Dolly home, I guess. They's no need o' leavin' her here, an' she oughter be fed." She set the basket down beside him, and went into the building.

After service she went to the long, low sheds where Dolly waited, and climbed into the buggy when she had led the horse out a little. The only other time she had ever done this had been when Hiram was sick and couldn't get to meeting. She drove up to the church steps and gave Hiram Dolly's blanket, offering him the lap-robe, too.

"You better keep the robe," he said. "You might be cold goin' home."

"Good night, Hiram," she called, as she drove away.

The next morning the school-children took a circuitous route to the house of learning that they might pass the house of prayer. Hiram sat on the wooden steps with the blanket neatly folded beside him. His wife approached with a basket. It was Monday morning, but she wore her Sunday hat.

"I'd 'a' been earlier," she apologized, "but I had the washin' to look arter. I hope your coffee's stayed hot." She felt of the Mason jar that lay at one side of the basket as she lifted the cover. "Did you sleep at all?" she asked.

"Purty good," said Hiram. She stayed for a few minutes. "Anythin' partic'lar you'd like fer dinner?" she asked, as she was leaving.

"You might bile some pork an' cabbage," he suggested.

She nodded the blue feather, acquiescent. "All right," she said. "Good-

by, Hiram." Hiram stared at her until she was out of sight.

The whole population of Jones Corners watched her carry his dinner to him. The self-control she had acquired during the years she had lived with Hiram Eaton had developed into a will that surprised her as much as it did any one else. She pinned on the blue hat determinedly and set out.

"She'll keep that up till kingdom come," said Lemuel Wilson. "When them meek folks gits started they's no stoppin' of 'em."

"He allers was dretful sot," remarked Joel Greene. "Seems like she's gi'n in jes' s' long's she kin. Them slow folks goes awful fast when they onct gits started."

"He's a good man," said Wash Williams. "They ain't many men's as good to their wimmin folks 's he is."

"He allers was dretful bossy," remarked Miss Perkins.

Toward sunset the blue feather again made its way to the church steps. Lucinda carried a pillow and an umbrella, besides her basket.

"Looks some like rain," she said, "an' I thought mebby you'd be more comfortable with a pillar."

She sat by the window all night and watched the weather, and prayed that it might not rain.

Morning came slowly—gray, foggy, and cold. A slow, discouraging drizzle seemed to form in the air and settle on things. Sudden gusts of high wind brought showers, between which the rain almost ceased to fall, and the air was heavy and thick. Lucinda hesitated before going out. She took up the blue hat and put it down again. Then she lifted it again and looked at it. It had grown hateful to her. She looked out of the window, and she turned back to her mirror. Then she picked up the hat and regarded it as though she had never seen it before.

"I've gi'n in fer twenty year," she said aloud. The house seemed reproachfully warm and cheerful. Hiram was generous and good-tempered. "Nobody never said he wa'n't a good man," she told herself again. Then

she raised the hat deliberately, and pinned it on her head.

The rain fell faster as she approached. Pools of water had formed along the way. She saw Hiram sitting on the pillow and holding the umbrella over his head. She had her own umbrella in one hand and a heavy basket in the other.

"He'll ketch his death o' cold," she told herself miserably. "I wish I could git outen it, somehow."

A sharp gust of wind bent her umbrella, nearly twisting it from her hand. She turned, trying to recover herself. Her light shawl blew back. Hiram sat watching her.

"Ef I hadn't 'a' said so," he thought, "I'd go an' help 'er. She's so little." The wind was merciless.

She put down her basket and took

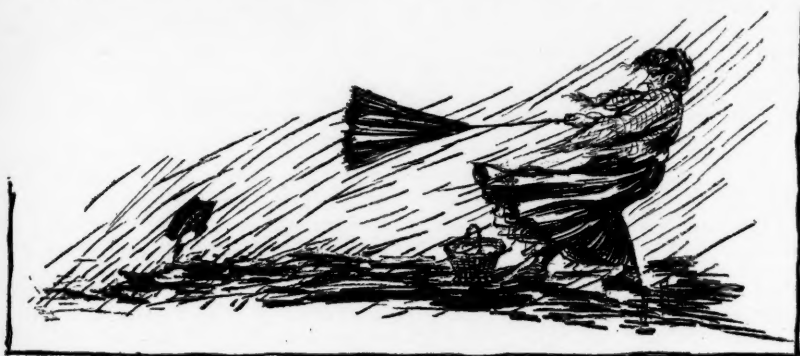
both hands to her umbrella. He rose quickly and went to her. "She's so little," he told himself apologetically. At that very minute the wind lifted her blue hat and sent it whirling through the air. He took the umbrella from her.

"Mos' blowed you away," he said, "didn't it?"

Lucinda looked up at him through tears. "Oh, Hiram," she pleaded, "won't you please come home?"

The blue hat fell to the earth, alighting—was it the will of Providence?—in the muddiest place it could find. Hiram picked it up. The valiant feather was drenched and dirty.

"We'll put it in the basket here," he said. "I don't want folks should find it. Never mind about the breakfast, Lucindy. We'll git that home."



The Maiden

SHE dreamed of Love in a royal guise
 (The dreams of youth were hers);
 She dreamed of Love with a prince's eyes,
 A sword, and golden spurs;
 She blushed o'er being the willing prize
 To one whom naught deters.

She looked for Love from the over-sea
 (Her years not yet a score);
 She thought to glimpse on the distant lea
 The pennon that he bore;
 She knew not—but it was soon to be—
 That Love lived just next door.

EDWIN L. SABIN.

The Girl In Society

DRAWN EXPRESSLY FOR SMITH'S MAGAZINE

BY ALFRED JAMES DEWEY



READING THE MAIL

M
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Y

O
7
XUM



MORNING DRIVE



ON THE LINKS

V
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2
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C
7
X



TENNIS



AFTERNOON CALLS

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2
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7
XU



IN THE EVENING



AFTER THE PLAY

V
5
2
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LENTEN DEVOTIONS

THE "SPORTIN' BLOOD" OF SCOTAZE

BY
HOLMAN F. DAY



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CH. GRUNWALD

MRS. HIRAM LOOK, lately "Old Maid Purkis," appearing as plump, radiant, and roseate as a bride in her honeymoon should appear—her color assisted by the caloric of a cook-stove in June—put her head out of the buttery window and informed the inquiring Cap'n Aaron Sproul that Hiram was out behind the barn.

"Married life seems still to be agreein' with all concerned," suggested Cap'n Sproul quizzically. "Even that flour on your nose is becomin'."

"Go 'long, you old rat!" tittered Mrs. Look. "Better save all your compliments for your own wife!"

"Oh, I tell *her* sweeter things than that," replied the cap'n serenely. And with a seaman's salute, a scrape of his foot, and a grin under his beard, he went on toward the barn.

Scotaze gossips were beginning to comment, with more or less spite, on the sudden friendship between their first selectman and Hiram Look, since that reformed showman had married Miss Purkis, his old love, and settled

down on the Purkis farm. Considering the fact that the selectman and showman had bristled at each other like game-cocks the first time they met, Scotaze wondered at the sudden effusion of affection that now kept them trotting back and forth from farm to farm on almost daily visits.

Batson Reeves, second selectman of Scotaze, understood better than most of the others. It was on him as a common anvil that the two of them had pounded their mutual spite cool. Hiram, suddenly reappearing with a plug hat and a pet elephant, after twenty years of wandering, had won in a hand-toss the Old Maid Purkis, whose self and whose acres Widower Reeves was just ready to annex. And Hiram had thereby satisfied the old boyhood grudge planted deep in his stormy temper when Batson Reeves had broken up the early attachment between Hiram Look and Amanda Purkis. As for First Selectman Sproul, hot in his fight with Reeves for official supremacy, his league with Hiram, after their initial combat to try spurs,

was instant and cordial as soon as he had understood a few things about the showman's character and purpose.

"Birds of a feather!" gritted Reeves, in his confidence with his intimates. "An' old turkle-back of a sea-capt'in runnin' things in this town 'fore he's been here two years, jest 'cause he's got cheek enough and thutty thousand dollars—and now comes that old gas-bag with a plug hat on it, braggin' of his own thutty thousand dollars, and they hitch up! Gawd help Scotaze, that's all I say!"

And yet, had all the spiteful eyes in Scotaze peered around the corner of the barn on that serene June forenoon, they must have softened just a bit at sight of the placid peace of it all.

The big doors were rolled back, and Imogene, the ancient elephant whose fond attachment to Hiram had preserved her from the auction-block, bent her wrinkled front to the soothing sunshine and "weaved" contentedly on her slouchy legs. She was watching her master with the thorough appreciation of one who has understood and loved the "sportin' life."

Hiram was in shirt-sleeves and bare-headed, his stringy hair combed over his bald spot. His long-tailed coat and plug hat hung from a wooden peg on the side of the barn. In front of him was a loose square of burlap, pegged to the ground at one edge, its opposite edge nailed to the barn, and sloping at an angle of forty-five degrees.

As Cap'n Sproul rounded the corner Hiram had just tossed a rooster in the air over the burlap. The bird came down flapping its wings; its legs stuck out stiffly. When it struck the rude net it bounded high, and came down again, and continued its grotesque hornpipe until it finally lost its spring.

"I'm only givin' P. T. Barnum his leg-exercise," said Hiram, recovering the rooster and sticking him under one arm while he shook hands with his caller. "I don't expect to ever match him again in this God-forsaken country, but there's some comfort in keepin' him in trainin'. Pinch them thighs, cap'n! Ain't they the wickin'?"

"I sh'd hate to try to eat 'em," said the cap'n, gingerly poking his stubby finger against the rooster's leg.

"Eat 'em!" snapped the showman, raking the horns of his long mustache irritably away from his mouth. "You talk like the rest of these farmers round here that never heard of a hen bein' good for anything except to lay eggs and be et for a Thanksgivin' dinner." He held the rooster astraddle his arm, his broad hand on its back, and shook him under the cap'n's nose. "I've earnt more'n a thousand dollars with P. T.—and that's a profit in the hen business that all the condition powders this side of Tophet couldn't fetch."

"A thousand dollars!" echoed Cap'n Sproul, stuffing his pipe. He gazed at P. T. with new interest. "He must have done some fightin' in his day."

"Fight!" cried the showman. He tossed the rooster upon the burlap once more. "Fight! Look at that leg action! That's the best yaller-legged, high-station game-cock that ever pecked his way out of a shell. I've taken all comers 'twixt Hoorah and Hackenny, and he ain't let me down yet. Look at them brad-awls of his!"

"Mebbe all so, but I don't like hens, not for a minit," growled the first selectman, squinting sourly through his tobacco smoke at the dancing fowl.

Hiram got a saucer from a shelf inside the barn and set it on the ground.

"Eat your chopped liver, P. T.," he commanded; "trainin' is over."

He relighted his stub of cigar and bent proud gaze on the bird.

"No, sir," pursued the cap'n, "I ain't got no use for a hen unless it's settin' legs up, on a platter, and me with a carvin'-knife."

"Al'ays felt that way?" inquired Hiram.

"Not so much as I have sence I've been tryin' to start my garden this spring. As fur back as the time I was gittin' the seed in, them hens of Widder Sidene Pike, that lives next farm to mine, began their hellishness, with that old wart-legged ostrich of a rooster of her'n to lead 'em. They'd almost



"Go 'long, you old rat!" tittered Mrs. Look.

peck the seeds out of my hand, and the minit I'd turn my back they was over into that patch, right foot, left foot, kick heel and toe, and swing to pardners—and you couldn't see the sun for dirt. And at every rake that rooster lifts soil enough to fill a stevedore's coal-bucket."

"Why don't you shoot 'em?" advised Hiram calmly.

"Me—the first s'lectman of this town out poppin' off a widder's hens? That would be a nice soundin' case when it got into court, wouldn't it?"

"Get into court first and sue *her*," advised the militant Hiram.

"I donno as I've ever said it to you, but I've al'ays said it to close friends," stated the cap'n earnestly, "that there are only three things on earth I'm afraid of, and them are: pneumony, bein' struck by lightnin', and havin' a land-shark git the law on me. There ain't us'ly no help for ye."

He sighed and smoked reflectively. Then his face hardened.

"There's grown to be more to it lately than the hen end. Have you heard that sence Bat Reeves got let down by she that was Miss Purkis"—he nodded toward the house—"he has been sort of caught on the bounce, as ye might say, by the Widder Pike? Well, bein' her clost neighbor, I know it's so. And, furdernore, the widder's told my wife, bein' so tickled over ketchin' him that she couldn't hold it to herself. Now, for the last week, every time that old red-gilled dirt walloper has led them hens into my garden, I've caught Bat Reeves peekin' around the corner of the widder's house watchin' 'em. If there's any such thing as a man bein' able to talk human language to a rooster, and put sin and Satan into him, Reeves is doin' it. But what's the good of my goin' and lickin' him? It'll mean law. That's what he's lookin' for—and him with that old gander-shanked lawyer for a brother! See what they done to you!"

Hiram's eyes grew hard, and he muttered irefully. For cuffing Batson Reeves off Miss Purkis' door-step he had paid a fat fine, assessed for the

benefit of the assaulted, along with liberal costs allowed to Squire Alcander Reeves.

"They can't get any of *my* money that way," pursued the cap'n. "I'd pay suthin' for the privilege of drawin' and quarterin' him, but a plain lickin' ain't much object. A lickin' does him good."

"And it's ready money for that skunk," added the showman. He cocked his head to one side to avoid his cigar smoke, and stared down on P. T. pecking the last scraps of raw liver from the saucer.

"I understand you to say, do I," resumed Hiram, "that he is shooing them hens—or, at least, condonin' their comin' down into your garden ev'ry day?"

"I run full half a mile jest before I came acrost here, chasin' 'em out," said the cap'n gloomily, "and I'll bet they was back in there before I got to the first bars on my way over here."

P. T., feeling the stimulus of the liver, crooked his neck and crowed spiritedly. Then he scratched the side of his head with one toe, shook himself, and squatted down contentedly in the sun.

"In the show business," said Hiram, "when I found a feller with a game that I could play better'n him, I was al'ays willin' to play his game." He stuck up his hand with the fingers spread like a fan, and began to check items. "A gun won't do, because it's a widder's hens; a fight won't do, because it's Bat Reeves; law won't do, because he's got old heron-legged Alcander right in his family. Now this thing is gittin' onto your sperits, and I can see it!"

"It is heiferin' me bad," admitted the cap'n. "It ain't so much the hens—though Gawd knows I hate a hen bad enough—but it's Bat Reeves standin' up there grinnin' and watchin' me play tag-you're-it, with Old Scuff-and-kick and them female friends of his. For a man that's dreamed of garden-truck jest as he wants it, and never had vet'tables enough in twenty years of sloshin' round the world on shipboard, it's about the most cussed, aggravatin'

thing I ever got against. And there I am! Swear and chase—and northin' comin' of it!"

Hiram clenched his cigar more firmly in his teeth, leaned over carefully, and picked up the recumbent P. T.

He tucked the rooster under his arm and started off.

"Let's go 'crost back lots," he advised. "What people don't see and don't know about won't hurt 'em, and that includes *your* wife and mine.

"It won't be no kind of a hen-fight, you understand," Hiram chatted as they walked, "'cause that compost-heap scratcher won't last so long as old Brown stayed in heaven. For P. T., here, it will be jest bristle, shuffle, one, two—brad through each eye, and—'Cock-a-doodle-doo!' All over! But it will give you a chance to see some of his leg work, and a touch or two of his fancy spurrin'—and then you can take old Sculch-scratcher by the legs and hold him up and inform Bat Reeves that he can come and claim property. It's his own game—and we're playin' it! There ain't any chance for law where one rooster comes over into another rooster's yard and gets done up. Moral: Keep roosters in where the lightnin' won't strike 'em."

When they topped Hickory Hill they had a survey of Cap'n Sproul's acres. Here and there on the brown mold of his garden behind the big barn were scattered yellow and gray specks.

"There they be, blast 'em to fury!" growled the cap'n.

His eyes then wandered farther, as though seeking something familiar, and he clutched the showman's arm as they walked along.

"And there's Bat Reeves' gray hoss hitched in the widder's dooryard."

"Mebbe he'll wait and have fricasseed rooster for dinner," suggested Hiram grimly. "That's all his rooster'll be good for in fifteen minutes."

"It would be the devil and repeat for us if the widder's rooster should lick—and Bat Reeves standin' and lookin' on," suggested the cap'n bodingly.

Hiram stopped short, looked this

faltering faint-heart all over from head to heel with withering scorn, and demanded: "Ain't you got sportin' blood enough to know the difference between a high-station game-cock and that old bow-legged Mormon down there scratchin' your garden-seeds?"

"Well," replied the cap'n rather surlily, "I ain't to blame for what I don't know about, and I don't know about hens, and I don't want to know. But I do know that he's more'n twice as big as your rooster, and he's had exercise enough in my garden this spring to be more'n twice as strong. All is, don't lay it to me not warnin' you, if you lose your thousand-dollar hen!"

"Don't you wear your voice out tryin' to tell me about my business in the hen-fightin' line," snapped the showman, fondly "hugging" P. T. more closely under his arm. "This is where size don't count. It's skill. There won't be enough to it to call it a scrap."

They made a détour through the Sproul orchard to avoid possible observation of Louada Murilla, the cap'n's wife, and by so doing showed themselves plainly to any one who might be looking that way from the widow's premises. This was a part of the showman's plan. He hoped to attract Reeves' attention. He did. They saw him peering under his palm from the shed door, evidently suspecting that this combination of his two chief foes meant something sinister. He came out of the shed and walked down toward the fence, when he saw them headed for the garden.

"Watchin' out for evidence in a law case, probably," growled Cap'n Sproul, the fear of onshore artfulness ever with him. "He'd rather law it any time than have a fair fight, man to man, and that's the kind of a critter I hate."

"The widder's lookin' out of the kitchen winder," Hiram announced, "and I'm encouraged to think that mebbe he'll want to shine a little as her protector, and will come over into the garden to save her hen. Then will be your time. He'll be trespassin', and I'll

be your witness. Go ahead and baste the stuffin' out of him!"

He squatted down at the edge of the garden-patch, holding the impatient P. T. between his hands.

"Usually in a reg'lar match I scruffle his feathers and blow in his eye, cap'n, but I won't have to do it this time. It's too easy a proposition. I'm jest tellin' you about it so that if you ever git interested in fightin' hens after this, you'll be thankful to me for a pointer or two."

"I won't begin to take lessons yet a while," the cap'n grunted. "It ain't in my line."

Hiram tossed his feathered gladiator out upon the garden mold.

"S-s-s-s! Eat him up, boy!" he commanded.

P. T. had his eye on the foe, but with the true instinct of sporting blood, he would take no unfair advantage by stealthy advance on the preoccupied scratcher. He straddled, shook out his glossy ruff, and crowed shrilly.

The other rooster straightened up from his agricultural labors, and stared at this lone intruder on his family privacy. He was a tall, rakish-looking fowl, whose lack of tail-feathers and erect carriage made him look like a spindle-shanked urchin as he towered there among the busy hens.

In order that there might be no mis-

take as to his belligerent intentions, P. T. crowed again.

The other replied with a sort of croupy hoarseness.

"Sounds like he was full to the neck with your garden-seeds," commented

Hiram. "Well, he won't ever eat no more, and that's something to be thankful for."

The game-cock, apparently having understood the word to come on, tiptoed briskly across the garden. The other waited his approach, craning his long neck and twisting his head from side to side.

Reeves was now at the fence.

"I'll bet ye ten dollars," shouted Hiram, "that down goes your hen the first shuffle."

"You will, hey?" bawled Reeves sarcastically. "Say, you didn't bring them three shells and rubber pea that you used to make your livin' with, did ye?"

Hiram gasped, and his face grew purple. "I licked him twenty years ago for startin' that lie about me," he gritted, bending blazing glance

on the cap'n. "Damn the expense! I'm goin' over there and kill him!"

"Wait till your rooster kills his, and then take the remains and bat his brains out with 'em," advised the cap'n, swelling with equal wrath. "Look! He's gettin' at him!"

P. T. put his head close to the



"I've caught *that* ~~hen~~ peekin' round the corner of the widder's house."

ground, his ring of neck-feathers glistening in the sun, then darted forward, rising in air as he did so. The other rooster, who had been awaiting his approach, stiffly erect, ducked to one side, and the game-cock went hurtling past.

"Like rooster, like master!" Hiram yelled savagely. "He's a coward. Why don't he run and git your brother, Alcander, to put P. T. under bonds to keep the peace? Yah-h-h-h! You're all cowards."

The game-cock, accustomed to meet the bravery of true champions of the pit, stood for a little while and stared at this shifty foe. He must have decided that he was dealing with a poltroon with whom science and prudence were not needed. He stuck out his neck and ran at Long-legs, evidently expecting that Long-legs would turn and flee in a panic. Long-legs jumped to let him pass under, and came down on the unwary P. T. with the crushing force of his double bulk. The splay feet flattened the game-cock to the ground, and, while he lay there helpless, this victor-by-a-fluke began to peck and tear at his head and comb in a most brutal and unsportsmanlike manner.

With a hoarse howl of rage and concern, Hiram rushed across the garden, the dirt flying behind him. The hens squawked and fled, and the conqueror, giving one startled look at the approaching vengeance, abandoned his victim, and closed the line of retreat over the fence.

"He didn't git at his eyes," shouted Hiram, grabbing up his champion from the dirt, "but"—making hasty survey of the bleeding head—"but the jeebingoed cannibal has et one gill and pretty near pecked his comb off. It wa'n't square! It wa'n't square!" he shrieked, advancing toward the fence where Reeves was leaning. "Ye tried to kill a thousand-dollar bird by a skin-game, and I'll have it out of your hide."

Reeves pulled a pole out of the fence.

"Don't ye come across here," he gritted. "I'll brain ye! It was your own rooster fight. You put it up. You

got licked. What's the matter with you?" A grin of pure satisfaction curled under his beard.

"You never heard of true sport. You don't know what it means. He stood on him and started to eat him. All he thinks of is eatin' up something. It wa'n't fair." Hiram caressed the bleeding head of P. T. with quivering hand.

"Fair!" sneered Reeves. "You're talkin' as though this was a prize-fight for the championship of the world! My—I mean, Mis' Pike's rooster licked, didn't he? Well, when a rooster's licked, he's licked, and there ain't nothin' more to it."

"That's your idee of sport, is it?" demanded Hiram, stooping to wipe his bloody hand on the grass.

"It's my idee of a rooster-fight," retorted Reeves. In his triumph he was not unwilling to banter repartee with the hateful Hiram. "You fellers with what you call sportin' blood"—he sneered the words—"come along and think nobody else can't do anything right but you. You fetch along cat-meat with feathers on it"—he pointed at the vanquished P. T.—"and expect it to stand any show with a real fighter." Now he pointed to the Widow Pike's rooster sauntering away with his harem about him. "He ain't rid' around with a circus nor followed the sportin' life, and he's al'ays lived in the country and minded his own business, but he's good for a whole crateful of your sportin' blooders—and so long as he licks, it don't make no difference how he does it."

The personal reference in this little speech was too plain for Hiram to disregard.

His hard eyes narrowed, and hatred of this insolent countryman blazed there. The countryman glared back with just as fierce bitterness.

"Mebbe you've got money to back your opinion of Widder Pike's hen there?" suggested the showman. "Money's the only thing that seems to interest you, and you don't seem to care how you make it."

Reeves glanced from the maimed

P. T., gasping on Hiram's arm, to the victorious champion who had defeated this redoubtable bird so easily. His Yankee shrewdness told him that the showman had undoubtedly produced his best for this conflict; his Yankee cupidity hinted that by taking advantage of Hiram's present flustered state of mind he might turn a dollar. He glanced from Hiram to Cap'n Sproul, standing at one side, and said with careless superiority:

"Make your talk!"

"I've got five hundred that says I've got the best hen."

"There ain't goin' to be no foolishness about rules and sport and hitchin' and hawin', is there? It's jest hen that counts!"

"Jest hen!" Hiram set his teeth hard.

"Five hundred it is," agreed Reeves. "But I need a fortni't to collect in some that's due me. Farmin' ain't such ready-money as the show bus'ness."

"Take your fortni't! And we'll settle place later. And that's all, 'cause it makes me sick to stand anywhere within ten feet of you."

Hiram strode away across the fields, his wounded gladiator on his arm.

And, as it was near dinner-time, Cap'n Sproul trudged over to his own house, his mien thoughtful and his air subdued.

On his next visit to Hiram, the cap'n didn't know which was the most preoccupied, the showman sitting in the barn door at Imogene's feet, or the battered P. T. propped disconsolately on one leg. Both were gazing at the ground with far-away stare, and Hiram was not much more conversational than the rooster.

The next day Hiram drove into the Sproul dooryard and called out the cap'n, refusing to get out of his wagon.

"I shall be away a few days—mebbe more, mebbe less. I leave time and place to you." And he slashed at his horse and drove away.

It was certainly a queer place that Cap'n Sproul decided upon after several days of rumination. His own ab-

straction during that time, and the unexplained absence of Hiram, the bridegroom of a month, an absence that was prolonged into a week, caused secret tears and apprehensive imaginings in both households.

Cap'n Sproul arranged for a secret meeting of the principals behind his barn, and announced his decision as to place.

"The poor-farm!" both snorted in unison. "What——"

"Hold right on!" interrupted the cap'n, holding up his broad palms; "it can't be in *his* barn on account of his wife; it can't be in *my* barn on account of my wife. Both of 'em are all wrought up and suspectin' somethin'. Some old pick-ed nose in this place is bound to see us if we try to sneak away into the woods. Jim Wixon, the poor-farm keeper, holds his job through me. He's square, straight, and minds his own business. I can depend on him. He'll hold the stakes. There ain't another man in town we can trust. There ain't a place as safe as the poor-farm barn. Folks don't go hangin' round a poor-farm unless they have to. It's for there the ev'nin' before the Fourth. Agree, or count me out. The first selectman of this town can't afford to take too many chances, aidin' and abettin' a hen-fight."

Therefore there was nothing else for it. The principals accepted sullenly, and went their ways.

The taciturnity of Hiram Look was such during the few days before the meeting that Cap'n Sproul regretfully concluded to keep to his own hearthstone. Hiram seemed to be nursing a secret. The cap'n felt hurt, and admitted as much to himself in his musings.

He went alone to the rendezvous at early dusk. Keeper Wixon, of the poor-farm, had the big floor of the barn nicely swept, had hung lanterns about on the wooden harness-pegs, and was in a state of great excitement and impatience.

Second Selectman Reeves came first, lugging his crate from his beach-wagon. His nomination had his head



"Tain't fair! It's jest as I said it was! 'Tain't square!" screamed Reeves.

up between the slats, and was crowing regularly and raucously.

"Choke that dam fog-horn off!" commanded the cap'n. "What are ye tryin' to do, advertise this sociable?"

"You talk like I was doin' that crowin' myself," returned Reeves sulkily. "And nobody ain't goin' to squat his wizen and git him out of breath. Hands off, and a fair show!"

Hiram Look was no laggard at the meeting. He rumbled into the yard on the box of one of his animal cages, pulled out a huge bag containing some-

thing that kicked and wriggled, and deposited his burden on the barn floor.

"Now," said he bruskiy, "business before pleasure! You've got the stakes, eh, Wixon?"

"In my wallet here—a thousand dollars," replied the keeper, a little catch in his voice at thought of the fortune next his anxious heart.

"And the best hen takes the money; no flummery, no filagree!" put in Reeves.

Hiram was kneeling beside his agitated bag, and was picking at the knots

in its fastening. "This will be a hen-fight served up Scotaze style," he said grimly. "And, as near as I can find out, that style is mostly—scrambled!"

"I've got a favor to ask," stammered Wixon hesitatingly. "It don't mean much to you, but it means a good deal to others. Bein' penned up on a poor-farm, with nothin' except three meals a day to take up your mind, is pretty tough on them as have seen better days. I'll leave it to Cap'n Sproul, here, if I ain't tried to put a little kindness and human feelin' into runnin' this place, and—"

Hiram was untying the last knot. "Spit out what you're drivin' at," he cried bluntly; "this ain't no time for side-show barkin'. The big show is about to begin."

"I want to invite in the boys," blurted Wixon. And when they blinked at him amazedly, he said:

"The five old fellers that's here, I mean. They're safe and mum, and they're jest dyin' for a little entertainment, and it's only kindness to them that's unfortunate, if you—"

"What do you think this is, a livin'-picture show got up to amuse a set of droolin' old paupers?" demanded Hiram, with heat.

"Well, as it is, they suspect suthin'," persisted Wixon. "All they have to do to pass time is to suspect and porjick on what's goin' on and what's goin' to happen. If you'll let me bring 'em, I can shet their mouths. If they don't come in, they're goin' to suspect suthin' worse than what it is—and that's only human natur'—and not to blame for it."

The two selectmen protested, official alarm in their faces, but Hiram suddenly took the keeper's side, after the manner of his impetuous nature, and after he had shrewdly noted that Reeves seemed to be most alarmed.

"I'm the challenger," he roared. "I've got something to say. Bring 'em, Wixon. Let 'em have a taste of fun. I may wind up on the poor-farm myself. Bring 'em in. There's prob'ly more sportin' blood in the paupers of this town than in the citizens. Bring 'em in, and let's have talkin' done with."

In a suspiciously short time Wixon led in his charges—five hobbling old men, all chewing tobacco and looking wondrously interested.

"There!" said Hiram, an appreciative glint in his eyes. "Nothin' like havin' an audience, even if they did come in on passes. I've never giv' a show before empty benches yet. And now, gents"—the old spirit of the "barker" entered into him—"you are about to behold a moral and elevatin' exhibition of the wonders of natur'. I have explored the jungles of Palermo, the hills of Scotaze, the valleys of North Belgrade, never mindin' time and expense, and I've got something that beats the wild boy Tom, and his little sister Mary. Without takin' more of your valuable time, I will now present to your attention"—he tore open the bag—"Cap'n Kidd, the terror of the mountains."

The wagging jaws of the old paupers stopped as if petrified. Keeper Wixon peered under his hand and retreated a few paces. Even doughty Cap'n Sproul, accustomed to the marvels of land and sea, snapped his eyes. As for Reeves, he gasped, "Great gorlemity!" under his breath, and sat down on the edge of his crate, as though his legs had given out.

The creature that rose solemnly up from the billowing folds of the bagging had a head as smooth and round as a door-knob, dangling, purple wattles under its bill, and its breast of a sanguinary red and picked clean of feathers. There were not many feathers on the fowl, anyway. Its tail was merely a spreading of quills like spikes. It was propped on legs like stilts, and when it stretched to crow it stood up as tall as a yard-stick.

"Let out your old doostrabulus, there!" shouted Hiram, flapping a hand at the crate.

"That ain't no hen!" Reeves wailed.

"It's got two legs, a bill, and a place for tail-feathers, and that's near enough a hen for fightin' purposes in this town—accordin' to what I've seen of the sport here," insisted the showman. "The principal science in Scotaze seems

to be to stand on t'other one and peck him to pieces. Well, Reeves, Cap'n Kidd there ain't got so much pedigree as some I've owned, but as a stander and pecker, I'm thinkin' he'll give a good, fair account of himself."

"It's a gum-game," protested Reeves agitatedly, "and I ain't goin' to fight no ostrich nor hen-hawk."

"Then I'll take the stakes without further wear or tear," said Hiram. "Am I right, boys?" A unanimous chorus indorsed him. "And this here is something that I reckon ye won't go to law about," the showman went on ominously, "even if you *have* got a lawyer in the fam'ly. You ketch, don't you?"

The unhappy second selectman realized his situation, sighed, and pried a slat off the crate. His nomination was more sanguine than he. The rooster hopped upon the crate, crowed, and stalked out into the barn floor with a confidence that made Reeves perk up courage a bit.

Cap'n Kidd showed abstraction rather than zeal. He was busily engaged in squinting along his warty legs, and at last detected two or three objects that were annoying him. He picked them off leisurely. Then he ran his stiff and scratchy wing down his leg, yawned, and seemed bored.

When the other rooster ran across and pecked him viciously on his red expanse of breast, he cocked his head sideways and looked down wonderingly on this rude assailant. Blood trickled from the wound, and Reeves giggled nervously. Cap'n Sproul muttered something and looked apprehensive, but Hiram, his eyes hard and his lips set, crouched at the side of the floor, and seemed to be waiting confidently for something.

Widow Pike's favorite stepped back, rapped his bill on the floor several times, and then ran at his foe once more. A second trail of blood followed his blow. This time the unknown ducked his knobby head at the attacker. It looked like a blow with a slung-shot. But it missed, and Reeves tittered again.

"Fly up and peck his eye out, Pete!" he called cheerily.

It is not likely that Peter understood this adjuration, notwithstanding Cap'n Sproul's gloomy convictions on that score in the past. But, apparently having tested the courage of this enemy, he changed his tactics, leaped, and flew at Cap'n Kidd with spurring feet.

Then it happened!

It happened almost before the little group of spectators could gasp.

Cap'n Kidd threw himself back on the bristling spines of his tail, both claws off the floor. Peter's spurring feet met only empty air, and he fell on the foe.

Foe's splay claws grabbed him around the neck and clutched him like a vise, shutting off his last, startled squawk. Then Cap'n Kidd darted forward that knobby head with its ugly beak, and tore off Peter's caput with one mighty wrench.

"'Tain't fair! It's jest I said it was! 'Tain't square!" screamed Reeves.

But Hiram strode forward, snapping authoritative fingers under Wixon's nose. "Hand me that money!" he gritted, and Wixon, his eyes on the unhappy bird writhing in Cap'n Kidd's wicked grasp, made no demur. The showman took it, even as the mad-dened Reeves was clutching for the packet, tucked it into his breast pocket, and drove the second selectman back with a mighty thrust of his arm. The selectman stumbled over the combatants and sat down with a shock that clicked his teeth. Cap'n Kidd fled from under, and flew to a high beam.

"He ain't a hen!" squalled Reeves.

At that moment the barn door was opened from the outside, and through this exit Cap'n Kidd flapped with hoarse cries, whether of triumph or fright no one could say.

The lanterns' light shone on Widow Sidenia Pike, her face white from the start Cap'n Kidd's rush past her head had given her, but with determination written large in her features.

She gazed long at Reeves, sitting on the floor beside the defunct rooster. She pointed an accusatory finger at it.

"Mr. Reeves," she said, "you've been lyin' to me two weeks, tryin' to buy that rooster that I wouldn't sell no more'n I'd sell my first husband's gravestun'. And when you couldn't get it by lyin', you stole it off'n the roost to-night. And so there couldn't be any more lies, I've followed you right here to find out the truth. Now what does this mean?"

There was a soulful pause.

"Lie in small things, lie in big," she snapped. "I reckon I've found ye out for a missabul thing!"

Hiram, standing back in the shadows, nudged Cap'n Sprout beside him, and wagged his head toward the open door. They went out on tiptoe.

"If he wants to lie some more, our bein' round might embarrass him," whispered Hiram. "I never like to embarrass a man when he's down—and— and her eyes was so much on Reeves and the rooster I don't believe she noticed us. And what she don't know won't hurt her none. But"—he yawned—"I shouldn't be a mite surprised if another one of Bat Reeves' engagements was busted in this town. He don't seem to have no luck at all in marryin' farms with the wimmen throwed in."

The cap'n didn't appear interested in Reeves' troubles. His eyes were searching the dim heavens.

"What do you call that thing you brought in the bag?" he demanded.

"Blamed if I know!" confessed Hiram, climbing upon his chariot. "And I'm pretty well up on freaks, too, as a circus man ought to be. I jest went out huntin' for suthin' to fit in with the sportin' blood as I found it in this place—and I reckon I got it! Mebbe 'twas a cassowary, mebbe 'twas a dodo—the man himself didn't know—said even the hen that hatched it didn't seem to know. 'Pologized to me for asking me two dollars for it, and I gave him five. I hope it will go back where it come from. It hurt my eyes to look at it. But it was a good bargain!" He patted his breast pocket.

"Come over to-morrow," he called to the cap'n as he drove away. "I sha'n't have so much on my mind, and I'll be a little more sociable! Listen to that bagpipe selection!"

Behind them they heard the whining drone of a man's pleading voice and a woman's shrill, insistent tones, a monotony of sound flowing on—and on—and on!



Forget It

ONCE I kept tabs on Father Time—and found

That he was keeping strict account of me;

I dodged at years, and watched the clock around—

To learn that clock-ticks were a knell to me.

I searched for hairs turned white, where black abound—

There was a new one every time, to see.

But now I've turned the clock's face to the wall, and flung

All thought of years behind me. And behold—I'm young!

FREDERIC DEY.

THE PERSONAL SIDE OF MAUDE ADAMS

BY
RENNOLD WOLF



MAUDE ADAMS! Most loved and least known of American actresses. Applauded by countless thousands as her mimic self; scarcely recognized, except by the privileged few, in propria persona. What a trick of management is there; what a gift of magnetism!

Something of a mystic ring tinkles in the very name. Even in impassive type it possesses a charm reminiscent of satisfying hours passed within its owner's magic spell.

Every now and then there arises from the struggling, eager crowd of ambitious actresses one whom the public darts upon and claims as its particular pet, its recreative darling, Thespis' favorite child. A personality, baffling description and challenging analysis, must be the heritage of one so pampered. Mary Anderson possessed it, Ada Rehan in the days of her activity profited by it, and Julia Marlowe owes to it her overnight transition from obscurity to triumph. But more ingratiating, more enduring than this vague, will-o'-the-wisp quality in her contemporaries, is the personality of Maude Adams.

And while dramatic critics everywhere have written columns of adulation about the actress, few make the effort to introduce their readers to Maude Adams, the woman. How many of you who read this have ever met her on the street, in the park, motoring, shopping, or participating in any one of the numberless pastimes germane to

metropolitan existence? Miss Adams loves the theater. The drama is at once her profession and her diversion. But her name is yet to be mentioned among those present at the professional matinees where theatrical celebrities are wont to flock. Do you recall early in the season having noted her at a first-night performance, whither players not yet launched upon their tours rush for that very entertainment which, later, they are to furnish others? Even a vigil at the stage door is fraught with disappointment to her admirers. Hundreds and thousands of matinee girls have waited with the patience of the tearful bride who in song "waited at the church," and their quarry came not. Success of the kind she has won amounts almost to seclusion. The more generous her critics and the more boisterous the applause, the more timid and shrinking she must become. And in full justice to Miss Adams, it must be stated that the illusion of her charm does not fall strictly within the rule of distance in its relation to enchantment.

Miss Adams' modesty is not profes-

sional. She does not measure its advantages, although doubtless Charles Frohman, who has directed her affairs with a rare skill, has made the calculation for her. It was the late Augustin Daly who first put a ban on the self-exploitation of his players. His system of directing art involved more "Don'ts" than the modern editorial-room. He abhorred the intimacy of restaurants, positively tabooed Broadway promenades, and prescribed exactly the hours during which his charges might call for their mail without incurring a compound fracture of the contract.

That system was not madness, and it was not eccentricity. Players, as a rule, do not improve on acquaintance. Few public idols satisfy the worshiper at short range. I recall my disappointment as a boy on being presented to the late Governor Robert E. Pattison. Mr. Pattison was hailed as a political prodigy who had so far upset the traditions as to attain the governorship of Pennsylvania by an overwhelming Democratic majority. Mr. Pattison was a man of more than average stature, but I had expected to meet a giant fully twelve feet high. The first sight of Joseph Jefferson also dashed my hopes to the ground. I think I expected him to entertain me with a knockabout act, or sing a comical song with a dance, for I had been told that he was excruciatingly funny. As a fact, Mr. Jefferson, seated at luncheon in a "one-night" hamlet, presented a rather mournful aspect, the only comedy relief being a huge mug of beer and a pyramid of sauerkraut.

Here's a little secret for the *matinée*-girl sentinels. Miss Adams invariably remains in her dressing-room an hour or more after each performance before she begins to remove her costume. It is her method of resting. There is no selfishness in this procrastination. There isn't a selfish hair in her vivacious head. But she is a bundle of nerves, which, after being free and unbridled for three hours, must have a chance to recoil.

Tea is Miss Adams' favorite pre-

scription for runaway nerves. A fragile table and tiny tea-set occupy a conspicuous position in her dressing-room. They might be toys, or they might belong to *Peter Pan's* fairy, *Tinker Bell*. When last I saw Miss Adams her greeting was: "May I revive you with some tea?"

The cold, ungallant truth is that tea depresses rather than revives me, but, seated by Miss Adams' miniature outfit, one seemed to be only playing at drinking tea, indulging in more of *Peter Pan's* make-believe.

A moment before, Miss Adams, in *Peter's* hunting-costume, had been sitting on a monster papier-mâché mushroom in the prompt entrance, watching the shift of scene from *Peter's* underground home to the deck of *Captain Hook's* pirate ship. Her arms were folded, and her eyes followed closely every movement of the stage-hands. Occasionally she gave an order, very quietly, or made a suggestion.

For Miss Adams, you should know, has well-developed aspirations in the direction of stage-management. She understands every bit of mechanism connected with light effects and the wonderful flying-machines. Her costumes are of her own designing. As she sat there, quite unostentatiously, the business-manager sought her advice about a detail of an extra *matinée* performance, and the musical director consulted her regarding a proposed change in the incidental score. There was a swift, sure, pleasant answer for both. Her attitude was that of eloquent patience, untiring industry, love of the art, and executive grasp of details.

During a recent engagement in Boston, Miss Adams determined to make certain experiments with the lighting effects. She thought she had hit upon a scheme of rendering more picturesque *Peter's* home in the trees. She worked over the models with the ardent enthusiasm of any inventor; she spent a thousand dollars and more in perfecting the equipment, and for her pains she achieved only failure. Miss Adams' grief was harrowing. The loss of the

money had for her no significance, but that she had failed in a trick of stagecraft completely upset her.

To return to the tea-cups, Miss Adams at once plunged into a discussion of "Peter Pan." She expressed a rigid belief in fairies, although in her mature estimation fairies took the outward form of good and wicked human beings.

"There is an abundance of faith in fairies," she said seriously. "The young believe in them as fairies; the old believe in their existence as symbols. We all are children more or less, and we never altogether lose the child's outlook of life.

"To be sure, Barrie is not a symbolist in the sense that Maeterlinck is, but every bit of his seeming simplicity and playfulness has, for all that, a wealth of hidden meaning."

For the sake of the hosts of *matinée* girls who have huddled in vain at the stage door, herewith another little secret is revealed. When Miss Adams does leave the theater, it is under the protection of the white-haired business-manager, whose duty for ten years has been to escort the actress to her home in East Fortieth Street or to the Long Island ferry, as the case may be. For the briefest moment her head protrudes through the stage door, there is the flutter of a shawl, and the actress whisks into a brougham and is gone.

That shawl, by the way, is more reliable than the Bertillon system for the purpose of identifying Miss Adams. It is regarded as equally efficient against wintry blasts or summer's sun. It is a gray shawl, not in the least what one would expect to find as a feature of a successful actress' every-day wardrobe. The chills of automobiling have extorted one concession from her—on occasions she emerges into the depths of a formidable fur coat.

And this same shawl is in itself the catalogue of Miss Adams' sartorial collection. By no imaginative process could she be regarded as a well-dressed woman. Her taste rebels against chiffons and laces. It is doubtful if she would recognize a Paquin model,

or smile upon one after an introduction. She dresses simply, severely. Gray predominates in her color scheme.

In my several years' patrol of Broadway I have met Miss Adams on the street but once. At an hour in the afternoon when the Rialto was crowded, not one person in the passing throngs recognized her in the two blocks that I watched her. There was nothing in common between Broadway's gaiety and easy familiarity and this serious player. Every step of her way comedians, chorus girls, and giggling ingénues were exchanging greetings, but the presence of Maude Adams was unnoticed.

Nevertheless, among her immediate colleagues, if Miss Adams has an enemy in the world—which, by the way, is a matter of extreme doubt—that enemy does not exist among the many players who have at various times been associated with her. From "props" to leading man she commands more than respect and admiration; the feeling for her is rather one of sincere affection, perhaps unexpressed, but absolutely sincere.

So far as her conduct back of the scenes goes, every member of the organization bears a closer resemblance to a theatrical star, according to the standards of hauteur by which the initiated have come to measure these important persons. Since Miss Adams, as a babe in arms, made her stage début, she has not been known to express a protest of any sort. Sarah Bernhardt, an uncommonly good-natured actress, has on several occasions condemned stupid stage-hands to the depths of the Seine. Duse, who really cherishes art for its own sake, compelled the manager of her American tour to cut through the brick wall of a Broadway theater that she might have an additional window in her dressing-room. Mrs. Patrick Campbell discovered flaws in every first-class hotel between New York and San Francisco; but Miss Adams' complaints are lodged against herself within the solitude of her dressing-room.

The début, whence dates her career



Bradford Johnson

MAUDE ADAMS,
"Most loved and least known of American actresses."

of complacent submission, was made in Salt Lake City, her birthplace. Her mother, Annie Adams, was a member of the leading stock company there. At the tender age of nine months and three days, little Miss Adams became demonstrative under the afflictions of the teething process, and when she refused such comfort as the nurse could bestow, the latter carried her to the theater, with the idea of testing maternal influence.

Mrs. Adams was playing in a one-act farce, entitled "The Lost Child," the plot of which was based upon the mysterious disappearance of an infant in arms. The baby provided by the management had failed to report, and the manager was in desperate straits when a bawl obligato proclaimed the arrival of Mistress Adams. The infant's entrance was finally to be accomplished on a tray, in which style she was to be served to the distracted father. In this emergency, the stage-manager, to the nurse's intense astonishment, seized the startled Mistress Adams, thrust her upon the salver, and the future *Lady Babbie* was borne to the center of the stage, à la the overworked head of poor *John the Baptist*. Evidently histrionism was in the child's blood, for she half-raised herself on her chubby elbows and crowed lustily.

It was an omen of the good nature that was to prevail throughout her stage career. For at least ten years her position has nominally and actually entitled her to authority over her associates, but she has consistently refrained from exercising it. Slips of the tongue and lapses of memory are not infrequent among the most conscientious players. Such accidents of her confrères have sometimes marred her favorite scenes, spoiled her most impressive situation. Miss Adams listens to the culprit's explanation, and then violates the fundamental rules of the professional code in this fashion:

"It's charming of you to take the blame on yourself, but I don't believe a word you say. Had I given the cue more distinctly, you would not have missed the speech."

7

Maybe affidavits should accompany this statement. Fortunately there are many actors ready and willing to furnish the necessary verification. Miss Adams does not calculate a star's candle-power in personal arrogance.

All important players are prolific in advice. The author is the primary beneficiary of such bounty. The manager receives the second bequest, and everybody else within hearing divides the residue. Here, too, Miss Adams is unconventional. She is eternally open to suggestion. She is a receiving-vault for hints upon dramatic art. The man who hauls the baggage into the theater may be one of the depositors. She does not invariably adopt these suggestions, for she has a discretion and a judgment all her own. But if the second fiddle in the orchestra-pit complains that her costume does not harmonize with the foliage, she will take the criticism under advisement.

Let the second fiddle try that blasphemy on Richard Mansfield. Also let him resign.

Before Miss Adams comments on a bit of proposed stage "business" she rehearses it. She tries it over and over with the others in the scene undergoing repairs, and considers their opinions of its effectiveness. In this manner she is forever striving to improve her performance. She is persevering to the point of exhaustion. During the revival of "The Little Minister" she interpolated a touch of coquetry she had overlooked during all its years of overwhelming popularity.

Despite her insistence upon perfection of detail, her consideration for the comfort and convenience of others is astonishing. A rehearsal must be called. Miss Adams plans to have it begin a half-hour before the performance, "so that the day will not be interrupted for the members of the company." Many a night she has remained on the stage hours after the final curtain, rather than put her players to the bother of visiting the theater the following day.

Once a player has been a member of her company, he becomes, to a cer-

tain extent, Miss Adams' personal charge—a pensioner. By reason of the variable demands of new representations, she is not always able to give that player a position in her own organization, but through influence she sends other engagements to knock at his door.

The average stage-hand is not subject to the tender emotions. He demands sixty-two and a half cents per hour for his unique services, and with its payment his interest in the drama ends. Miss Adams has found the direct route to even this laborer's heart. The stage-hands of every theater in which she has played recall her with reverence and affection. The concluding deed of her engagement is to distribute a generous purse among the "grips," carpenters, electricians, and "flymen."

Unfavorable criticism cuts her to the quick. With all of her attainments, with a record of successes such as few players can show in a lifetime, she is more grateful for a compliment than a school-of-acting graduate playing her first professional rôle. She is keenly sensitive, but she is too modest, too charitable, to assume either prejudice or incompetence in a critic who has found fault with her. Miss Adams does not sit up after a première for the morning papers. She reads only the expurgated editions. Her censor, however, really cheats if he accepts salary for the little there is to do.

Jacob Adler, the distinguished Yiddish actor, once attended a performance of "The Pretty Sister of José" in which Miss Adams appeared four seasons ago.

"That woman is the only American actress I have seen who has quicksilver in her," he remarked. "She has talent in her heart. The others cry, but they don't feel it."

This praise was afterward conveyed to Miss Adams. She sprang from her chair, jumped up and down, and clapped her hands with the joyous ebullience of a child exploring his first Christmas stocking.

She has a deep respect, an intense

reverence for her audiences. They, she thinks, are the real critics.

"The mood of an audience matters so much," she said to me one day. "Say that it is indifferent, unresponsive, or openly hostile. No sooner does an actor encounter this feeling than there is a reaction within him; his best temperamental impulses are bent back, and the occasion is as completely lost as if he never tried."

Thank heavens! Miss Adams, despite her enthusiasm for her work and her concentration upon it, is natural enough to possess some of the weaknesses of her sex. For instance, she has a love for flowers that amounts to a fad. She keeps her dressing-room filled with them, and whenever a play requires their use, she insists upon natural flowers instead of the kind cultivated in the property-room. Her orders are strict in this regard.

In or out of the theater, she is an incessant, tireless worker.

"Idleness," she once said to a member of her company, "is the bitterest punishment on earth."

An incident that occurred during one of her tours gives an insight into her scheme of working out her own destiny. The train was delayed at an unimportant way-station. Several men in the company, made restless by the long journey, began a stroll up and down the track. One suggested a jumping contest, and the next moment the playful actors were testing their athletic prowess.

Miss Adams, poring over one of Molière's plays in her stateroom, had not noticed the delay. She was aroused from her study by shouts of the actors outside. She watched their antics for a moment, and then called out good-naturedly but earnestly:

"Gentlemen, you should be ashamed of yourselves for wasting your time in this ridiculous manner."

On tour this unpretending actress further emphasizes her natural reserve. Again she violates all the traditions of her craft by not demanding the hand-somest suite of apartments in the hotels she favors. Quite to the contrary, she

asks for a suite on the top floor, or in some remote corner, where she will be disturbed as little as possible. She never receives in her rooms, and seldom leaves them except to go to the theater. The hotel guests sometimes wonder why they do not meet her in the parlors or in the dining-room. It is natural for her to shrink from the gaze of the curious, and all her meals are served in her own rooms.

The study of languages occupies much of her leisure time. She is exceedingly fond of French, and has mastered it thoroughly. The works of Hugo, Molière, and Dumas are as familiar to her as Shakespeare. She reads and speaks Italian and Spanish also, and has a casual acquaintance with German. She devotes herself assiduously to research, which may at some time prove valuable in her treatment of a historical rôle.

A rather queer relaxation is the memorizing of parts which are not in the least suited to her, and which she knows she will never play. By this means she has acquired a vast repertoire of rôles in classic and modern dramas.

"It makes one's mind more flexible," is her excuse for the extra labor.

And does Miss Adams give no time to the pleasures of life? Bless you, it is all pleasure to her. Certainly there can be no greater satisfaction than to stand at the top of one's profession, and from that pinnacle Maude Adams will scarcely be dislodged.

She has her minor recreations, too. First of all, she is exceedingly fond of music. Had she adopted the lyric instead of the dramatic stage, she might in time have come to be regarded as one of our best contraltos. Who does not remember her pretty rendering of "Sally in Our Alley," sung in "Peter Pan"?

A day seldom passes in which she does not devote some time to vocal culture. The music-room is on the second floor of her house. There, if ever you are fortunate enough to gain admittance, you will note a varied assortment of instruments—piano, guitar,

'cello, violin, mandolin, concertina, and harp. Most of these instruments she plays well. She is an expert pianist.

An attachment fastened to her harp makes a book-rack, so that she may finger the strings lightly and read at the same time. Oftentimes she goes from one instrument to another, until she has exhausted the repertoire.

It is at Ronkonkoma, Long Island, on her country estate, that she enjoys life most. There she is the practical farmer—or farmeress, if you choose. Her familiarity with the petty details of husbandry is amazing. She discusses the market price of oats and wheats learnedly, studies crop reports, and reads the bulletins from the agricultural department.

Every Saturday night during her New York engagement she goes to Sandycroft Farm by train, returning late Monday afternoon. She personally audits all the accounts of the establishment, and with her superintendent makes a careful inspection of the farm once each week.

At Ronkonkoma she maintains also a rather pretentious kennel. She is especially fond of St. Bernards and English sheep-dogs. Her constant companion on the farm is Meta, a grand specimen of the St. Bernard.

On the list of her real estate is still another delightful home in the Catskills. She seldom visits it more than a week or two in the year, and then on the eve of rehearsals, when she is committing a new part to memory. It is really at Sandycroft Farm that Miss Adams derives the greatest comfort, and when she retires from the stage she will probably abandon her city home altogether, and spend the remainder of her life among her pets.

Perhaps then Miss Adams will surround herself with friends. For the present, at any rate, she prefers seclusion and privacy. Few share her confidence, but her reticence results from diffidence and not suspicion. Underneath such an exterior, however, there lie a kind, noble disposition and a keen sense of humor. Meanness and littleness are foreign to her nature. She

does not possess the extravagant eccentricities commonly attributed to genius; rather is she the honest, deep, careful student, who labors hard to attain an end but who must inevitably attain it.

It was on the morning of October 4, 1892, that Miss Adams awoke to find herself famous. She was little more than a girl in years, but the critics had suddenly realized that here was an actress of remarkable talent. The night before, as leading woman to John Drew, she had portrayed *Suzanne Blondel* in "The Masked Ball." Hers was no easy rôle, for she was called upon to feign intoxication, and this she did in an exquisitely comic manner without being in the least offensive. The deliciousness of *Lady Babbie* and *Peter Pan* was then foreshadowed.

There is no personality on the American stage easier of comprehension than that of Maude Adams. It has been termed "elusive" and "diaphanous." It

is neither. Its seeming complexity—and its greatness—arises from a spontaneity untarnished by artifice. Her personality is a combination of the simplicity of a child, the devotion of an enthusiast, and an instinct for truth and beauty. Her art is merely the expression of this personality.

Few who read these lines will ever meet her personally. If they would gaze on her outside the theater, the only rendezvous I can suggest is the Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street entrance of Central Park, for she rises early, and takes a spin along one of the beautiful drives each morning.

From the conclusion of that simple outing until midnight Maude Adams works, and she works with a zeal that makes her to-day one of the most delightful figures on the American stage.

Some day Charles Frohman will present her in England. Then, at least, we shall have reason to be envious of the mother country.

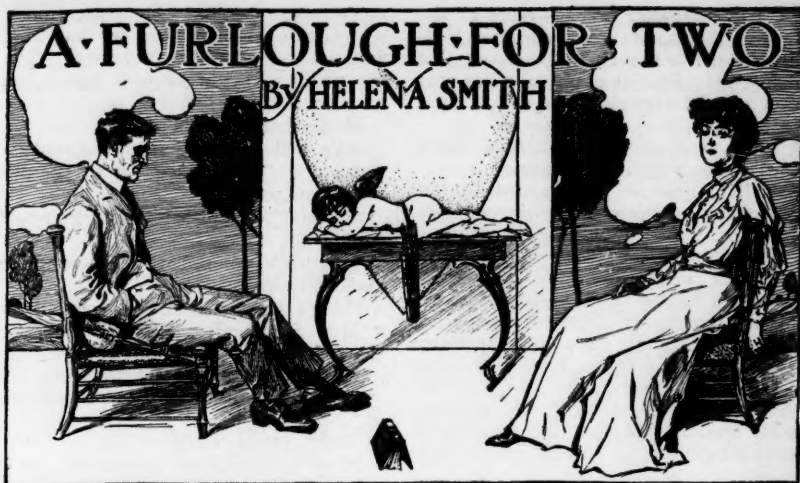


Peter Pan

MY faerie bark upon a faerie sea
 I set adrift, dreaming with half-closed eyes,
 Forgetting life and all life's mysteries,
 Whilst ever farther from the world I flee,
 All, all forgot, save just the heart of me,
 Watching the faerie lights around uprise;
 Until before my startled gaze there flies—
 Immortal Youth! and joy in Youth!—'twas thee!

What is like thee, thou rarely radiant boy?
 The early morning sun upon the roses,
 From which is born the dewdrop? Or the joy
 With which a poet's heart in verse uncloses?
 The love-light in a girl's eyes?—Peter, say!
 Laughed Peter Pan, and, piping, danced away.

ISABEL ORMISTON.



MOLLIE suddenly threw the book she had been pretending to read at the opposite wall, where, landing, it left a white scar on the smooth, dull green surface.

Bradford looked up from his paper.

"Well?" he queried.

"I should have screamed if I couldn't have thrown that book," she declared, defiantly. But, despite her words, waves of color dyed her face.

Tossing aside his paper, Bradford turned interested eyes toward the rebellious little figure on the other side of the library table.

"Now that you have broken the ice, I may as well admit I often feel like that myself. I deduce that you were bored?"

Mollie favored him with a glance half grateful, half reproachful.

"The gilt edge has worn off the romance," said Mollie. She waited to hear a flat contradiction of this, but, none forthcoming, she dashed recklessly along: "I suppose if we were just average persons, or at least sensible ones, we would consider ourselves immensely happy. Commonplaces, unfortunately, bore both of us. People of temperament should not marry—especially each other."

"No use pretending, is there?" he

coincided. "The world is full of pretenders, but let's be thankful we understand each other perfectly and can discuss our problems frankly!"

"It's nice not to have any false sentiment about things," assented Mollie. "People really ought, now and then, to open up the closets where skeletons are kept and let in a little sunlight."

"Suppose we establish a precedent?" suggested Bradford. "May I inquire, Mrs. Bluebeard, how many skeletons you have to your credit?"

"Oh, they're merely little ghosts, not quite as tangible as skeletons," she sighed. "Sometimes I think it is the fact that I am no longer free to do as I please that bothers me."

"Poor old girl! It must be a tragedy to be an ex-belle. What a train of them there used to be dangling after you! I must get prosy," he admitted.

"And I remember when all the girls were positively silly over you," said Mollie, proudly. "There's lots of truth in that old joke about not running for the car after you've caught it."

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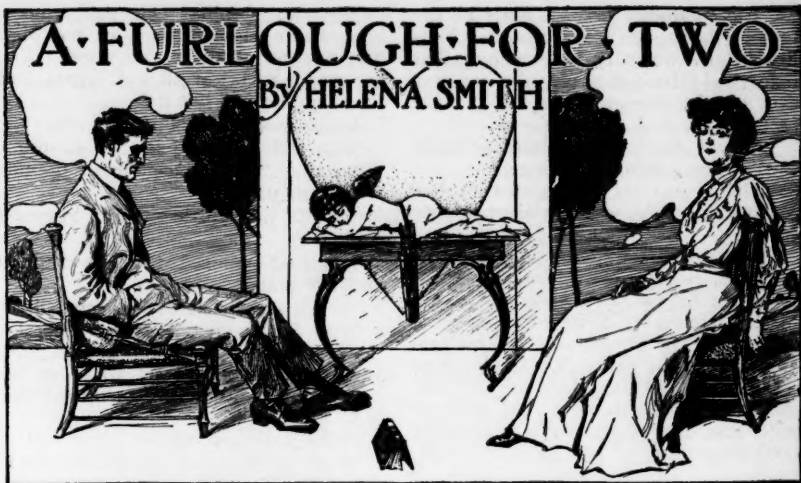
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"The conductor had his hand all the time on the rope to stop," admitted Mollie. "But it was such fun watching that man run! Isn't it a pity the car was ever caught, though?" she said, a little pathetically.

"It was fascinating," agreed Bradford—"never being quite sure."

"That's just it!" exclaimed Mollie, regretfully. "We're too uninterestingly sure."

"Well, one can't always play Romeo," defended Bradford.

"I met Lettie Hoffman to-day," said Mollie, irrelevantly. Her tone was wistful. "She's going on a jolly little trip and wanted me to go, too. Of course I told her I couldn't."

"Baldwin asked me to go cruising with him, but of course I told him I couldn't get away," supplemented Bradford.

"Isn't it stupid to give up everything one enjoys doing because one is married?" she sighed.

"You might have gone with Lettie," said Bradford, kindly. "I don't want to play tyrant."

"And sit by and watch Lettie have all the fun?" she demanded. "You know I never forget I am a married woman—even if I do miss the romance," she said, with dignity.

"You are a brick, Mollie. Why, we've just got to do something, you know, to mend matters. Are we going to grow indifferent because we need a little excitement?"

"What is there one can do but drift along?" she queried, wearily.

Bradford sat for some time buried in his thoughts. Suddenly his face beamed and he sat bolt upright. He started to speak, but broke into uncontrollable laughter. It continued so long Mollie grew impatient. There's nothing so tiresome as a joke in which one isn't included.

"Well?" she snapped.

"I've a scheme. You'll scream, too, when you hear it!" He went into another paroxysm.

"Alex Bradford, if you don't explain your wonderful scheme in another minute, I shall refuse to listen to it at all."

"My dear Mollie! Do you remember what a ripping time we had that first summer we met? Very well. We are going to begin all over again and have another just like it!"

Mollie sniffed disdainfully.

"We will go," said Bradford, enthusiastically, "to a place where no one will know us—"

"And be just a little bit gay," hummed Mollie.

Bradford ignored this interruption and continued:

"We will go separately—you will be a Miss Somebody. We will meet for the first time—I shall fall in love with you—and you might set your cap for me. Let the situation develop naturally."

Mollie sat quite still.

"Doesn't the idea appeal to you?" asked Bradford, disappointed.

"It has possibilities," admitted Mollie; "but its only hope of success lies in the plan being carried out to the letter. Would you agree that we should be as independent as if we had never seen each other before?"

"That's the idea," he asserted. "It might revive our interest."

"Done!" declared Mollie.

Bradford wandered along moodily, his hands in his pockets. It was a week since he had arrived at the Mountain House, and time had hung heavily. A mild interest in the keenly interested young women speedily turned to utter indifference. He wondered if young women had been as stupid and unattractive before his marriage.

He found himself, to his surprise, wondering when Mollie would arrive. He went to the station on the tallyho every train, and each time turned away with growing disappointment when a certain trim figure of familiar outline did not get off. What on earth was Mollie doing all this time? He was on the point of dashing off to find out, when he remembered their strange compact—neither was to question the other's movements for six weeks. They were to come and go at their own pleasure.

A sharp turn in the path brought him out in a pretty clearing, and, beneath a tree, he saw Mollie herself, composedly reading a book. He ran forward with delight.

"Hello, Mollie, when did you come?" was his cordial greeting, and he stooped to kiss the pretty face.

their marriage and the unreasonable joy of Bradford on their reunion, and she stifled a sigh and resisted the temptation to throw her arms around his neck. He must learn a lesson.

"If you persist in speaking to me, I shall be obliged to go away."

"Oh, don't be so stiff about it," he



Bradford watched them disappear together.

"I have not the honor of your acquaintance, sir," she answered, in freezing tones. "How dare you speak to me without an introduction?"

Bradford was nonplused.

"Let's not begin our plan just this minute," he pleaded. "I'm awfully glad to see you, little girl." Bradford was evidently pleased—but Mollie remembered a two-days' separation soon after

said. "We might sit under this tree and talk it over. Where have you been?"

"That," said Mollie, "is none of your business." She arose and moved haughtily away.

Bradford had been so bored for the past week that he found the sudden glimpse of Mollie thrilling. Besides, he couldn't remember when she had looked so adorable. He followed her

down the narrow wood path, half amused, half angry, at her persistency in carrying out their plan to the letter. He was astonished when a man came out of the thicket and was greeted by Mollie with a ringing laugh of welcome.

Bradford watched them disappear together. Then he sat down on a mossy rock and swore softly. Mollie must be stopping at the Peake House, he decided, and this impression was verified when, later in the day, she sped by the Mountain House in a high trap with a decidedly good-looking individual.

"There goes that stunning Miss Allcroft," said some one on the piazza. "They say Gerard, the novelist, is infatuated with her."

So this was the way Mollie was carrying out her part of the agreement! Bradford decided it was high time to take radical measures. That evening he went up to the Peake House with a party from his hotel. With him went a small and attractive blonde.

The husband on a furlough found Miss Allcroft in a secluded nook of the piazza.

"May I have the next dance?" he asked.

"Not until you have been presented properly," she answered, and swept into the ballroom through the long window. Instantly she was surrounded by a group of men. Bradford wondered why he had agreed to—nay, invented—such a fool scheme. In vain he looked for some one to present him to the lady. He dangled around on the fringe of the group. The idiocy of his position was brought home more keenly when a man he knew slightly asked if he would not like to be introduced to the charming Miss Allcroft. Grimly he thanked the man, and for the second time in his life stood before her as a total stranger. She flashed a bewildering smile on him, and with sweet graciousness murmured a few conventional phrases.

Had she a dance? Why, yes, very fortunately, the next one was free—the only one!

"Do you enjoy dancing?" she asked, sweetly, when they were a little apart from the others.

"No," he growled. "Do you think it will rain to-morrow?"

She giggled.

"Have you been here long?" she asked, politely.

"I'm staying at the Mountain House," he answered.

"But I've seen your face somewhere," she insisted. "I thought it might have been in the dining room. New people come every day, and it's hard to keep track of their names and faces."

A pause.

"What do you find here to amuse you?" he queried. "I should take you for one who would find it rather slow where there is lack of excitement."

"Really? Why, I thought the very same thing of you!" They both laughed frankly.

"If that is the case we should be congenial," he said, cheerfully. "May I have this next dance, too?" he asked, for they had chatted through the number she had given him.

"It's a pity—but my card is filled."

"But I must see you again—do you know it seems as if I had known you a very long time?"

"I'm sorry," she said, ruefully. "There's charm only in that which is novel."

"You would be charming always," he said.

"Those who have had experience think not," she flashed.

"But I want a chance to know you better," he argued.

"I'm going away soon," she informed him.

"I thought you said six weeks—" he began.

"You have been misinformed," she said, coldly. "I am going to a house party from here."

"Where?" he demanded, quickly.

She laughed, tantalizingly.

"What an inquisitive man you are, to be sure!" she murmured.

"Until you go—may I come up often?"

"Rather often," she returned, "if you care to do so."

"May I take you boating?"

"Perhaps." She smiled at him through half-closed lids.

"That's a gay dress you have on," he commented, admiringly.

Then a man, whom Bradford recognized as the one in the cart, came for her, and she went away with a careless nod and a smile in her eyes. In jealous rage Bradford observed her every movement thereafter.

The next day Bradford removed his effects to the Peake House and began the campaign of winning the lovely Miss Allcroft. Mollie maintained the even tenor of her way, giving him but slight audience. This possibility had never occurred to Bradford when he suggested the plan. To see Mollie day after day, to watch her gay as a butterfly—and as elusive—made him long to rush up and claim her before them all. The more he brooded over it the more he feared she was taking advantage of the experiment to amuse herself with others. He heartily wished they were back home—their home. She seemed a different woman from the one he thought he understood too well. The infinite variety of the feminine nature was being demonstrated to him.

As for Mollie—she had several trunks full of new and wonderful gowns that she had bought in New York during the week she had spent there after leaving Bradford. It was gratifying to her wounded vanity to see that she had not lost her charm for others, even if her husband had ceased to care. As the days drifted by, Mollie found plenty of opportunity to revenge herself on Bradford, for any indifference that had grown upon him had been shaken off completely, and she coquetted with him far more outrageously than she did in the old days.

Then came the evening on the lake in the moonlight and all his love came back. She looked radiantly lovely. Her hair was dressed low in her neck and she looked very young. He could not realize that the girlish creature had been his wife—and that for even a moment he had been bored.

"Did you ever see such a perfect night?" she asked.

"Once," he said, in a low voice. "Don't you remember, dear?"

"Did you speak? Pardon me, but I was thinking of something else."

"I was thinking how much we used to love each other," he declared, breaking the agreement, recklessly. "It was on just such a night as this that I first told you, little girl."

"Oh," drawled Mollie, "are you one of those tiresome persons who believe they loved in a previous existence? I know a man once who always insisted that I was an Egyptian princess whom he had loved a thousand years ago. How some people do like to refer to ages! It wasn't a bit gallant of him. I always felt that he associated me with the pyramids."

"Let's cut it out, Mollie dear," said Bradford, reaching over and taking her hand. "I didn't love you a thousand years ago—I love you now."

"Really, Mr. Bradford, if you insist upon saying such things I shall ask you to take me back to the hotel at once."

"Very well, if my words are distasteful," he growled.

"One can't play Romeo all the time," ventured Mollie, slyly.

In utter silence Bradford rowed back.

"Especially when there are so many Romeos to one Juliet," he said, cuttingly, as he helped her from the boat.

The next morning there was a sensation.

Miss Allcroft had left on the early train—so, too, had Gerard. Mrs. Gerard arrived later in the day, but this only gave credence to the gossip that was already occupying the piazza groups. Bradford refused to even think it more than a coincidence at first. He worked to keep the affair from getting into the papers, and declared to the reporters that he was engaged to Miss Allcroft, and knew all about her abrupt departure. Mrs. Gerard, too, refused to even countenance the possibility of her husband's eloping. And so the choicest sensation of the season was hushed up.

Bradford left immediately for home,

where he knew he would find Mollie, but this idea died suddenly when he saw his house tightly closed up and wearing a deserted air. He wandered around the darkened rooms trying to unravel the outcome of the crazy plot they had rushed into. How the minutes did drag! And how he did miss Mollie! The house became so intolerable, and the white patch on the library wall such an accusing Nemesis, he moved down to the club and spent his days smoking innumerable cigars and waiting.

One evening, as he was sitting in gloomy despondency listening half-heartedly to the chatter of a nearby group, some one asked, suddenly:

"Heard about Gerard, who wrote 'Her Affinity'?"

"Eloped, didn't he, with a summer girl?" queried another.

"Yes. His wife went up there the very day he skipped, suspecting something. No one seems to know anything about the other woman except her name—Miss Allcroft."

Bradford felt the room spinning around.

"Is that so?" demanded Dean, sitting bolt upright. "Then, by George! I saw them together in the Grand Central station, when I was coming home. Quite tall, reddish hair, stunning style."

Bradford knew his growing suspicion was realized. Paralyzed in mind and limb he sat in his chair. The description applied to his wife perfectly. The speaker having never seen Mrs. Bradford, Bradford knew the *dénouement* could be put off a little longer. He dreaded the day when the truth should be known, more for her sake than for his own. Some way he felt no resentment against her—just a dull pain at his heart and a sense of intolerable loneliness.

The days dragged slowly by. On Thursday it would be six weeks since he and Mollie had said good-by in their own home. Thursday he would go to the house and have everything packed up and moved out. There was a certain sentiment that kept him from doing it at once.

On Wednesday he was called up on the telephone by his friend Thompson. He had been avoiding Thompson since his trouble; he dreaded the Thompsons' knowing it more than all the rest of the world—the four had been such great chums.

Thompson wanted him to come out. At his refusal, Thompson became insistent—it was upon a very serious matter, he informed Bradford. The memory of the previous evening and its wretched loneliness, together with the thought that perhaps Thompson needed him, decided him to take the six-twenty train out to the pretty suburb where the Thompsons lived.

Thompson was waiting at the station for him, in his saucy red cart. The mere sight of this giddy turnout irritated Bradford. Thompson's greeting, too, was in such an effusive key that it jarred on his gloomy mood.

"Yes, everybody's well," answered Thompson, in reply to Bradford's anxious inquiry. "What do I want of you, then? Why, just wanted to see you, of course." Thompson was in disgustingly high spirits.

"Cut it out, Thompson," snapped Bradford, after his host had asked a direct question about Mollie.

"What do you mean?" demanded Thompson, blankly. "Anything—wrong?"

"Yes." Then, after a brief silence, Bradford poured out the whole story. At the conclusion, Thompson burst into a wild roar of laughter that echoed from the surrounding hills.

"Thompson!" Bradford's face was set and his eyes looked dangerous.

"Why—why—old man, you're crazy—plumb crazy! Mollie Bradford—Oh, it's too funny! What ever made you believe such utter rot?"

Bradford wearily explained the details that had confirmed his suspicion. Thompson looked more serious.

"It does look queer for Mollie, I'll admit," he said, "and under the circumstances I'd have thought the same thing. But you'll find you've made a mistake."

"I know it," said Bradford, fiercely.

"But it was six weeks ago that I made it!"

"You don't mind my being quite frank with you? Very well, then, but you never quite appreciated Mollie enough. She's a great little woman—and unless she has changed a lot since

"I've been an infernal idiot, Jim," burst out Bradford, "and I deserved to lose her!" The great tears were rolling down his face.

And then they came to Thompson's quaint place among the trees, and Laura Thompson was waiting on the piazza.



The mere sight of this giddy turnout irritated Bradford.

I saw her last, she's desperately in love with you."

"The past six weeks look like it," muttered Bradford, bitterly. "What would you think if Laura went gallivanting off for six weeks—had the time of her life—and then—and then—"

"I wouldn't say it, Alex," interrupted Thompson.

Awaiting the announcement of dinner, they talked in the living room—or, rather, Thompson and Laura talked. He didn't even notice when Thompson strolled out, nor that Mrs. Thompson excused herself and disappeared into a distant room, where ice could be heard clinking against crystal. With a start Bradford looked around. Then he went

over to a table and took up a smart picture of Mollie. Impulsively he raised it to his lips—but, like Phidias' marble, it had come to life. Instantly he was holding the real Mollie in his arms and madly kissing her saucy face.

"Oh, little girl!" was all he could say. Remembrance then came swift upon his joy at sight of her. He almost pushed her away.

"Where is—he?" Bradford demanded.

"I don't know whom you mean, dear. But what does it matter where anybody is, since we are together again?"

"The whole world knows about your escapade," he began, wildly.

"What if they do?" she asked, airily.

"If you love him——"

"Alex! What are you saying?" she gasped. The light suddenly died from her face.

Thompson stepped into the room.

"I hope you'll both pardon my butting into a family affair," he began, apologetically, "but I hold the key to the situation, so I'm going to depart from the unwritten law. First, let's all sit down."

The Bradfords sat facing their host as he continued:

"Mollie came directly here from the mountains—she and Laura had it all fixed up. And here she has been, poor child, ever since—the loneliest creature in the world, in spite of all the trouble and expense we have been to trying to entertain her! Mollie, in the meantime, a large case of circumstantial evidence has been piling up against you. When you started to accept our rural hospitality, a man by the name of Gerard had

the good fortune to come down on the same train with you. That was quite enough for the rocking-chair brigade at the hotel. As I am in a position to know, Gerard and his sister were called West suddenly to their father's death-bed. Gerard sent word to his wife at their town house, but she was already on the way to the mountains. Gerard knows nothing of the complications that have risen, for I received a letter from him to-day, in regard to a little matter I'm pushing for him."

Bradford grabbed Mollie and waltzed her wildly around the room.

"Alex," cried Mollie, "you never even for a moment imagined——"

"Certainly I didn't," he avowed, stoutly. "But I couldn't do anything to hush up the affair—for that would have given away Miss Allcroft."

Thompson looked with admiration at Bradford.

"Where did you think I was?" asked Mollie, with a happy smile.

"I came out here after you, didn't I?" he asked, confidently. "And to-morrow we're going to open up the house, eh, girlie?"

Mollie nodded emphatically.

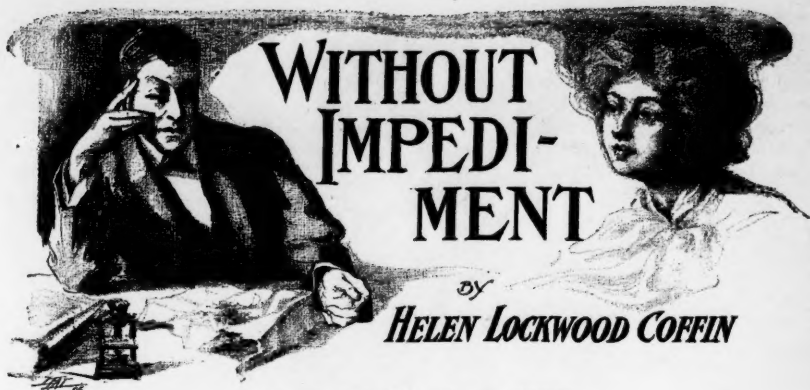
"And, Mollie, we'll have the library walls redecorated.* There's one place where the plaster——"

Mollie put her hand over his mouth.

"On the contrary, we'll just hang a lovely old sampler grandmother worked which says, 'Home, Sweet Home,' over it—and when people get dissatisfied, we'll remove it for its moral effect," said Mollie.

"It will never be removed," said Bradford, solemnly.





ILLUSTRATED BY L. F. A. LORENZ

ONE warm spring night Jonathan Briggs balanced his accounts and took inventory, and the results were satisfactory. "Now," he said to himself, "I will go home and get Dorothy."

The daring, the bravado of the words shocked him into silence. He drew a small leather case from his pocket and took from it a white tissue-paper parcel. His fingers, big and rough and awkward as they were about many things, were deft in their untangling of the ribbon which held this package together, because of the practise which makes perfect. He laid the opened paper before him on his desk and gazed earnestly at the faded blossom which it had enclosed, and as he gazed he slipped back two years into the past.

"It was the first time she ever touched me," he remembered, "and she pinned those flowers on my coat. What devil is it that gets into a man's heart and makes him afraid of a girl? I stood there like a stick. Nobody else was in the room—and she was near! Near! Even the curls of her hair moved as I breathed. And what did I say? 'Isn't it almost time we were starting out?' Fool! I did it! Jay! But it was all I could think of to say! I never could think of the right thing even when——"

He thought of various other times when he had come close to the boundary and almost set foot in the promised land. He thought of how often those words of confession and entreaty had trembled upon his lips and almost broken forth in spite of his fear. He despised himself; he reviled himself; he called himself coward; once he had said to Dorothy: "I am a craven—an abject coward." And she had said—oh, the flash of her eyes as she said it!—"It's no such thing! You are the bravest man I know."

Jonathan pulled himself together with determination. "I will go home and get Dorothy!" he repeated. And he went the next day.

"Home" was a dear, quaint little village, tucked away in the hills of Vermont. It had calmly stepped out of the way when the march of progress swept by; it clung to the past, and the old way of doing things; it was a matter of pride that here was one little untrammelled spot where a man could live the identical life his father had lived before him. Jonathan had scoffed and ridiculed this old-fashionedness, but he found a certain delicious flavor about it now. The absence of paved streets and the trolley, the forced dependence for news upon your neighbor and the weekly paper, the post-office in the country store, the simple social life of



He found the girl in the lane that went by her father's house.

teas and quiltings, candy-pulls and Virginia reels, the gray stone "meeting-house" covered with ivy, cool, forbidding, stern, and yet so thoroughly founded in righteousness—all these were restful after his scurry and rush in Chicago and his fight for a footing among its business men. He didn't exactly want to give up the rush for the quiet, but it was a good place to come to—for Dorothy.

He found the girl in the lane that went by her father's house. Ah, me! It was just the same Dorothy—the same merry, dimpling girl, with the clear, brown eyes and the yellow curls that danced with the wind. And the man, watching the eyes and the hair, and drinking in the life and color before him, turned traitor to his purpose, and spoke of commonplaces. They talked of his health and of hers, and he said: "How's your mother?" He told her of the West and his work; of the strange prairie beauty of his home; of its winds and his prospects; of his new friends and his new hopes; of everything except the new house which was waiting her coming. And she told him who had been married and who had died; there were two new houses down on the main street—did he know

that one belonged to Silas Martin? And wasn't it queer? Sallie Jones had run away somewhere, and they said she had gone on the stage! One by one she called up all his old friends before him, and gave their history since he had been gone. If she had ever read between the lines of his letters—if she had the slightest suspicion as to his reason for coming home, nothing betrayed it. Evidently Jonathan's faint heart had not won this fair lady. She must be stormed to surrender.

"She's nothing but a slip of a girl!" said Jonathan bravely, on the second morning. "And look at me! I am as three of her!" He held himself proudly for as much as half a mile. And then, because he caught a glimpse of a pink gown on the road before him, he dwindled suddenly into a pygmy. "A mite of a girl!" He had been mistaken. Dorothy filled the world—and yet how daintily! He waited for her to come nearer, pitifully conscious of all his awkward inches and ungainliness. When she came they talked about the weather.

So it was every time he met her. Never a day dawned but he resolved that it should be the day of his confession. Never a night came but he re-

viled the cowardice which had kept him silent. His time was limited, and fast slipping away; something must be done, and done speedily. So the desperate Jonathan decided upon heroic measures.

Sunday came—or "the Sabbath," rather. Jonathan went to the church early and sat near the back. He was

pew was across the aisle and three in front of the one where he sat. That spoke for contentment. But Dorothy was not there. The Murrays were late. And Jonathan lost his hold of the joy of life, while sorrow stared him in the face.

Sorrow and all her sisters' dismay,



Jonathan saw Dorothy lean forward.

strangely perturbed and anxious; but he found unspeakable soothing in the quaint old sanctuary. The woodwork was white, deep-tinted to ivory; the great high pulpit in the front was delicately carved and embellished; the great high pews with doors seemed to shut out the curious and keep hold of all that made for peace. Dorothy's

and chagrin and anxiety, sat in the seat with Jonathan. Presently, while the congregation were singing the doxology, the Murrays came in. The door of their pew closed after them, but above the top of the door Jonathan caught a glimpse of one fair cheek with tendrils of bright hair. He clung to that glimpse and forgot his seat-com-

panions. He was thinking—of other things.

After the reading of the lesson the minister began: "I publish the banns"—and a stir of eager interest ran through the congregation. Jonathan saw Dorothy lean forward with that warm sympathy with which a young girl always greets such an announcement. He watched that fair cheek with the closest attention, and the minister went on with the notice. "I publish the banns of marriage between Jonathan Briggs and Dorothy Murray, of this parish. If any of you know cause or just impediment why these two persons should not be joined together in holy matrimony ye are to declare it. This is the first time of asking."

The sudden color flashed red into the cheek Jonathan was watching. He fully expected Dorothy to jump up and declare impediment, but she gave no sign. She was the perfect picture of a modest, prospective, embarrassed bride, and Jonathan's heart glowed within him.

After the service he walked beside her. Her eyes were downcast, her cheeks were crimson. For the first time since he had known her, Dorothy was stricken dumb.

Suddenly he broke the silence between them: "Was that all right, Dorothy?"

She walked on a few steps before she answered. Then she smiled up at him and said: "I guess so, Jonathan."



The Last Performance

THE last time the curtain arises
On two hours of bliss unalloyed.
My rival his mischief devises—
What matter? his treachery's void.
I scorn him: I know whose the prize is.

I, seeming foredoomed to confusion,
And he, with so many a spell—
Who would have believed the conclusion?
'Twas I that she loved passing well.
She loved me—no idle delusion.

Why, I could have pitied his sinning
That left me so utterly blest;
And I had small claim to the winning
Except to have loved her the best.
In truth, from the very beginning.

Two hours! and the comedy's ended
That gave me the touch of her lips:
While it lasted, the rapture was splendid,
A glory well worth the eclipse,
Like Fate, when the curtain descended.

And Fate leaves the villain in clover,
The villain who fled in his rage;
And I, the poor fortunate lover,
Am standing alone on the stage;
And all the performance is over.

MAY KENDALL.



SPANISH MERRYMAKERS

F. Luis Mora

A PAINTER OF SPANISH CHARACTER

By Charles de Kay

SPAIN may well be proud that, despite the fact that her last war lopped off Cuba and the Philippines from her empire, she has experienced a revival in literature and the arts which more than offsets the wound to her self-respect in the loss of her colonies and her navy. A new school of painters has arisen, headed by men like Zuloaga and Sorolla, through whom she is winning more consideration than from a hundred islands of the Atlantic and Pacific.

But it is not only in Spain that Spanish honors are won. Spain, never more than at the present day, is a Mecca for painters, and her old art and the pic-

turesqueness of her land and people are winning extraordinary notice. Artists from all countries make pilgrimages to Madrid and Seville to study the works of Velasquez, Greco, Goya. Frenchmen and Americans, Germans and Englishmen offer these painters the flattery of imitation. Manet, Degas, Whistler, Diaz, and Besnard were profoundly influenced by Spanish art. We all remember Théophile Gautier's "Voyage en Espagne," but in our day the veteran Dutch painter, Josef Israels, has described in print as well as sketch the charm that resides in the towns and the landscapes of Spain.

Mr. Archer M. Huntington founds



THE PIRATE AND THE PRISONER

the Hispanic Society, and builds for it a palace on Broadway, in upper Manhattan, where books and objects relating to Spain find place. Books of the day are translated here in New York into Spanish and sent to all the Spanish-speaking countries to the south of us. And as the means of communication with these countries increase, the study of Spanish likewise spreads in the United States.

Among the younger artists this ho-

mage paid to Spain is often to be noted, but the most conspicuous instance is Mr. F. Luis Mora, a colorist and painter of genre. Though an American of the North, he comes very naturally by his Spanish proclivities, since his father is Domingo Mora, the sculptor, who has lived many years in the United States, while his mother, though not Spanish, was a native of Bordeaux. As he himself was born in Montevideo, and as Mr. Domingo Mora has passed many years at Perth Amboy, New Jersey, at Hartford, and at Boston, it may be seen that the son is something of a cosmopolite.

It came to him more naturally and easily than it might to another to understand the appeal of Spanish painting on the one hand, and the way to express Spanish character on the other. When he is in Madrid, at the museum on the Prado, he is at home among

the superbly calm and straightforward works of Velasquez, and the uneven, good, bad, and indifferent canvases of Goya. It is there that Mr. Mora feels the possibility of becoming a colorist in the subtlest sense of the word; there that he seeks, from time to time, inspiration.

Mr. Mora, however, is not a graduate of any foreign school; he has not studied in Paris or Munich or Rome. He worked as a boy under Tarbell and

Benson in Boston, and went later to the Art Students' League in New York, where Siddons Mowbray was his master. So that, although he was born in South America of Spanish and French parents, his education has been entirely within the United States.

Mr. Domingo Mora is a Catalan by birth and education, and the Catalans are called the Yankees of Spain because they have stirring natures, are liberty-lovers and haters of tyranny from the side of church and state; brisk business men, also, who despise the favorite formulas of the rest of Spain, like "asta mañana." It was not mere chance, then, that took Domingo Mora to the Rio de la Plata, but natural inclination; for the Argentines have held for at least half a century the sobriquet of "Yankees of South America." Apparently nothing would serve this talented sculptor but intimate acquaintance with the simon-pure article, for he ended by settling in Boston, where he employs himself with ecclesiastical sculpture mainly.

Mr. Domingo Mora has modeled a great deal for terra-cotta, which work demands much attention to questions of color, the biscuit generally being dipped in glazes and fired once more, to obtain brilliant or dull colors. Further changes can be made in the glazes by the sand-blast, which will roughen the smooth, glassy integument, and diminish or accentuate

the importance of different parts of the terra-cotta figure, face, or arabesque, according to the taste of the artist.

Hence the need of a man working for terra-cotta companies to have feeling for color and imagination enough to forecast what will be the result of firing a given piece. It was in such an atmosphere that Luis Mora was educated. About him were the implements of the sculptor—cartoons and drawings of a quicker despatch, samples of terra-



THE BLACK SHAWL



"EL TANGO"

Sevillian dancer performing in a cafe garden.

cotta with their different glazes. One thinks of Jules Dupré, of Diaz, and of Cazin, working at the porcelain-factory in Sèvres, when reflecting upon the boyhood of Luis Mora, with such surroundings as his father's house afforded him.

And when, his father having moved from Perth Amboy to Boston, he entered the school of the Museum of Fine Arts, young Mora came under the in-

fluence of two painters who have experienced the fascination of the modern masters of sunlight—Monet, Pissaro, Sisley—without becoming imitators of them in the ordinary sense. Particularly sympathetic with the style of Edmund C. Tarbell, one of his Boston instructors, yet it can not be said that Mr. Luis Mora reflects that style in his own paintings. He does not give so exclusively his attention to atmospheric



"LA BUENA VENTURA"

Fortune telling and jealousy at a Spanish fair.

and light problems, and he is much more frankly a teller of anecdote than is Mr. Tarbell; much more openly a devotee of that branch of painting now generally in eclipse, which, for want of a better term, we still call genre.

It is rather comical the way in which, in modern times, painters appear to grudge the enjoyment on the part of the public of some definite story as told by a picture. What makes it all the fun-

nier is that, since music is an art affording many parallels with painting, musical terms are employed extensively to express ideas belonging to the picture craft, such as rhythm, tone, gamut, symphony, nocturne, and others that will occur to the musical reader; and at the same time the course of music has been the other way, especially under the influence of a fleshly realist like Richard Wagner—namely, toward a



THE PRINT COLLECTORS



VISIT TO THE ANTIQUARIAN

more tangible and objective kind of music, which tries to express definite things of the intellect. These may be called analogues of the anecdotic and story-telling or genre pictures, now, generally speaking, in discredit among the "upper circles" of the painters' craft.

With all his modernity, Luis Mora is not afraid to please the public by giving them something to think about beside the technical qualities of his work. His training while he was at the Art Students' League, and for some years afterward, has tended to bring him closer to the public than most artists get, for he had to support himself as an illustrator and maker of magazine-covers, cartoons for advertisements, and whatever else he could turn his versatile hand to in order to keep the wolf from the door and make the modest pot boil. But he stops about where Velasquez and Zurbaran stopped. He does

not stoop to win the groundlings by "Widows' Tears" or "The Empty Cradle," by comically flat or flatly sentimental pictures which recite a story or tell an anecdote or point a moral. But his Spanish gipsies carry with them an air of grimy romance that tallies very well with the descriptions we obtain of them through George Borrow in his "Bible in Spain"; and his Spanish dancers and young bourgeois, his bull-fighters and Spanish youths, have character enough to make one speculate in each case on his or her career, and thus build for oneself a story or romance which we apply without the drawbacks of a title which confines us strictly to one point of view.

This is really the question which lies at the root of illustrations: shall the artist make up a very positive and definite idea of the persons in the story and impose his view on the reader? Or shall he try to be more evasive? Shall



THE LETTER

he generalize and avoid the dogmatic statement of his conception of the *dramatis personæ*, leaving room for different readers to conceive of these persons from his own standpoint?

Mr. Mora has never studied in Europe except as an artist studies the old masters in the museums and the people in their daily life. He has been to London and Paris, but he never entered at Julian's, nor in the schools of the Beaux

Arts. This may appear something akin to a crime to graduates of Parisian schools, who have learned to feel a loyalty to their old master, and particularly to the *milieu* of comradery, in which they passed the halcyon days of their youth, and are prone to exaggerated ideas as to the necessity of passing through the same schooling, and show a tendency to underrate those who have not been so blessed.

Yet Mr. Mora, though scarcely past his thirtieth year, has been made a member of the National Academy of Design, being the youngest person in that body. He believes that the time is gone by when it was necessary to visit Europe for an education in art. On the contrary, he holds that Americans will do better to train themselves here, and only visit Europe as post-graduates to widen their characters by travel, and study the works of men who have won laurels in different times and under different conditions from our own.

When, therefore, Mr. Mora goes abroad, it is in order to live there and know the people. That is why his types of Spaniards in "Fair Outside Seville in the Time of the First Empire" are so true to nature, and his other pictures of Spain and Spaniards are doubly blessed with "local color"—namely, with the literal color that is seen in faces and costumes of that slightly Oriental land, and with "local color" in the other, abstract sense. In order to know the people and live with them one has to speak their language. Mr. Mora has the advantage of hearing Spanish and French spoken in the family since his babyhood, and for him there has been no need of breaking down the barriers between Anglo-Saxon and Kelt-Iberian. Observe the mischievous look of the

girl in "La Buena Ventura," one of whose admirers is having his palm read by a gipsy, while the other takes the moment to whisper something prompted by his jealousy. Those who have seen Carmencita dance will recognize the peculiar turn of the head and movement of the skirts in "El Tango."

John S. Sargent and William T. Dannat, and other American painters of note, have visited Spain before Mora and succumbed to its charm; but none has surpassed him in the natural ease and grace, or the penetration of national character he has shown in his figures. In "The Print Collectors" he boldly en-



MISS EVELYN CHARD

ters the lists against Meissonier and his father's own fellow countryman, Fortuny, since the subject is one they would have liked, and he has thrown the scene back to that eighteenth century which both of those painters loved. The handling, however, is very different from that of Meissonier, and even unlike that of Fortuny. It would not be fair to compare a young man's technique with that of masters who had reached maturity before they became famous. "Spanish Merry-makers" is another picture which shows uncommon ability in composition, easy, natural poses, and a thorough appreciation of the Spanish temperament.

Mr. Mora was asked the other day what he considered the salient thing in the Spanish character, and, instead of answering "pride" or "hospitality" or "remembrance of kindness or of harshness until death," he answered to everybody's surprise: "A natural intelligence which seizes on every new thing that comes up, a keen interest in foreign things coupled with depreciation of things Spanish, an inherent vivacity of mind."

No wonder this is a surprise to Americans who are educated in prejudices regarding Spaniards which date back to the Inquisition, the Spanish "fury" in the Netherlands, and the days of the Armada. Furthermore, the artist said that he found the Spanish peasant and farming class uncommonly logical and alert of mind. It may be that he was referring particularly to the inhabitants of Catalonia, who certainly have an enviable fame for industry and

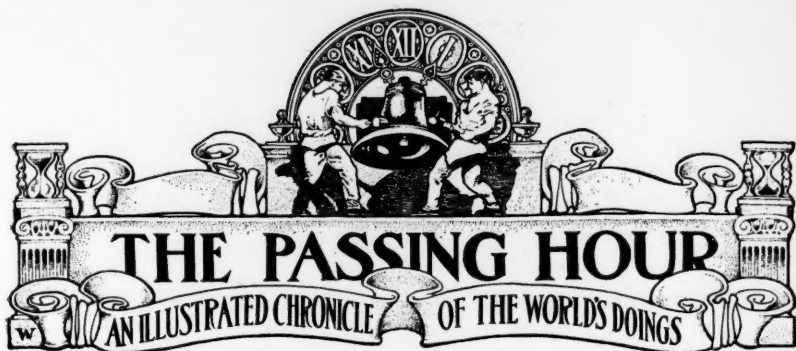
the power of making themselves an honored place in whatever part of the world they colonize.

It would be a mistake to suppose, however, that Mr. Mora devotes himself exclusively to Spanish subjects. His first sendings to the regular exhibitions were colonial figures, like the ladies in "The Letter." One of the most admired figure pieces in the Winter Academy was "Pirate and Prisoner," children playing parts in an impromptu game, who have been forced to keep still long enough to be sketched. Portraiture is another line which Mr. Mora has not avoided. To this department we may refer the slender woman in a dark shawl, called "The Black Shawl," as, indeed, the children in the picture just mentioned are also portraits, and very good ones. A likeness which pretends to nothing more than a portrait is the seated figure of little Evelyn Chard.

With regard to the old masters and his likings, Mr. Mora places Velasquez at the head of them all; even such marvelous painters as Rembrandt and Frans Hals, even such wonders as Titian taking a second place in his affections. After Velasquez comes Titian, and well up on the list stands Goya. What he cannot get over is the modern impression that the paintings of Velasquez make.

Mr. Mora is hardly beyond the threshold of his career. If he continues to advance at the rate he has kept up during the past five years, he will undoubtedly stand in the forefront of American painters.





THE PASSING HOUR

AN ILLUSTRATED CHRONICLE OF THE WORLD'S DOINGS

A Literary Playwright.

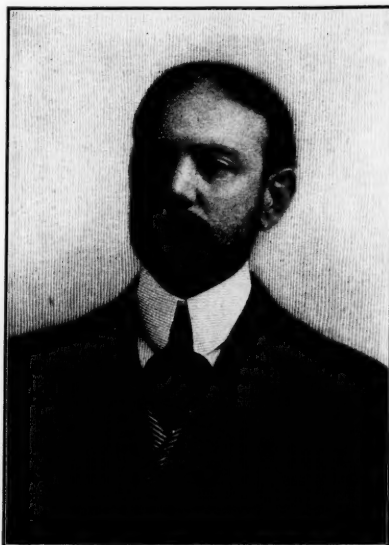
"The technique of the drama" was a phrase very much in use a few years ago by those who sat in the managers' offices of the New York playhouses.

Pronounced emphatically by a man with an athletic cigar and a fur-lined overcoat, it meant, in effect, that playwriting was a secret and subterranean art, a sort of esoteric stage-carpentry, possible only to those who had hung around the stage-entrance for the greater part of their lives. If you wanted to say something really absurd and preposterous to one of these gentlemen, it was only necessary to suggest that a literary man or a poet might write a successful play, or to hint that Shakespeare, Goldsmith, or Sheridan was a playwright. "Literature was all right a hundred years ago, but it won't go now." "The public won't stand literary

stuff." These and other aphorisms of a like nature would have filled your ears. At that time, it may also be remarked in passing, almost all the successful plays were imported. The times

change, and we change with them! Here we have a literary man and a poet, no less a professor of English into the bargain, who writes the most successful play of the season. His name is William Vaughn Moody, the play is "The Great Divide." It is written in good, dignified, readable English, without slang and without vulgarity. The plot is "literary"; it was probably suggested to the scholarly Mr. Moody by a certain incident in Roman history. He conceived the

preposterous idea of placing this incident in a real American setting, and producing something that was not without literary merit. He succeeded, What in the world are we coming to!



WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY,
Poet, professor and playwright.



ELLEN TERRY,

Who has kept her youthful charm for forty years

"Age Cannot Wither Her."

One-half a century—five decades on the stage; twenty years a leading lady, thirty years a famous actress, still young, still lithe and lissome, more warmly received in this country than ever before, Ellen Terry has certainly lived a full life. Charles Reade was a leading novelist of a generation ago, some of the older members of this generation may have read him in their youth, but, for the majority of us, he and his contemporaries and the condi-

tions in which he lived and wrote are hopelessly of the past. Yet Ellen Terry was a contemporary of his. She was a famous actress while he was a famous author. It has been said that of all the followers of art, the actor enjoys the briefest span of life; but Charles Reade's fame is on the wane, and Ellen Terry's has no end in sight as yet. Thirty-two years ago the novelist saw the actress, and wrote of her: "Ellen Terry is an enigma. Her eyes are pale, her nose rather long, her mouth noth-

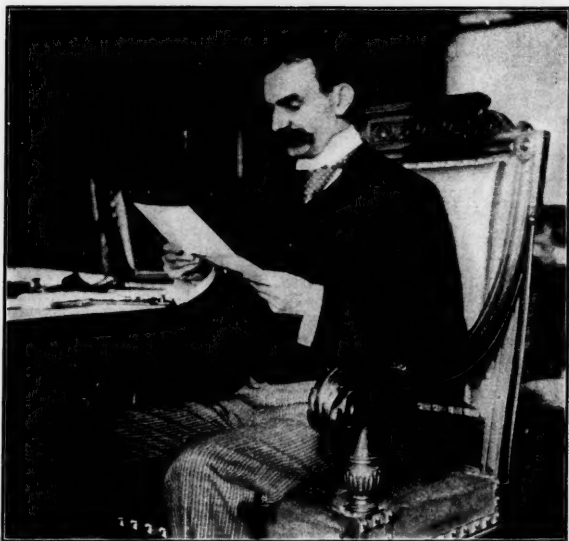
ing particular; complexion a delicate brick-dust; hair rather like tow. Yet somehow she is beautiful. Her expression kills any pretty face you see beside her. She is all that is abominable and charming in a woman."

Those who go to see Ellen Terry on her present tour in America will be inclined to think that the novelist let his gift for paradox and epigram get away with him, and that he accentuated whatever natural defects the actress is handicapped with. This is the first time that Ellen Terry has ever visited this country alone. Previously, she has been under the wing of Henry Irving. The fact that she finds herself even more popular than before indicates that the reputation she won in the past was by no means the reflected glory from her great coworker, who now lies in Westminster Abbey. Probably a consensus of opinion would pronounce Sarah Bernhardt and Ellen Terry the greatest women of their time in the realm of art. There is little question that Bernhardt is the greater in dramatic intensity, in poignant feeling, and in tragic force. English-speaking people find it hard to admit that there is any one who can equal Ellen Terry in the lighter, "joyous" parts, as *Portia*, *Beatrice*, or any of the heroines of English comedy. Both Bernhardt and Terry exemplify the fact that beauty and physical charm have little to do with the making of a great actress. In neither case are the physical endowments greatly above the average. In both cases every outward expression is illuminated with "the inward and spiritual grace" that means greatness and power in man or woman.

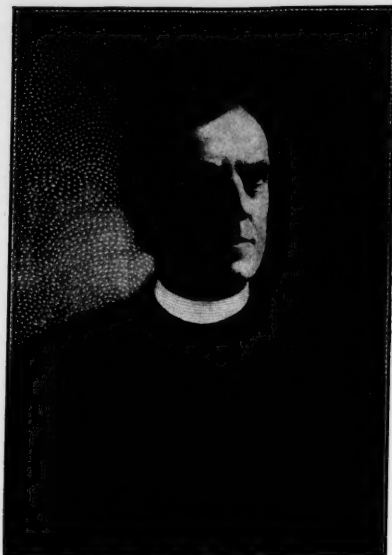
Ellen Terry is fifty-eight years old, and the mother of grown children. She has one house in London and another in the country. Both are simple, comfortable, homelike, and hospitable. To all appearances she is little older than when she first visited this country. There may be a few touches of gray in the blond hair, but the face beneath it is practically unchanged.

The Simple Life in Russia.

John W. Riddle, the new ambassador from the United States to Russia, believes in the simple life. He is opposed to a lavish display of wealth, and is strongly in favor of that republican simplicity and homeliness that was characteristic of Franklin, the first American diplomat. From all accounts, the people in power in Russia lead a life about as complex as can be secured with the means at their command. Champagne, bribery, cigarettes, and bombs—these are a few of the ingredients of Russian official life. Judged from his record in the past, Mr.



JOHN W. RIDDLE,
Recently appointed United States Ambassador to Russia.



BISHOP SAMUEL FALLOWS,
Who has remarkable theories on the food question.

Riddle is likely to make a strong effort to force his opinions and convictions on those he meets. One little incident illustrates his character. Shortly after the massacre of Jews at Kishineff, a great petition from the Jews in America was sent to St. Petersburg to be presented to the Russian foreign office. Riddle was the secretary of the American embassy there, and was in general charge of affairs in the absence of Ambassador McCormick. He knew that the Russian government would not wish to take official cognizance of the petition, and that the foreign office would be likely to refuse to receive it. He meant that they should receive it and notice it. He presented himself to Count Lamsdorff, the Russian foreign minister, saying that he wished to deliver a message from the President of the United States. Then he started to read the petition aloud instead of handing it over. Before Count Lamsdorff realized what was being read to him, Riddle was half through the petition, and it was too late to stop him. Be-

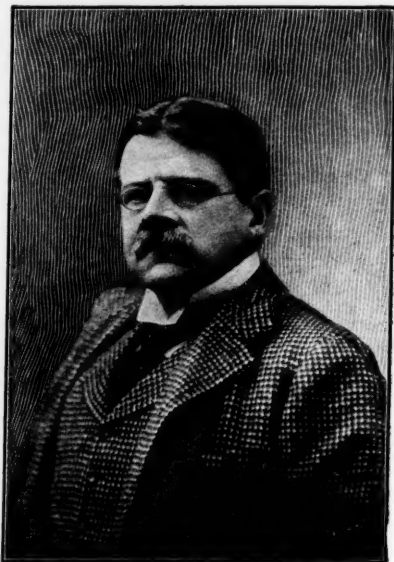
fore his present position, Riddle was minister to Roumania.

Dietetic Philosophy.

Bishop Samuel Fallows, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, believes that Christianity is a good deal a matter of the kind of food we eat, and is preaching sermons to that effect. "If every child was scientifically fed," says the bishop, "we'd have no moral baseness, no mental depravity, no spiritual ignorance." A scrutiny of several sample menus that the philosopher gives leads us to the conclusion that pickles and doughnuts incite us to crime, and that brown bread, "battered thickly," is a specific for spiritual ignorance. We are awaiting anxiously the time when some one shall construct a true soul-food, and get the bishop's testimonial to place in facsimile on every package.

An American Abroad.

To a certain few successful Americans life in Europe appeals so strongly that they forget that they are Ameri-



EDWIN A. ABBEY,
An American artist who lives abroad.

cans, and become European in taste, sentiment, residence, and even in appearance. Edwin Austin Abbey, the artist who perhaps more than any other has won solid and enduring respect for American art in France, England, and Germany, is not of this type, in spite of the fact that he spends a considerable portion of his time in England. A sturdy, genuine Americanism is evident in his tastes, personality, and most of all in his work. He is a Yale man, still in touch with the spirit and feeling of the most democratic and American of American universities. His artistic education was received at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, and the best of his work has gone to America. Perhaps the most notable of his recent achievements is his painting of "The Quest of The Holy Grail," in the public library in Boston. The Arthurian legend is rather older than the race that we call English, and is a heritage to all the world. Abbey's treatment of it is American art and nothing else.

Another New Tenor.

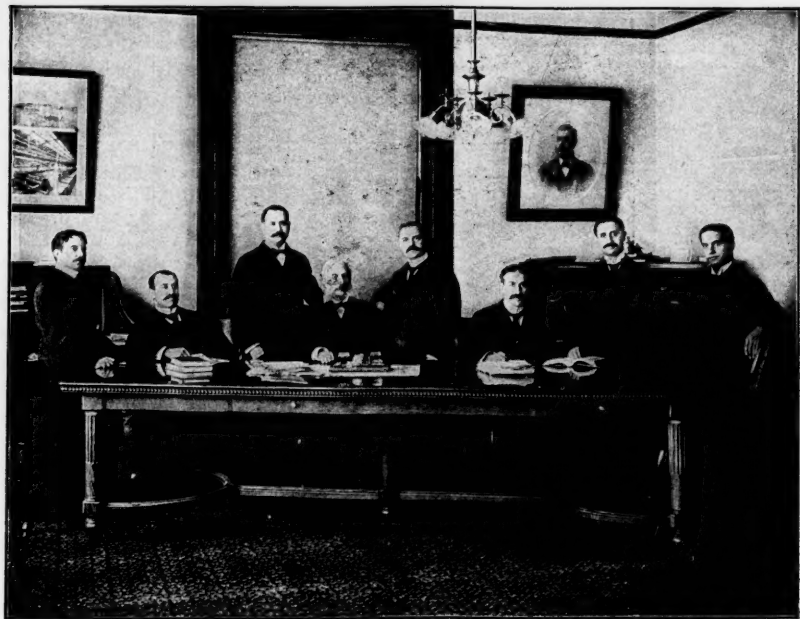
There are a great many people who think they have great voices, and who are looking anxiously for operatic managers who will have the good taste to agree with them. There are managers—rather fewer in number than the people who think they have voices—who



AMADEO BASSI,
Who has made a great reputation in Grand Opera this season.

are looking hard for tenors. Hammerstein has discovered two—Bonci, whose reputation in this country is now assured, and Amadeo Bassi, the latest arrival to the lime-light of American grand opera. Seasoned opera-goers are enthusiastic about Bassi. They say that his voice is equal to Tamagno's in its prime.

In the fall Bassi came to this country from South America, where he had been traveling. On the way up he beguiled the long hours on shipboard at cards, and lost a sum sufficiently large to make even a world-famous tenor deflate his chest a little, and drop a few notes in his upper register. At that time, Bassi, although favorably known on the Continent, was not exactly world-famous. He had sung at almost all the French and Italian opera-houses, but had not a reputation equal to that of Bonci or Caruso. At the Manhattan, Hammerstein had promised the public a big surprise in "Aïda," and the public was there in full force waiting for it. The first surprise came in the scenery and accessories of the opera, which were finer than anything New York had seen before. The second surprise came in Bassi, who sang the rôle of *Rhadames*. Next morning Bassi found awaiting him a cabled offer for a season in London, as well as a stack of newspaper articles to the effect that he was a really great tenor.



MEYER GUGGENHEIM, FOUNDER OF THE HOUSE OF GUGGENHEIM, AND HIS SEVEN SONS

The House of Guggenheim

THE HISTORY OF A FAMILY THAT MAY BECOME GREATER THAN
THE ROTHSCHILDS

By Harry Albert Bullock

FFIFTY-EIGHT years ago an unknown Swiss came to this country to seek his fortune, driven hither by the same wanderlust that in his old world had impelled him, like his father, to find a livelihood under many skies. To-day the seven sons of this adventurous wanderer form one of the most important financial factors in the United States. They extract from the ground and prepare for trade more gold, silver, and lead than any other group of producers in the world; and within a year, by the development of projects now taking form, they will

occupy the same position with respect to copper metal. Not content with the vast mineral resources this country affords, they have reached across the frozen border-land into Alaska, to put under way a developmental plan of almost stupendous magnitude; and just now have been called to far-off Africa to take the direction of the great Congo exploitation scheme, which runs into the production of rubber, gold, and copper, and no one knows how much else at this early stage of its realization. It is a fair estimate to say that the seven brothers manage a combina-

tion of industries representing now the actual investment of upward of five hundred millions of dollars, and a total of market values substantially in excess of that great sum. They are the house of Guggenheim.

Because their success is so illustrative of American opportunity, it is well worth one's while to spend a little time in a more or less intimate inspection of this American family, quite aside from the intrinsic interest that may lie in the series of pictures that will be presented. And a beginning cannot be made more favorably than by looking in on the eighth floor of the Empire Building, at 71 Broadway, where they do their work. A great room running all the way across the rear of the building, where there might be contained half a dozen ordinary offices and at least three good-sized suites, is this workshop. But very little does it resemble the usual workshop of the financier. Seven desks ranged around the walls, seven revolving chairs, and seven telephones are about the only equipment generally suggestive of industry. The rest of the place resembles more closely the living-room of a club, save for certain family pictures that occupy positions of honor in the decorative scheme; the air is one of wholesome comfort, and there are apparent in the observable routine of the office none of the distinctions between man and man that too often appear where millions are units and all lower denominations but the fractions adopted for convenience in making change. Over in one corner, above the desk of Isaac, the eldest, and again in the center of the room, are life-sized portraits of an elderly man of middle stature, which, not so many months ago, were draped in black. This was the father, Meyer Guggenheim, who lived to see his sons achieve the ambition to the fulfilment of which he had devoted his working life. He saw Meyer Guggenheim's sons become an institution in the country of his adoption and of their birth.

Let us see, now, how this was worked out. Come back to the year 1848, when Meyer Guggenheim, a lad scarce-

ly over twenty, settled in Philadelphia. Investing his savings in a horse and wagon and a stock of goods, principally such as the country storekeepers would be glad to avail themselves of, Meyer Guggenheim started out to build up his business. A good buyer and seller, he supplemented his natural acuteness in trade by a close observation of the needs of the clientele that he established; and it was this that led him to the gateway of success; this, and concentrated lye. But first there was stove-polish, for Meyer Guggenheim had met, somewhere in the course of his travels, a man with an excellent receipt for making that commodity, but who lacked the funds necessary to develop his enterprise beyond the restricted limits of his native town. Guggenheim's commercial instinct was at once drawn to the stove-polish proposition, and the eventual result was that the inventor sold out, while Guggenheim's stove-polish became known well and widely.

Next the lye: Those were the days, of course, of home-made soap, and any one who has ever manufactured, used, or played with home-made soap, knows the importance of lye as an ingredient at all stages of the game. This did not escape Meyer Guggenheim's observations, nor was he unaware of the fact that the lye was not easily obtained by the country people, among whom he did his business. Yet caustic alkali, which needed but the melting to make it every-day "soft-soap" lye, could be obtained from England in six-hundred-pound lots on terms that made the Pennsylvania prices on the finished product seem expensive indeed. So Meyer Guggenheim started then on the intrinsically simple business proposition that he and his sons have followed ever since, and that was to get from the ground, or elsewhere, a crude natural product that could be converted into shapes and sizes that people wanted to use. The father ran the alkali into one-pound molds and sold these around the State of Pennsylvania; the sons are running gold and silver and copper into all sorts and kinds of

molds and are selling these all around the world.

Twenty years went by; there were born to Meyer Guggenheim seven sons: Isaac, the eldest; then Daniel; Murry next; then Solomon, Benjamin, Simon, and William. Meantime the lye business had become the American Concentrated Lye Company, and a comfortable fortune rewarded the venture. There had developed also, in 1860, a spice business, in which Charles H. Graham was a partner.

In 1873 an uncle of Meyer Guggenheim sent over from Switzerland a case of lace that had been manufactured in his home town, for such disposition on this side as the thrifty nephew might be able to make. Here came an idea that was well worth a trial. The American Concentrated Lye Company was now on its own feet, and the minor partnerships had been terminated from time to time as larger interests demanded an increasing share of attention. Accordingly, the father told his four oldest sons that he wanted them to see what they could do in the lace-importing business. He sent three of them, Daniel, Murry, and Solomon, back across the water to handle the manufacture and shipment from that side, while Isaac, the eldest, remained in Philadelphia to attend to the financial end of things.

The lace business fairly outstripped the lye business in point of success. Where one had accumulated thousands, the other had in it the possibilities of millions, and to it the family genius was untiringly devoted. But not exclusively, for in 1884 Charles H. Graham, the partner in the spice enterprise back in the sixties, received from one George H. Work a mining proposition, in the shape of an option on a silver "prospect." Work thought it was good, but didn't have the capital to take it up. Graham believed in Work's judgment, but lacked the capital, also. He turned to Meyer Guggenheim, who put up, as a loan, the thirty thousand dollars needed, and was able, by reason of the difference of time between Philadelphia and Colorado, to take up the op-

tion before it finally expired. The result was the same as in the other lines of business; Meyer Guggenheim became the eventual owner of the prospect, and through it of the A. Y. and Minnie silver-mines in Colorado, which are still paying properties.

As a personal matter, this mining departure affected more closely the three younger brothers. There was enough for their four elders to do in the lace business, but by the same sign the lace business hardly contained possibilities large enough to satisfy the ambitions of seven. So the three younger Guggenheims, who were hardly more than boys, were despatched to Colorado to learn the smelting and mining business. The only available smelting plant was known as the Holden Smelter, which was controlled by the Kountze family interests, then, as now, important in financial affairs both in New York and in the Western mining fields. Holden, from whom the smelter took its name, owned one-quarter of the stock of the company, and was the practical man of the outfit. So the Guggenheims undertook to acquire the three-quarters' interest of the Kountzes and did finally succeed in getting an option on it; but the deal fell through. Thereupon Meyer Guggenheim and Daniel Guggenheim took a trip out West to see Mr. Holden. Would he like to sell his one-quarter interest at a good, round figure? Indeed he would. Would he, having done this, like as a condition of the sale to build a new smelter out of the proceeds of his one-quarter interest and such new capital as might be necessary, the new capital to be provided by Meyer Guggenheim? This looked good to Holden, also, and it wasn't many months before the Philadelphia and Pueblo Smelting & Refining Company was incorporated at Pueblo, with a capital of \$1,250,000.

One must not, however, pass by the year 1889 without making note of a change in the business organization of the family that was destined to shape the course of the Guggenheim interests ever after. Meyer Guggenheim had

now been in America for thirty years, and had achieved, so far as it lay in his power to achieve, the personal ambition that he had set for himself. He was reaching what might be reckoned his declining years, and his sons were reaching their maturity. He accordingly unfolded to them his larger ambition, which concerned not Meyer Guggenheim, but Meyer Guggenheim's sons, and it was at his suggestion that the firm of M. Guggenheim's Sons was formed, and incorporated, to take over all the family interests. The terms of the family relationship were these: The business enterprises of the Guggenheims were to belong to the seven sons and to their sons forever, the father's fortune would be theirs to call upon, and they must pay him five per cent. interest, and that only for whatever money they availed themselves of. And so it continued down to his death, in 1905.

The natural course of such a family was to New York City. It was in the nineties that the Guggenheims transferred their headquarters to New York from Philadelphia, always operating, however, whether in the lace business or in the mining industry, as M. Guggenheim's Sons. Their mining properties augmented in the course of things. Gold was added to the silver of the A. Y. and Minnie, and copper to the gold. The smelting properties increased *pari passu*, and it did not take many years in New York for the Guggenheims to become generally known in the financial world.

The next important development of a corporate nature was the merger of a part of the Guggenheim interests with the American Smelting and Refining Company. This latter concern had been in competition with the Guggenheim smelters for a matter of several years, but the result was such that its president, Edward W. Nash, suggested the amalgamation, which had as a contingent arrangement a contract between the Guggenheims and the United Metals Selling Company whereby the selling company should handle the copper output of the Guggenheim enterprises.

Very important was this as a business move, for the United Metals Selling Company, of which the late Leonard Lewisohn was then the head, is recognized as the most complete organization of its kind in the world, and it was quite as desirable that the Guggenheims should avail themselves of its facilities as it was that they should preserve friendly relations with the Standard Oil capitalists, who controlled it, as they had done in the case of the American Smelting and Refining Company before the merger.

Most people understand that the mining industry is by no means confined to getting the metal out of the ground and bringing it to market. There are involved the several processes incident to smelting and refining, all of which are great time-consumers, and these are so absolutely essential that the erection of a smelting plant is always an intermediary between the opening of a mine and the marketing of any of its product. The result of this is to make the eventual disposition of any metal the supply of which is not largely controlled by the manufacturers, as in the case of iron ore, an undertaking that involves the utmost skill both in the actual selling and in the study of the conditions of production, for in no other way could the seller, be he agent or commission man or outsider, have even a reasonable certainty of maintaining stable conditions of trade. Add to this the fact that copper as a metal, as well as copper expressed in terms of mining stock, is a highly speculative proposition, and one obtains a fair idea of the difficulties attending the marketing of the output of a great mining enterprise.

The American Smelting and Refining Company, however, was, and is, what its name implies, a smelting and refining enterprise as distinct from a mining operation. By the time that the smelters' deal went through, the Guggenheim mine properties had become of such importance that they demanded treatment by themselves. The proposition, as it finally worked out, was in the form of the Guggenheim Exploration Company, a corporation of some

\$22,000,000 capital, \$14,000,000 of which was issued and paid for in cash by large financial interests to take up the stocks of various mining properties and provide further funds for their development. This may be said to have been the first time that the Guggenheims themselves invited outside capital to enter their enterprises and submit itself to their management. The response was a tremendous oversubscription of the Guggenheim Exploration stock that was then offered, which speedily attained such a market value that when an increase of \$7,000,000 was issued not long ago, the "inside" price to stockholders was \$200 a share of \$100 par value.

The opening of the new century came. With it was born a general speculation in all sorts of securities with all sorts of enterprises behind them, in which, for some reason, the stocks of the American Smelting and Refining Company did not take part. The preferred received its stated seven per cent. regularly and the common a regular five per cent. dividend, while the stock of the Guggenheim Exploration Company was held so closely that any general speculation in it was impossible. If one asked a Guggenheim during those boom times what was the matter, he would receive the reply "Not yet." That was all. But along in 1904 there came a change. It was announced that a new corporation, the American Smelters' Securities Company, would be formed in the interests of the American Smelting and Refining Company, to take over certain properties of both a mining and a smelting character and to acquire such new properties as might from time to time be put in. The Smelters' Securities Company was capitalized at \$77,000,000, there being \$30,000,000 of common stock, \$30,000,000 of preferred stock, "Series B," and \$17,000,000 of preferred stock, "Series A." The capitalization of this Smelters' Securities Company is very interesting as showing just how the new company was going to "feed" the American Smelting and Refining Company. To the latter con-

cern was given sixty per cent. of the common stock, which was due to receive a dividend of not less than twelve per cent., even on the earnings of the constituent properties at the time of formation and without the contemplated enlargements.

The "Series A" preferred, at six per cent. cumulative stock, and the remainder of the common went to pay for some of the constituent properties; and \$25,000,000 of the "Series B" preferred, a five per cent. issue guaranteed by the American Smelting and Refining Company, was sold to the public. The "Series B" was very largely oversubscribed, and its holders became virtually in the position of the bondholders of a corporation having the guarantee of the Smelting Company behind their security, in competition for the low rate of dividend paid. The voting power was lodged in the common, so that the American Smelting and Refining Company remained absolutely in control of the whole enterprise, and "American Smelting and Refining," of course, meant the Guggenheims. This was that for which the seven brothers had said "Not yet." When it happened, the common stock of the Smelting Company, which had been taken in the original exchange at about \$35 a share, went on a seven per cent. basis, climbed up to par, then to \$125, then \$150, and subsequently has ranged above that figure, according to various developments affecting the speculative situation.

The acquisition of various mining properties for the Smelters' Securities and for the Guggenheim Exploration Company in the past two years has been but the perfecting of the policy that was laid out in the formation of the Smelters' Securities Company.

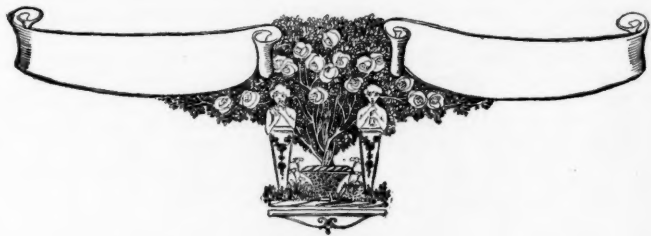
The year 1906 was marked by two new departures for the family; one the Alaskan developmental enterprise and the other the Congo scheme, in which Thomas F. Ryan has taken the leading financial part. Both are in their infancy and may not be discussed even with an approximation of detail. Of the plans for Alaskan development, Daniel Guggenheim, now president of

the American Smelting and Refining Company, said not long ago:

"I should like to be one of those to bring Alaska to its destined place in American affairs. It is not altogether a matter of money. There is some sentiment in an enormous undertaking of this sort. We want to go into the territory and build railroads and smelters and mining towns, and then bring in men and populate the country where it is habitable, and do for it what the earlier figures in American railroading did for our great West."

It was announced when the Congo enterprise was made known that the Guggenheims there would be the absolute managers of the property, just as they have been in the American Smelting and its allied companies and in the Guggenheim Exploration Company. The seven sons, in other words, and their sons now coming into manhood, are proposing to keep up to the measure of the ambition of the young Swiss who came to America so many years ago to seek his fortune. They appear thus far to have justified their right to cher-

ish such an ambition. The stockholders in their corporations, even the "large interests" there represented, have been thus far ready to admit the fact. But one cannot forbear, in closing so much of the history of this remarkable family, from expressing the hope that the standards of American business will never become such that this ambition for real greatness based on service rendered will be thwarted by another type of ambition just now conspicuously in the public mind, which depends not upon service to stockholders, but upon the proposition that there are some persons predestined to manage the great enterprises of our country, who move beyond the realm of law and honesty—"in a higher sphere to which we may not attain." For it may be seriously doubted whether a people that has made possible in its national life the development of a house of Guggenheim, would allow such a theory, once victorious, to remain permanently established, and in the overturning incident to this decision, a great many innocent persons would suffer, both small and great.



HERZWEH

TIME was when I have walked beneath the moon
 And heard the wind stir in the solemn trees
 With placid joy; and asked no greater boon
 Than sea and moon and stars on nights like these.
 Now is my pleasure all made up of pain,
 In moon and stars, in sea and restless wind:
 Their beauty, barren, and their magic, vain;
 Each fresh allurement making more unkind.
 And yet my soul doth ask for no relief,
 But loves the more, the more it knows its grief.

CARL HEINRICH.

THE OUTLAW

By Alice
Mac Gowan



ILLUSTRATED BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

ALL day the girl had ridden, fetching a great circle to the northeast. Up from the plain, where she first found it, the trail led her by devious ways, and seeking always the easiest, the most natural ascent. With the wonderful and beautiful engineering of God's wild creatures, it climbed, skirting abysses, flinging itself diagonally athwart steep mountain faces where the slate rolled terrifyingly down at every step, crossing deep precipitous cañons, through gorges of scrub-cedar, juniper, and piñon, always mounting, till it led her, past solitary dells where whole assemblies of pines rose straight against the cloudless blue, into the high heart of the range—the mother mountain of all the ranges. She pushed her cowboy hat back from her frank brow, where the little curls lay damp above direct, handsome, kind eyes. Absently, with skilled fingers clad in heavy buckskin gloves, she recoiled the rope that hung at her saddle-horn, and which a low-growing limb had dragged awry.

Almost immediately below her, looking startlingly near in that clear atmosphere, nestled King Weston's ranch, the Swinging W. She looked down at it with interest—is ever a woman too much of a man to lose curiosity concerning the richest bachelor in her neighborhood? King Weston was not only rich for New Mexico, but very rich; and young as he was, most of his wealth had been gained by his own unusual abilities. Left with a good ranch and cattle at fifteen years old, he had administered the estate like a man, had

varied his activities by a prospecting trip in Old Mexico, during which, with the proverbial luck of "him that hath," he had located a mine that was proving valuable.

"A man has a better chance than a woman," Rachel said to herself, as she looked broodingly down at her neighbor's possessions.

The reflection brought her, by way of her own venture in horse-ranching and the bunch of strays she had been seeking for four days now, back to the trail she was following. It was clearly defined here, and she pursued it at a quickened pace, topping a sort of mountain edge, where, exclaiming under her breath, she came to a sudden standstill. Before her, in a beautiful little lap of the lonely mountains, accessible only by this trail, with grassy lower walls and rocky precipitous heights above, all overhung with scrub-cedars—there, scattered about, was a sizable bunch of horses, some hobbled, some staked, one with its bridle trailing in front of its nose; and among them she saw her own six strays. There was no glimpse nor sound of man's presence—only there were the staked and hobbled animals, the sinister silence; and Rachel's anger blazed when she noted that two of her own horses wore the hobbles. New Mexico is the last stand of cattle and horse-thieving in the West—that is, of operators upon a considerable scale. Its unfenced ranges still hold out hopeful suggestions to the man bold enough to take his life in his hand, gather such a bunch as

this, hide them in a convenient little cañon by day, and, driving by night, gradually run them out of the country.

As fearless as a man, Rachel felt that instant bitterness a practical man would feel at having the proceeds of her toil and care wrested from her in this high-handed fashion. Still the proposition before her, mute and menacing, was one that many men of respectable reputation for courage would have promptly and cheerfully passed up. The girl's high heart counseled otherwise. She gave but one quick, scrutinizing glance; then plunged down the steep descent, accompanied by masses of slaty gravel.

At the foot she pulled the sweating little pony back, in consternation. There, under an ancient, twisted, broad-spreading juniper, on a thick carpet of the tiny, pale-gold, quaking aspen leaves, a man was lying. He was clad from head to foot in buckskin, daintily made, finely embroidered and fringed; his head lay upon his arm, and the up-turned profile riveted the girl's eyes.

Slipping from her pony, she dropped the bridle-reins and went forward afoot, stealing toward the dead or sleeping man. The face was almost brown enough to be an Indian's; but this she saw immediately was sunburn, for the dark hair arose plumagelike from a forehead white where the hat had shaded it.

There is something infinitely touching about the house of the soul when its tenant is—what shall we say?—away—entranced. The face of sleep is often a terrible one; for upon it is written large, for the seeing eyes, that which the waking soul alertly conceals. For some reason which she could not fathom, Rachel Mayfield stood

still, trembling, at the first clear view she had of this sleeper's face. There was an almost infantile sweetness about the firm mouth, such as may sometimes be seen in the countenances of big, strong men. The closed eyes were evidently large, the lashes which lay upon his cheek were like those of a child; but the form was one of unusual height and power.

Rachel—thoroughbred ranchwoman that she was—was a slight creature, with no great physical weight or force; her iron nerves, her perfect courage, and familiarity with the hardships, exigencies, and dangers of cattle-country life—these sat quaintly upon her tender femininity. The relative sizes of herself and this man whom she found in possession of her horses brought something like a laugh; but it strangled in her throat as a half-sob. She could not have explained why the helplessness of her enemy touched her sorely. And yet he was only temporarily helpless. What should she do? How render that helplessness permanent and serviceable to her?

His sleep was so deep (he seemed to



Then she backed away, paying out the rope as she went.

have ridden far and fast) that she believed she could quietly cut out her own horses from among his, and drive them safely away. She fancied that she might even unhobble, take off stake-ropes, and rob him of his entire bunch. The other horses probably belonged to him as little as did hers; and she might subsequently find their owners. But, strangely, no glow of spirit, no elation came with the thought.

She debated a moment; then, going to her pony, removed the saddle-rope and crept softly toward the sleeping man, holding it in one hand, a cocked six-shooter in the other. She bent over his feet, which were carelessly crossed, slipped her saddle-rope about that upper ankle, and knotted it lightly but securely. Then she backed away, paying out the rope as she went. Regaining her pony's side, she leaned quietly against him—the six-shooter in her right hand—and with her left gently twitched the rope.

The man's eyes quietly unclosed. They moved instantly to his left foot, followed up the rope till they reached her, and rested upon her with surprise—with astonishment, even—but with neither fear nor anger in them.

Quietly those eyes (which the girl observed were a dark gray-blue, not the black she had expected to see) inquired of every detail about the disturber of his peace. They gazed straight into the barrel of the six-shooter, noted the steady hand that held it, the clear eyes that looked over it into his, and then passed on to the girl's horse and equipment. Something very like a smile seemed to move under the sweeping dark mustache. This irritated his captor, and he responded to an added sternness in her face:

"Well—you've got me."

"I have," returned Rachel concisely.

There fell a silence, so long that it was in danger of becoming ridiculous. The man again looked her over with that softly glowing look which was almost a smile, and spoke quietly: "Would you mind mentioning why?" And he moved that captive left foot ever so slightly.

"Not in the least," returned Rachel, in a dry, businesslike tone. "Nearly half of these horses are mine. I could have taken them while you were asleep; but I wouldn't—I wanted this thing settled."

"Yours? I thought they were mine—you know that's how I came to round them up."

"That is unworthy of a man of your sense," gravely. "This isn't a joke. I've got a bunch of horses here in this country, and my neighbors tell me that the horse-thieves cost them as much as wolves, bears, and all other sources of loss put together. I don't intend to lose any horses that way. These are the first that I've missed, and I'm going to make sure of them, if I can."

Again the big eyes looked her over. They fell in a troubled fashion, and for the first time the man's countenance changed; the red rose under the tan upon his cheek. "I guess I know who you are," he hazarded gently.

"Perhaps you do," she said; "but I don't see that that alters the case." (One of the most unpleasant features of this cattle and horse-stealing as described to Rachel Mayfield, was that one's near neighbors—even one's friend—might be concerned in it.)

"If—if I had known that you—that the horses were—were yours, indeed, I shouldn't have touched them," hesitated the outlaw.

An incredulous and inarticulate sound was Rachel's only reply. She presently added to it: "I don't believe you can work on my sympathies by claiming that you wouldn't rob me because I'm a woman. I haven't any respect for that sort of sentiment—a thief's a thief."

"Then you don't want to just take the six—"

Rachel flashed a quick glance at him, in surprise at his exact knowledge.

"Oh, yes," he assented uneasily, "I've got six horses here that were—that belong in a bunch—a bunch—"

"A bunch that King Weston sold to my brother, and that I have bought from my brother—with money I earned hard, teaching school."

"The—the brands——" he faltered.

Rachel's face flushed painfully. "No, the brands are not mine—the horses have never been counter-branded; and I've got no record of the transaction. My brother—that's the way men treat women in the family. If you got away with my horses, and I attempted to recover them, the court would just have to take my word and my brother's."

"That's good," said the horse-thief involuntarily, and the girl glared at him.

It occurred to her that he was skirmishing for time; probably others of his gang were somewhere about, and would be in. The lowered muzzle of her six-shooter rose, she twitched the rope.

"See here," she said, "let's make an end of this business."

And for the life of her she did not know what end she desired to make. Rachel had plenty of courage—but a creature of her size could not just exactly devour one of his.

"There's nobody in it with me," the man assured her. "You needn't be afraid of a gang stepping in—you needn't, if you'll take a horse-thief's word for it. Come, let's talk it over. I want you to think well enough of me that you'll take your horses and go on. I—there's a kink in this thing that bothers me."

With a movement, whose lightning dexterity showed her how absolutely inadequate her guarding of the captive was, he deftly caught a holster, and swung his six-shooter toward her, saying, with a smile:

"There, you keep the arsenal, and we can talk in greater peace." He halted, communing with himself, and said finally: "I guess I'll begin somewhere near the beginning, if you don't mind listening to a rather long story?"

She gave permission with a nod, and he went on:

"My mother died when I was five years old. I stayed alone a lot at first. I'd be alone—without a human creature—at the little ranch shack sometimes for two and three days—and nights. That was—well, it wouldn't do. My

father didn't know how on earth to care for me except to keep me with him out on the range, in the cow-camps, wherever he happened to be going. I learned to ride like the men. I learned to share what they had, and that was all right; but I expect I learned some things that were not good for me."

"Poor little fellow!" said Rachel, and her fingers slackened upon the rope, released it, and sought hesitantly for a handkerchief.

"I had my own little six-shooter, but it was a thirty-eight. The boys would give me all the forty-five cartridges I wanted, but thirty-eight cartridges were not for me, unless I struck a tenderfoot who didn't know the story. Then I'd get a supply and make things lively; for I had as little idea of behaving myself then—as I have now. My father was just a big boy—he wasn't but twenty years older than I—and I loved him——" the rich, full voice trembled and broke. "I don't suppose a boy who has a mother and sisters, and a lot of relations and playmates, knows anything about the way I loved my father. He was killed when I was—well, I was scarcely grown—killed by a gang of fellows who had made their boasts of running him out of the country and having his cattle."

Rachel guessed that this had been the turning-point in the man's life, and that it accounted for the warped, embittered existence which must have followed it, to bring him to his present pass. Yet it seemed the irony of fate that the deed of thieves should have made a thief of him. She said something like this, very gently; and the man answered quickly:

"Yes—yes. Human nature's a curious thing, isn't it? Now, I'd know, to look at your face, that you were good—that you ruled your conduct by the standard of pure right and wrong."

Poor Rachel! The red spread over her forehead as she held back the impetuous assurance that she could have guessed nothing evil of him from his countenance or bearing. Good women, even when they are liberal, have a theory that the erring should be treated

as naughty children, and denied any sugar-plums or encouragement.

"What did you do then?" she asked kindly.

The man's gaze might have been called fond as he replied: "I love to hear you ask that; it seems like you cared. Well, the gang was too strong for a boy, and I left the country and went to old Mexico. I prospected there. I came through some awful tight places, but I located a mine or two; and then—and then I thought I'd come back to my old stamping-ground."

"Because the mines were a failure, after all," Rachel supplied sympathetically.

He hesitated a moment. Then—"Yes, it is—it was a failure," he slowly admitted; adding, so low that her abstraction failed to note it at all: "Because there was nobody to share it."

"But don't you know that this is the worst failure of all?" asked the girl, a look of pain in her eyes, as they glanced shrinkingly about her at the stolen horses.

The man's features twisted themselves into the most curious expression. "It's been a failure, certainly," he reiterated finally—"and my foot's asleep."

Rachel dropped the rope, definitely. He sat up and loosed his foot from its loop. The sight of his tall, nobly molded figure as he rose moved her deeply.

What a power such a man was, either for good or for evil; and Puritan ancestry, or a Quaker strain there was in her blood, brought it home to her to "bear testimony."

"I've got a good many very upsetting new ideas here in New Mexico," she began; "at home, in Texas, where everything's under fence, a horse-thief—well, he's just a horse-thief. But here——"

"You think that here a horse-thief isn't a horse-thief?"—with curious, covert eagerness.

"Yes,"—slowly—"I think he—might be—just—just a man. I'll take my horses and go," she said, recoiling the rope and standing before him, small and powerless, like a linnet dictating to a lion—"I'll take them and go," the tremulous young voice repeated bravely, "if you'll promise me to return these others to the people who own them."

The outlaw led her pony down, and lifted her lightly to her place on its back. She noted his own saddle-horse, with its sumptuous accouterment, standing near at hand.

"I'll do that," he said quietly, "but I wish I could do more for one who—one who has such a heart full of love—of charity toward—toward sinners—for

instance, like myself."

He stood beside her, so tall a man that, mounted as she was on a small pony, she was but little above him. He looked frankly full into her eyes, and the gaze troubled her; her breath came unevenly.

"I don't want you to—you mustn't be good for me," she said. "You ought not to pin the idea of your right-living or right-thinking to any human creature. You must live up to the best that is in you for the sake of the Power



He looked frankly full into her eyes.



They rode slowly down the mountain's flank.

that made you so strong"—"and beautiful," she would have added, had she been talking to a woman—"the Power which placed with you such potentialities of good. Our friends can only give us their prayers; we must work out our own salvation."

"And will you give me yours?" asked the outlaw, resting a hand upon her pony's mane, still looking up fixedly into her face.

"I would pray for you now, if——"

The man bent his bared head; and the girl, in a low, soft, unhurried voice, put up that petition which was, upon her lips, the very language of love, the speech of familiar—though reverent—affection. A certain overwhelming passion of tenderness came to her as she closed and saw his eyes full of tears. She would have said it was the tenderness of the evangelist for that soul which he desired to rescue.

"I'm not used to being cared much about—for myself, I mean," the outlaw uttered, scarce above his breath. Then he mounted, after unhobbling and removing stake-ropes; and they rode slowly down the mountain's flank, driving her six horses before them.

She stole a look at him, at his inches, his beauty, and wondered what a hunted and outlawed man of his appearance could be loved for other than himself.

"I can find you an easier way. This is hard traveling for anybody that's used to Texas," he explained, turning aside from the open trail. The route they now pursued took them down in plain view of King Weston's ranch headquarters. The girl wondered at the boldness of this outlaw, until she chanced to note that his manner was not without its inner trepidation. He stole uneasy glances toward the buildings; and when a rider approached.

from that direction, he sheered abruptly—but not in time.

"You sit still," he directed hurriedly; "I'll go wave that fellow around."

The approaching cowboy—being duly "waved around"—checked in apparent surprise, halted, and walked forward.

"Mr. Weston," he shouted, "Billy says that them hosses that sneak Mayfield—"

A ball from her companion's six-shooter plowed up the ground in front of the approaching pony, and checked the tide of his rider's eloquence. The big man, with a gesture of despair toward the cow-puncher, put back the weapon, then turned helplessly, heart-brokenly, to the white-faced girl sitting her pony like a thing stricken. He flung himself from his horse and came toward her.

"You don't know how bad I feel—you can't know. My God! Don't look like that!"

"You're King Weston," Rachel said, with stiff, cold lips, that seemed unwilling to do her bidding.

The man bent his head in assent. "It's all a mistake," he urged. "Your brother didn't mean—he's forgotten—"

"Forgotten! Oh!" The graceful head drooped, shamed. "It's a penitentiary offense—" she uttered, almost against her will.

He broke in upon her vehemently: "You can't suppose that I—why, I'd have given every horse in the bunch to keep this thing from you!"

"It isn't that—I know you wouldn't prosecute him," the girl went on monotonously. "He has never paid you for the horses"—with a sudden illumination—"he has agreed to let them go back; and he has resold them to me. It isn't that it's a penitentiary offense—though I did say that first—we're brought up to think a great deal of breaking human laws—it's to know that"—a sob broke through the words—"that my brother could do such a thing!"

Weston looked over his shoulder; the cowboy had taken his hint and ridden

out of sight behind the hill. Weston drew nearer. Resting a hand on each side of the girl as she sat, and looking up into her face with a countenance as distressed as her own, yet full of a struggling hope and a great compassion, he said, bringing his big voice down almost to a whisper:

"Men get to doing irregular things out here. They don't think the same of them that they do back home. You mustn't mind it so."

"Yes," said the girl, with a little, bitter smile, more pitiful than tears, "you tried to make me believe—Oh, you had me making a fool of myself, praying for you—for you!"

In her own suffering she struck cruelly, and the man before her winced. "Oh, don't," he protested. "I never meant—I was thinking hard for some way to keep you from finding out—about—"

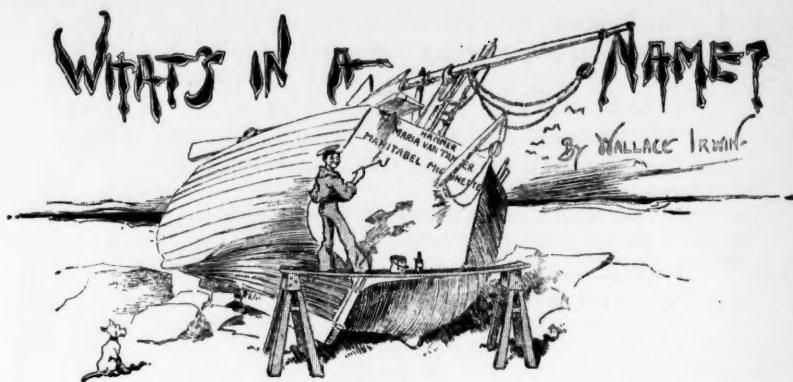
"About my brother's being a horse-thief in a quiet way."

"I didn't want you to be hurt. I couldn't bear that you should suffer. What I told you about myself was true. I have lived a rough life, just as the men around me have lived; and I thought the—what you—what you answered me was sweet and pure and womanly—I loved you for it."

The color stole into Rachel's pale cheeks. "You're—good; you're a good man," she said, simply as a child. "I'll pay you for the horses; and I can never forget how kind you meant to be to me."

This reply seemed to be compounded of about equal bitter and sweet to Weston. He dropped his hands from her pony's side, and stood looking down. "I'm worse scared than I ever thought to be in my life," he began softly, without glancing at her. "But I've got to say what's in me—I couldn't hold it back. I—I love you."

The big, blue-gray eyes flashed suddenly into hers and found her blushing. "I'm not going to put any more to that now, because I think I had no business to say that much. But—but I'm hoping you won't ever get a chance to pay me for those horses."



ILLUSTRATED BY H.V. MAYER

“OUR ship,” said the bos’n, “was squatty and chub,
 In beam she was perky and small,
 Her cabin was stuffy, her fo’c’stle duffy,
 Her masts neither pretty nor tall,
 But small as she was, why berate or abuse ’er?
 She carried a name what ’ud scuttle a cruiser.

“And what *was* the elegant name that she bore,
 You ask me in curty-ous tones?
 Her name it was *Hanner*
Maria van Tanner
 Mahitabel Mignonette Jones.

“And often and often a-sailin’ the sea
 Some deep-ocean bark, sailin’ fast,
 Would jiggle the ensign and holler at we,
 ‘Aho, there! Ahoy!’ as we passed,
 ‘Avast and belay!’ as we hove within hailin’,
 ‘Pray what is the name o’ that vessel ye sail in?’

“Then bravely the capting, a-clearin’ ’is throat,
 Would answer in reverent tones,
 ‘Her name is the *Hanner*
Maria van Tanner
 Mahitabel Mignonette Jones.’

"And once as we sailed on the Barbary Coast,
 A pirate-ship grappled with we;
 A fierce-lookin' crew, and we feared we was lost
 When ther long-handled hatchets we see,
 Which they brandished and flashed—and we knowed by their actions
 That soon we'd be chopped into decimal fractions.

" 'And what is your name?' yells the chief, Gory-goo.

So our captin', in reverent tones,

Replied, 'She's the *Hanner*

Maria van Tanner

Mahitabel Mignonette Jones.'

"Wherat the fierce pirate fell dead in 'is track
 And half his crew fainted away,
 And the man at ther wheel hollered, 'Gee! let's go back!
 We're awful unlucky to-day—
 We're hungry for loot, but we puts an embargo
 On tryin' to tote off *that* name fer a cargo!

"So quickly the pirates, a-sailin' away
 And floatin' the skull and the bones,
 Relinquished the *Hanner*

Maria van Tanner

Mahitabel Mignonette Jones."





would step aside to avoid crushing an ant—which is one of the many paradoxes of employment.

Archie had always taken Toddles with him when he went to the theater at night, for he loved the baby too much to trust him with anyone else if it could be avoided. When he presented himself for the rehearsals of "A Castle in Spain" at the Royal Theater, Toddles was along; and the stage manager saw in the baby the last member of the cast.

PROBABLY there were no two persons existent who were so much alone, before they found each other, as Toddles and Archie Davenport. It happened on a Pullman car between New Orleans and San Francisco. Some man came into the coach at San Antone, bringing Toddles. At an obscure Arizona station, he left Toddles in his seat and did not return. So the little boy sat alone and played with a sawdust doll, which had a bisque head and was referred to, in Toddles' baby argot, as "Boody."

Archie was lonely and he cultivated Toddles. The man did not come back and the baby did not seem to care. He was too small to remember who the man was; he did not even know his own name. Archie christened him Toddles and took him to his heart. There were no marks on the baby to identify him, and by the time San Francisco was reached Archie was glad there were not.

After Archie had completed his San Francisco engagement, he received a wire from Chicago, engaging him for the "heavy" part in Horace Manvale's new play, "A Castle in Spain." That was Archie's line of parts—"heavies"; unprofessionally speaking, Archie was the "villain" of the plays. Yet Archie

As Archie intended the same procedure with regard to Toddles as that he had followed in San Francisco, he saw no reason why the child should not play the little prince in the drama, as the stage manager wished.

So Toddles became an actor—a real actor with lines. He had just three words to say and, as Archie coached him and impressed on him the necessity for creditable acquittance of himself, the child said his three words as desired, for he loved Archie and wanted to please him. Small as was the part, Toddles never failed to get "a hand" from the house, and no curtain call was complete without Toddles' appearance.

It was more the quaint, lovable personality of the baby than aught else; but the fact that he put the audience in a good humor after a very disagreeable scene served to make the baby a valuable asset to the company.

That was the reason for his retention by Manvale after Archie Davenport died of pneumonia, contracted while nursing Toddles. The baby was just out of the hospital himself the day Archie died, and he did not know what had happened.

After a little discussion between Manvale, the star, and Baker, the stage manager, it was decided that Toddles

was to be given in charge of Miss Darnley, the wardrobe woman. She was called into the consultation, and when the proposition had been propounded acceded with apparent willingness—but her first action after being put *in loco parentis* was to box Toddles' ears.

He, not understanding, cried as would most children of his years—Archie had never struck him. But the child's sobs had no effect on the wardrobe woman. She bundled him off to bed and he sobbed himself to sleep, calling piteously for Archie the while.

The Darnley woman had a grievance. She had once been an actress, but had never gotten further in her profession than "second walking lady"; this she bitterly ascribed to the fact that she had been a "good" woman.

Whatever her morals, however, her temper was bad and she drank too much. Because of her lofty disregard for their wishes and convenience, she was cordially detested by the members of the company and left to herself.

She was not the woman to have taken charge of the baby. The extra money paid her, she failed to take into account—only the added care; and, having no maternal instincts, she vented her displeasure with the world on the child.

"W'ey is Archie?" Toddles had asked of the wardrobe woman, on the night after the funeral.

"He's dead," she responded, sharply. "Here, now, get into this dress. I haven't all night——"

"Dead!" Everybody said that; what did it mean? He inquired of Miss Darnley; but her only answer was a sharp admonition to proceed with his dressing. Later, he asked Suzette Maltravers, the ingénue.

"Oh! don't bother me, baby," she had replied; for she was peering through the peephole at the audience, and the absence of a certain expected face displeased her.

"Dead!" The word carried no significance to Toddles. But, as the days passed, he did understand that there was no longer a great, good-humored, loving fellow to play with; no Archie

with pockets to search for sweetmeats; no Archie to bathe and dress him with loving care; no Archie to hold his head against broad shoulders and sing him to sleep with baby melodies. And he wanted Archie.

But the days became weeks and the weeks months, and Archie did not come. Toddles had ceased to ask for him; for no one gave him an answer understandable. He accepted the fact that Archie was no longer a part of his life, and the acceptance being a verity was something to be wept over when alone, but told to none who failed to see the import.

For, with Archie's death, had come a great change in Toddles' life. Toddles got no tender care and loving words now; he was whipped when he cried, pushed out of the way when he asked questions, and generally ignored by all save when his time came to "go on." He toddled around on his fat little legs, shaking his masses of light brown curls, and lisping out his little phrases without the slightest attention being paid him.

Passively, Toddles took cognizance of this new world, bare and sunshineless. He knew, intuitively, that none cared whether or not he cried, but that crying brought instant punishment. Therefore, he cried no more.

He knew also that his questions brought forth only harsh, careless and indifferent answers, so he asked them no more. So, asking no more, crying no more, he withdrew within himself, giving all his love and confidence, tears and smiles, to "Boody."

"Boody" was the sawdust doll with the bisque head which Toddles had possessed when Archie found him—a year before. Archie once puzzled over the name and translated it as "Beauty"; which was a misnomer; but whatever its physical defects, Toddles' affection for the doll was unwavering.

It was now his all—the only thing that would allow him to love it—the only thing that loved him; for the child, with a child's fancy, had endowed the toy with the breath of life and looked upon it as a living personality.

It was his only solace. He carried it with him always, hidden within the folds of his flannel blouse; and it was his delight to crawl into the dark places of the stage where scenery drops concealed him from view, here holding converse with his treasure. At night he gave it his baby kisses, and it was clutched tightly to his breast when he dropped off into slumberland.

It was his all—this thing of sawdust.

For nearly five months after Davenport's death, the company played the Northern circuit; then, owing to the fact that a Broadway production had been playing to "papered" houses for too long a period to make it profitable, "A Castle in Spain" was offered two weeks' time at the theater where the "papered" play had failed.

Herriman, the practical director of the booking syndicate—which was really a trust—had not seen the play, but one of his agents had, and it was recommended by the agent that the time be given. Manvale was assured of a long run at another theater if his play made good.

The agent made but one objection to the play; he declared that the girl playing opposite to Manvale was not strong enough for a metropolitan production, and recommended Miss Edith Forrester for the part, stating, in an aside, that Mr. Herriman liked Miss Forrester's acting and was only waiting for a suitable part to put her in one of his own companies. So Miss Forrester joined the company for a week in Jersey City before going to the metropolis over the way.

10

And when he saw her for the first night in her princess' gown, with bridal lilies in her hands, and a crown of twisted silver on her blond hair, Toddles remembered the fairies of whom Archie had told him, and a longing grew up in his baby heart to snuggle down amid the princess' white drapery and touch the glorious hair.

It was an unexplainable vagary of a



The stage manager saw in the baby the last member of the cast.

child's mind and totally lacking in perceptiveness.

Edith Forrester was a type of many stage women—thoroughly wrapped up in herself, and filled with a great belief in her superior physical charms and great talent. That she was beautiful and that she had talent, was undeniable; but her beauty was of the kind we admire in statuary, and there was that difference between her histrionic art and the art of a genius that lies between the perfect technique of the pia-

nola and the playing of a great virtuoso.

But Toddles knew nothing of Edith Forrester save that she was beautiful and that he wanted to love her. After her debut with the company, the baby would stand in the wings watching her, spellbound, as she went through the part of the *Princess Alida*.

She was hardly aware of the child's existence. It was true that, in one act, she took his hand; but that was another woman—a sweet, womanly one—whose character was doffed with the costume. But that moment when she took his hand became the whole day to Toddles.

He thought of his princess much during the Jersey City engagement, and gradually there came a desire to show her how much he cared. He remembered Archie's loving ways. He had loved Archie. Now he loved the fairy princess. Perhaps she was willing to love him, too.

When the daringness of the idea was no longer shocking, he began to plan ways and means within his curly head. Perhaps she was only waiting for him to give her the chance. He must give her some proof that he cared.

As he thought, he looked at "Boody." He loved the doll, but it was a different love from that he bore the fairy princess. The doll was a treasure to him, priceless, to be guarded at all risks; and if a treasure to him, a treasure to others. For there is but one standard of value to a baby—its own. Therefore, if he gave "Boody" it would prove that he loved the princess even to the extent of sacrificing his all. Such a proof were surely infallible.

The morning brought back the idea of the gift. It had taken firm hold on the child, and the flower of suggestion was slowly blooming into the flower of sacrifice.

It was the dress rehearsal at the Hambleton Theater; the last before the play went to its New York verdict; and there was something of tense expectancy in the air.

His few words said to the satisfaction of the stage manager, the child

stumbled back among the scenery drops, and, hiding there, held final communion with his treasure. He held the doll tightly to him, pressing it against his soft cheek, and smoothing the tangled blond tresses with his fat little hand. Time after time, the baby lips touched the cold bisque of the doll's face as the child crooned lovingly to its unhearing ears.

He dared not breathe the truth—that he was going to give it away. He had given Boody the power of loving him; and he could not make her sad and unhappy by letting her know that, henceforth, their lives would be separate.

He had made the resolve, however, and was strong in his resolution; but time after time when he had risen to go to his fairy princess with his gift, his heart smote him, and the sorrow of parting held apace for more embraces of the toy he loved so well.

But he knew that the parting must come, and he had resolved it should be that day. So, dragging himself to his feet, he toddled out of the mass of back drops and into the mausoleum-like light of the stage with the glare from the canvas-covered auditorium. Two people were going through their parts—Manvale and the "heavy." The others stood about, in groups and singly, awaiting their cues.

On the O. P. side, Edith Forrester conversed with the author of the play. She was trying to convince him that the leading juvenile had lines which conflicted with her own; and she was desirous of having the offending lines "cut," and dovetailed neatly into her own part; for they were good lines.

She made no especial effort to sink her voice; consequently, the leading juvenile, whose name was Branscombe, and who stood near by, heard what she said, as she intended.

Between Branscombe and Edith Forrester existed a feud of long standing, dating back to another engagement several years before; and they took no pains to conceal their dislike of each other.

As Edith Forrester talked, Branscombe shut his lips tightly and endeav-

ored to think of some plan which would reward the leading lady for her malicious sophistries.

Into this atmosphere of strife and jealousy came Toddles, clutching his doll in his arms. It was customary for the child to wander about aimlessly, and none paid attention to his movements. But this time his course was not aimless, though hesitating. Within a few paces of his fairy princess, he sidled and backed, and twice put his index finger between his rosy lips.

"Oh! what a dear little baby!" said some one. "Come here, baby dear!"

But it had been so long since anyone had thus addressed him that Toddles did not understand the words to apply to him. Had he looked at the speaker, a tall girl of divine curves, red-gold locks and blue-black eyes, he might have wavered in his allegiance.

The girl was Helen Condon, who had come from the West too late in the season to utilize her rich contralto in opera, and had been directed to the Hambleton by a dramatic agency, who gave her to understand that Manvale wanted some one to sing behind the scenes. Manvale had engaged her but an hour before, and she now stood awaiting her instructions.

Toddles had conquered hesitation now. Helen Condon watched him with a soft light in her eyes as he made his way toward Edith Forrester. He walked steadily

and his cheeks were flushed with the color of a great resolve.

Edith Forrester still poisoned the mind of the author against Branscombe, and Branscombe still scowled. The baby approached his princess from the rear; then stretched out one chubby hand and touched her white silk skirt with its lacy interweavings—she was in costume.

Instantly he removed the hand as though he had been burned, then looked around to see if any had observed, his great brown eyes full of awe. Getting courage from the fact that he had touched her without harm, he rubbed his cheek softly against the silk.

Now was the great moment! He caught a portion of the lace between thumb and finger and tugged. She shook her skirts with impatience, think-



There was a slight smash as the bisque head broke in fragments on the hard wood.

ing they had caught. But Toddles tugged again, insistently.

She turned, to find his great, brown eyes full upon her.

"Don't," she said, drawing her skirt away. "Don't"—and she turned to the author again. But Toddles was firm in his intent; he tugged again.

"I told you not to do that, baby," she cried, irritably. "Where is that Darnley creature? Why doesn't she look after this child?"

Toddles did not hear nor understand. "I got p'esen' fo' 'oo," he piped, in his thin little treble. "P'esen' fo' 'oo—Boo-dy!" He almost whispered the name of his treasure, as, with the glow of self-abnegation on his round face, he stretched out two fat little arms, holding the doll forward.

"What's the matter with the child?" the woman asked the author.

"He wants to give you that ragged specimen of a doll, I presume," returned the author, lightly. "But, as I was saying——"

The child's voice interrupted him. Evidently they thought he was not in earnest. "P'esen' fo' 'oo," he insisted, earnestly. "Boody——"

"Run away, baby," she said, without turning. "Why can't some one take this child? Am I expected to look after him?"

"I dive 'oo Boody."

At last the words had come to make it all clear. The doll touched Edith Forrester's waist-line, outstretched in the child's right hand, while the left tugged at her skirts. He gazed expectantly.

The woman turned, anger plain on her face. She had been just on the point of convincing the author, and the child had broken her up; and Branscombe was laughing—sneering, rather.

"You wretched child!" she cried, harshly. "Go away with your dirty doll; and stop pulling my skirts. Stop it, I say."

Roughly she disengaged the little hand from her skirt and pushed the baby away from her. The child wavered for a minute, his balance lost; then he toppled and fell to the floor, the doll

beneath him. There was a slight smash as the bisque head broke in fragments on the hard wood.

Toddles pulled himself to his feet and gazed slowly around him. His whole body quivered like a leaf in a storm. A great lump came in his throat. One by one, hot tears scalded his pink cheeks.

Then, slowly, he moved; and, as the power came to him, he felt that he was going too slowly. He ran back to the shelter of the scenery drops and tumbled to the floor, a limp, moist little heap.

His utter solitude appalled him. He had nothing now. And his princess was no princess.

He clinched his little fist tightly, but he was not old enough to hate.

He had given his all and received nothing. He was all alone now.

He buried his baby face and choked out heart sobs amid the dusty canvas.

Helen Condon had seen it all. Her hair was auburn, and her temper high. Some one had told her about the child—one of the minor actors—and her heart had been filled with pity for the friendless baby. And then to see that!

She stepped up to Edith Forrester, her blue-black eyes compelling attention from the cold, gray ones.

"You cat!" she enunciated, in her high, clear voice, the resilient echoes of which might have been heard in the gallery. "To treat a baby so! And he tried to give you his doll!" There were traces of tears on the long lashes of the Condon girl. "You heartless cat!" she concluded, in a fulmination of scorn. She turned swiftly, emotion overcoming her, and took the direction of the baby.

Sidney Branscombe smiled appreciatively. He would further enrage Miss Forrester, who now stood the personification of wrath, choking for utterance.

"It was a rotten trick; heartless, I should say, too," he murmured, as he stooped to pick up the broken bits of bisque.

His hand came into contact with a wad of paper. Fumbling with it idly,

he found it to be an envelope which had evidently been folded to enable its being placed in a narrow space. He unfolded it, and glanced at the superscription, the ink of which had faded brown.

He opened the envelope and took out a paper, reading what was thereon, and glancing at the broken bits. It was quite evident. The envelope had been concealed within the doll's head.

Branscombe read the letter again, his eyes full of pleasurable anticipation. He cast a look of peculiar malevolence toward Edith Forrester, thrust the envelope into an inner pocket, and took up his cue, grinning.

Helen Condon found the baby lying on the canvas, alone with his grief, and, taking him in her arms, she stroked the sunny locks tenderly. And Toddles, feeling once more the touch of a loving hand, sobbed the more for the moment, as children will do; then tried to smile through his tears.

As the girl looked into the great brown eyes, clouded with tears, and at the quivering, red lips of the baby, she forgot that her finances were low and that her prospects for an engagement that season were hazy.

"You're coming with me, baby," she said, softly. "You'll be my baby now, won't you?"

They passed out into the street together, the child clutching her tightly, smiling now trustfully.

So Toddles came back to his Kingdom of Love.

Branscombe left the theater immediately after he had discarded his costume, and fifteen minutes later his card was returned to him by the boy who guarded the privacy of the director of



With a sigh she was forced to admit Herriman's right.

the booking syndicate, with the information that Mr. Herriman was "out." Branscombe smiled grimly, and penciled on the card:

In possession of facts relating to the abduction of young Oliver Herriman.

He placed the card in an envelope and turned to the boy.

"You take that to Mr. Herriman and tell him there is an answer," he said, masterfully. The boy went.

A moment later, the boy bowing obsequiously behind him, Branscombe was ushered into Herriman's presence; and he faced the stern-mouthed, cold-eyed man who was the arbiter of the fate of so many. It gave Branscombe satisfaction to note that Herriman's hand trembled; and for Branscombe to realize that it was Herriman who desired to see him. He bowed coldly.

"Mr.—er—Branscombe"—Herriman referred to the card. "You say——"

"I know," returned Branscombe, with

emphasis. He lighted a cigarette with elaborate care, and eyed Herriman.

"You know—you know," repeated Herriman, dully. Then, unnerved by the silence, he sprang up. "Then speak up, man, speak up!"

Branscombe began the story with the tale that Archie had told of the finding of Toddles. He insisted on the doll.

"He had this when Davenport found him: a sawdust doll, with a bisque head—"

"Well—well—the doll—confound the doll! What?"

The juvenile told the story more clearly now, and did not forget the pathos. He was an actor, and a good actor, and he knew the value of stress. And he hated Edith Forrester.

"She pushed him down, and broke the doll?" Herriman was angry.

Branscombe did not explain that he was picking up the bits to irritate Edith Forrester; as he told it, it was a proof of his, Branscombe's, tender heart.

"And then I found this envelope," he explained. "It had been folded and stuck within the doll's head. Rum place to hide it, you say—quite right. The man who put it there said as much. Listen.

"I bought this doll for the baby, took off its head and put this paper in. Some day the head will be broken and the paper found. It is Jim Herriman's only chance to find his baby. He stole the child's mother from me. She's dead now, and I've stolen the baby. She didn't love him, but he . . . gave her big parts . . . old mother . . . sisters. Herriman only had the baby left . . . and I stole it . . . we're even now."

"Thad Huntley!" cried Herriman. "Thad Huntley!" He understood now. Huntley had tried to kill him once. He had died a month or so ago in an insane asylum. "Thad Huntley! He stole the baby! Little Oliver!"

Branscombe gave him the letter, and relighted his cigarette, puffing quietly. Herriman crumpled the paper in his hand.

"We will go to the Hambleton," he said, with an attempt at quietness. "Come, Mr. Branscombe."

But it was night before they found

Toddles. The doorkeeper told them that Helen Condon had taken the baby away. Manvale was interviewed at his hotel, and he gave the address of the agency which had recommended Miss Condon, offering, with painful solicitude, to assist in the hunt. Herriman cut him off sharply, and searched out the woman who ran the agency. From her he obtained Helen Condon's address.

When Herriman and Branscombe stood within Helen Condon's tiny apartment on Forty-fifth Street, she was told the story, which she refused to believe until the letter was shown. Then, with a sigh, she was forced to admit Herriman's right.

However, Toddles sleeping peacefully between clean sheets, objected to awakening, and refused to leave Helen. There was uselessness in attempts at persuasion.

Herriman solved the problem. "A house on Central Park West," he said, rapidly, almost incoherently. "Only myself and my housekeeper there—respectable woman—old—the only way. It is my baby, you know, but he won't leave you—there's plenty of room there—you can have half the house."

Many people have wondered that Herriman took a girl who had never set foot on the professional stage, and incontinently placed her in a part for which well-known road "prima donas" of comic opera had sought.

She played with the company until it left for the provinces. Then Herriman gave her a better part in another musical comedy he was putting on, which settled down for a long New York run.

The third year of her stage career found her "featured," and the fourth made her a stellar light in the histrionic firmament.

Branscombe, who is now leading man for Herriman's big stock company, did not fail to explain the whys and wherefores of all this to Edith Forrester.

There is but one thing that Herriman dislikes in Miss Condon—the same being her power of drawing more love from his boy Oliver than the boy gives to his father.



LONG ago our little out-of-town girl showed a marked genius for discovering new ways and new places of studying the fashions in New York. Just at present wedding-trousseaux are her specialty, and the after-Easter weddings her anticipated delight. She has been fortunate in getting a peep at some of the loveliest gowns planned for the trousseaux of New York girls who have been fashion leaders ever since they made their first society bow. The most vivid impression that she has received from these frocks is the charm of the Empire fashions.

Of course our out-of-town girl has known for ever so long that Empire styles have been the mode in New York. Her friends have written her about their Empire frocks, and, lovely as the descriptions have been, she has always put the letters aside with the feeling that if she was going to spend so much money for a gown it wouldn't be made on Empire lines.

But this was before she came to New York this spring. Now she has experienced a change of heart toward the Empire fashions. And it is surely not to be wondered at. Listen until you hear a descrip-

tion or two of the Empire gowns for bridesmaids to be worn at the after-Easter weddings, and judge for yourself.

At one big Fifth Avenue church-wedding, which is to be held during the first week in April, the bridesmaids are to wear the palest of yellow chiffon gowns made in decided Empire style. The special novelty feature of these frocks is that a large butterfly spreads over the front of the very short-waisted corsage. This butterfly is made of gold tissue beautifully embroidered and spangled, and the folds of the long, airy chiffon skirt float out from beneath its wings.

At another wedding, where the butterfly corsage will be used in the bridesmaids' frocks to give the Empire effect, the gowns are to be white crêpe de chine, and the butterflies a blaze of gold and soft yellows.

At a rose-wedding, which is to take place directly after Easter, the bridesmaids will also be gowned in Empire frocks. The gowns have been made of white marquisette, with lovely borders of deep pink roses so exquisitely printed that they look as if hand-painted. A fichu of white chiffon is draped over the shoulders and so arranged at the back that it gives a pronounced Empire effect.



This curious spring hat is the French novelty known as the air-ship.

Where the ends of the fichu cross at the back, an artificial American beauty rose, with chiffon and velvet petals, is caught; and from this rose, which looks almost like a huge rosette, a trailing, feathery green vine hangs. With these gowns the bridesmaids are to wear white chip poke-hats, with a big American beauty rose as its trimming.

Very many of the new Empire gowns show the short-waisted effect more at the back than at the front. In all the new clothes that our out-of-town girl has seen, in one way or another, the Empire touch has been in evidence. The little spring jackets and the pony-coats have a short-waisted look, the Etons are cut to give the Empire effect, and many of the exquisite lingerie Princess dresses have lovely soft ribbons arranged about the waist, but showing a decided upward tendency in front, where they generally end in a bow or a rosette, giving very much of an Empire look to the gown.

The out-of-town girl has had her eyes open to see all that is new in the spring hats, and to her the most pronounced new features of the new millinery are the drooping brim of the mushroom shape, and the tendency toward poke effects. There are both quaint styles and smartly modern styles in the new hats. A hat which bears the up-to-date name of "The Air-ship" is one of the new models. It is supposed to resemble an air-ship in shape, and does so in a measure. It is generally made up of straw braid, with sometimes a feather curled under the brim at the back, and perhaps a buckle and a band of velvet as the decoration in front; but as a rule it is very little trimmed. All the new poke shapes are irresistible. For bridesmaids there are

lovely lacey-looking pokes of Neapolitan straw, trimmed with a garland of roses about the crown, and finished at the back with a big tulle bow, with long, floating ends; the ends reach below the waist-line, and the bow always matches the gown in color. Then there are fine chip hats and dyed leghorn hats, which have only a slight poke effect in front, but in style are extremely smart. They are generally trimmed with a wreath of flowers, and with a bow of many loops of velvet ribbon at the back.

The out-of-town girl has noticed that ribbons are more fashionable and more beautiful than ever this spring, and that

they are used on the gowns and in the hats in many charming and original ways.

Many of the all-over embroidery gowns have deep entre-deux of pompadour ribbon instead of lace as a trimming for the lower part of the skirts. Little shoulder capes of wide ribbons are also the fashion, and ribbons are used, too, for the very shortest of bolero jackets, which are made with full, capelike sleeves. Many of the hats have ribbon



One of the new variations of the old-fashioned poke.

streamers, and a very pretty style much in vogue is to have ribbons coming from the sides of the hat toward the back, and tying in a bow in the direct back, the bow having long ends.

For hair ornaments ribbons are much used. The out-of-town girl's hostess showed her a new little wrinkle the other day in the way of arranging ribbons in the coiffure, which was very simple and yet extremely stylish. The hair was brushed back from the forehead in a slightly wavy, parted pompadour, and coiled in a knot at the top of the head, where many little puffs appeared. The ribbon was of soft chiffon taffeta about one and one-half inches



The Empire gowns for bridesmaids which changed the out-of-town girl's opinion as to Empire fashions.

wide. It was drawn through the front of the pompadour in a loop, the loop being rather close to the forehead. At the sides the ribbon is not visible, but toward the back it outlines the coil of hair, tying at the back a little to the right side in a bow, with three short, upstanding loops and two ends, which fall gracefully over the hair at the back. The out-of-town girl's hostess has adopted this original way of wearing ribbon in her hair, and she always makes a point of having the ribbon match her gown in color.

She also showed the out-of-town girl her collection of ribbon sashes which she will wear with her lingerie frocks

this summer. Many of them are in pompadour design, and others show fascinating color combinations, introduced in stripes. There is a decidedly new way right now of wearing the ribbon sash—something entirely different than tying it straight around the waist and having a bow at the back. The sash is now used to give the Empire effect to a gown. One of the most becoming ways of arranging it, is letting it touch the waist-line in front and then drawing it well up at the sides, until it reaches nearly the shoulder-line at the back, where it is tied in a smart bow with long ends.

It always greatly interests the out-of-town girl to have her New York friends who have so much money to spend talk of their little dress economies. At first she believed it was more a matter of talk than putting the economical idea actually into practise; but that was when she first came to New York, now she knows differently.

The other day, for instance, she was admiring the odd-shaped, embroidered revers which were on a smart little cloth jacket worn by one of her New York friends. She was commenting upon them as giving such a Frenchy look to the jacket, when the girl who wore them said: "You won't think they are such a French novelty when you hear their history. Originally they were one of my favorite collar-and-cuff sets, and a girl I care just a heap for did every bit of the work on them herself. Now, of course the turn-over collar isn't half as fashionable as it used to be, and yet some way I didn't want to put the set away, so I thought for a while, and then decided to make them over into revers for one of my spring jackets. I just cut the collar in half, and to each half of the collar I sewed one of the cuffs. There's your Parisian novelty, and it does look smart, doesn't it?"

"Speaking of making your dress accessories serve you in more ways than one," said the out-of-town girl's hostess, "you ought to see a beautiful *bertha* I made out of a lace collar that I bought the last time I was abroad. The lace was real Cluny, and it was entirely too valuable to cut up, and yet I was tired of wearing it as a collar. Then, if the awful truth must be told,

I wanted to change the effect of a little apricot satin Empire frock that I have. As I sat down to contemplate the situation, the collar came to my mind as just the thing to use to make the waist portion look like something new. The waist was made with a deep yoke of pin-head tucks. I cut this out, making it low neck, then I arranged the collar so that it formed a *bertha* across



When you don't wish to cut up a real lace collar, use it as a bertha.

the front of the waist, outlining the neck. I bought the softest of chiffon taffeta ribbon in a shade of very delicate violet, and used the ribbon as shoulder-straps, fastening it to the collar with rosettes. Talk about transforming a gown! I couldn't believe it was my own frock when I gazed upon my finished work. Maybe New York girls are not always beautiful, but no one can say anything about our not coming in at the head of the procession when cleverness and ingeni-

ousness are considered. Isn't that so, little out-of-town girl?"

"Yes, you're perfectly right," said the out-of-town girl. "I marvel at you more and more every time I come to your big town, but do let me tell you of a spring hat I've just made, because I really think a bouquet or two ought to come my way, for I'm not a New Yorker, you know, but just a little out-of-town girl. I call it my witch-hat, because I can change its effect at just a few minutes' notice. It's beginning sounds just like any other hat. I first bought a wire frame in one of the new, large mushroom shapes. I covered the drooping brim with Neapolitan straw braid in a shade of tan, or perhaps it's better to call it *écru*, for it is a little lighter than tan. It's a most convenient shade, anyway, for it seems to harmonize well with everything. Now, the witchery of my hat is that I can change the crown every time I wear it, if I want to. I have six different crowns for it, and they are all made on the same principle; they are finished with a draw-string, and I just put them over the wire crown, shirr them up, and tie the ribbon and hide it. It's the simplest thing imaginable. One crown is of just the same shade as the brim, only it is made of very open mesh-net, mounted on tann-color silk. When my hat appears with this crown, I wear a black velvet ribbon about the crown, which I tie in the

back with short loops and long ends. When I want my hat to have an elaborate, dressy look, I wear a crown made of shaded pink rose-petals, sewed to a pink silk foundation. Sometimes I fasten at the side, toward the back, a little pink ostrich-tip that I have, which shades into brown; and then, again, I wear the hat with just the rose-petal crown. I have an *écru* lace crown, which gives the hat a very lovely look, and generally when I wear this I outline the crown



An entirely new way of arranging ribbon in the hair.

with a wreath of pink button-roses, or another wreath that I have made of sprays of forget-me-nots. For everyday wear I have a lingerie crown of tucked white mull and insertion, and another one of fawn-color piqué, finished with little buttons and button-

holes. This looks awfully well with my tan linen skirt and coat-suit which I have just bought. I expect to wear the hat all through the summer, and on all sorts of occasions, and I know I shall get a lot of comfort out of it."

"Hurrah for the out-of-town girl!" exclaimed her New York girl friends. "Indeed, you are a wonder!"

"You always say we girls give you so many ideas. I think you do more than your share, but I've been saving up every new thing that has come my way this spring to tell you," said the out-of-town girl's hostess. "I couldn't help but think of you the other night when I was at a very quiet little dinner, for we did have the most original sort of a dessert. When it came to the sweet course, the maid passed to each guest a large pear. The pear stood upright on a macaroon as big as a saucer. The pear was hollowed out, and inside was the ice-cream, but this wasn't all of it, for served with it was the most delicious chocolate sauce. At a luncheon that I intend to give while you are here I'm going to have ice-cream served in real tulips. It's foolish of me to tell you all about it beforehand, but then I never can wait. The very newest way of serving individual creams or ices nowadays is to serve the cream in the heart of a real flower. For my luncheon, large yellow tulips are to be used, the stamens are taken out, and

an egg of vanilla ice-cream is put in the center of the tulip, and then the whole is frozen—that is, the petals of the flower are frozen right to the ice-cream.

"For a pink luncheon, American beauty roses are used in the same way, strawberry ice-cream being put in the center of the rose. Candy is much used now when giving a smart luncheon or dinner. One of the very prettiest center-pieces I ever saw was the most natural-looking big hat made entirely of candy. It was pale pink in color, trimmed with roses and a long white feather, and every bit of it was made of candy. It rested on its crown on a center-piece of white bolting cloth, and it was filled with candied fruits.

"At this same luncheon the ice-cream was served in the most novel way imaginable. To each person was served an individual candy leaf, and lying upon the leaf was a wonderfully colored orchid in shades of white and purple, and just think of it! the ice-cream was in the form of a butterfly, and in some mysterious way it was so arranged that it looked as if it had just alighted upon the orchid. It was really the prettiest thing in the way of a sweet course that I've ever seen.

"I know a lot more things, too, but I can't tell you everything. I must have some secrets, or half the fun of your visit will be spoiled. You dear old out-of-town girl, how I love to have you with me!"



Among the latest novelties are real flowers filled with ice-cream, and a centerpiece in the form of a beautiful candy hat.



WHERE LOVE LEADS

—
BY CHARLES GARVICE

ILLUSTRATED BY CH. GRUNWALD



CHAPTER XXXVI.

AS soon as Marie had sufficiently recovered, Lady Merston took her home. During the drive Marie was silent. Like Larry, she was confused and bewildered; but her duty stood out clearly before her. Let the old gipsy's story be false or true, she was still pledged to Philip; she had engaged herself to him when his title and estate had not been disputed, and it was her duty to abide by her promise, to remain true and stanch to him now that he was in trouble and in ill repute.

"What a dreadful scene!" said Lady Merston, at last breaking the silence. "Of course, it is not true, and the man was mad?"

Marie shuddered. "I—I don't know," she said. "But, true or false, I will stand by Philip. Poor Philip!"

"I remember the girl, Miriam, well," said Lady Merston. "I remember how careful she was that no one should see the child. But what is the use of talking! Of course, the man was raving. Yes—poor Philip! I wonder where he has gone. What a terrible ordeal for

him. And he is alone, too, in that great place—if he has gone to the Hall."

"Yes; he has gone home," said Marie confidently.

Nothing more was said until they reached the castle. Lady Merston would have had Marie go to bed at once, but she refused. She sat for some time in the drawing-room, her hands clasped in her lap, her head bent; she was trying to clear the mist from her brain, to realize the significance of the Snapper's statement. He had not mentioned Larry's name; and yet, by some mental process which cannot be defined, Marie put Larry in the place of the rightful marquis. But, to give her her due, her thought was of Philip; and pity for him dominated all other emotions. The room seemed close and stifling; she rose and, opening the French window, stepped out on to the terrace and paced up and down. In one of her turns, she saw suddenly, as Larry had seen, the red light in the sky, and she called to Lady Merston. Some of the servants had also seen it, and they gathered on the terrace, staring at it.

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"It comes from the Hall, my lady," said Fellows. "Yes; it surely comes from the Hall!"

Marie turned quickly.

"Get the dog-cart," she said. "I will go."

"No, no, Marie!" remonstrated Lady Merston, but Marie stood firm; and when the dog-cart was brought she got into it, and, saying, "Quickly, please," was driven off, almost before Lady Merston had realized that she had gone.

The coachman drove swiftly, and they reached the south lodge. The gates were open, the dog-cart was driven swiftly up the avenue and pulled up in the center of a crowd of excited and shouting villagers. Long before they reached the spot, Marie had seen that the flames had proceeded from the Hall, and she saw now that the vast building was burning fiercely. As she jumped from the dog-cart, Geddon forced himself through the crowd and came to her side.

"Oh, my lady!" he gasped. "The whole place is burning; and do what we will, we can't stop it. Oh, this is no place for your ladyship; do'ee go back!"

Marie shook her head. "Is everybody out?" she asked breathlessly.

"I—I think so, my lady," panted Geddon. "But there's the master—I've not seen him for hours. I don't know whether he's come back. It's a wicked thing! The Hall's been set fire to, my lady! That I'll maintain to my dying day! James, that's the second footman, my lady, he has just told me that he saw an old man, an old gipsy—him that's been lurking about the place so much lately—coming out of the back hall. I said to James: 'Why didn't you stop him?'"

Marie scarcely listened as she pressed forward. The crowd, recognizing her, made a lane for her, and she got dangerously near the burning house. The glare fell on the upturned faces, and made them, and every object in its radiance, distinctly visible; some of the men, under the direction of Reuben, had formed themselves into a chain,

and were passing buckets from hand to hand; but the small quantity of water they were able to convey had little or no effect upon the flames, which, soaring skyward with a hissing, crackling noise, seemed to mock their efforts.

The crowd watched in tense silence; but suddenly a cry arose:

"Look! There's somebody there!"

Marie raised her eyes with the others, and saw a figure standing at one of the upper windows.

"It's his lordship, it's the marquis!" cried the crowd, with a kind of groan. "He'll be killed; he'll be burnt. Help! Help!"

Instinctively, Marie was for running forward; but some one grasped her and held her back; and she stood, faintly struggling, her eyes fixed upon the figure seen dimly through the smoke and murk.

At that moment, a man ran toward the house, followed by several others carrying a long ladder, which they set up against the wall. The man who had led them began to ascend; the flames lit up his face and form; and Marie saw that it was Larry. She wanted to cry out, but her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. The crowd was not so silent; and it yelled and shouted:

"You can't do it! It's death! You'll be burnt! Come down, come down!"

But Larry, if he heard the frenzied cries, paid no heed. He reached the top of the ladder and sprang through the window; and, even as he did so, the flames darted out and wrapped round the ladder, rendering his return by its means impossible. The crowd was boiling over with excitement, and swayed to and fro, screaming and shrieking; but suddenly an intense silence fell upon it, for the two figures were momentarily seen at a lower window. They turned from it, and were lost to view; but presently the crowd caught sight of them again at the open and blazing doorway; and Larry had Philip in his arms. A number of men rushed forward, the figures were lost to view, and a deafening shout arose.

Marie pressed forward with the rest

of the crowd, and found herself beside Philip, lying on the ground, and Larry bending over him. The blood was trickling from a wound on Philip's head; and Larry also was bruised and bleeding, and one arm was rather badly burnt, the arm which had been in the fore during his terrible fight with the flames. The doctor arrived, and a way was made for him so that he might examine Philip, who was quite unconscious.

"We must get him away from this at once," he said to Larry. "The nearest place—?"

"The castle," said Marie. She was trembling no longer, but had become calm and self-possessed, as the best of her sex will when men are in trouble and need them. "I saw the carriage—yes, there it is."

It was there, with Lady Merston; and tenderly, carefully, they put Philip in. For one moment, as they were about to drive off, Marie looked at Larry—the look a woman bestows on a man she loves and admires, at the moment when he has risked his life, before her very eyes, to save a fellow mortal—and her hand touched his as if she would make the touch express so much; but her lips said not a word. Larry, with that look and that touch warming his heart and rendering him insensible to his hurts, hurried back to the scene of the fire. And what a scene of ruin and desolation it was! The stately Hall was rapidly being consumed, the walls, glowing redly in some cases, in others black and grimed, rose above the flames but to fall presently with a deafening crash. The air was thick with the smoke and the charred particles; some of the trees near the house had become ignited, and their burning branches lent a weird aspect to the scene.

Larry found Reuben, who turned on him with great anxiety.

"Larry, you are hurt!" he said. "I know it. It was a wonder you were not killed. It was a great deed, and we never thought to see you again. The floor collapsed almost the moment you reached the door; that moment

might have meant— Oh, Larry, lad, I'm proud of you!"—his voice broke.

"He's a man, sir; he's a man!" cried Spon gruffly; for there were tears in his eyes, and he was fighting to keep himself in hand.

But the crowd was not so self-contained. They had discovered that Larry was in their midst, and they pressed round him, shouting his name and cheering enthusiastically. They had been excited enough before this, but now they seemed half-mad. For Larry belonged to them, the hero was one of their own, and they almost worshiped him, as a crowd will at such moments. The doctor pushed his way through with difficulty.

"This is all very well," he said, with a sternness which was only affected; for he, too, was much moved by Larry's daring deed, "but the man's hurt. Get out of the way some of you, and let me see to him. You must go home at once—" he said to Larry. "Tut, tut, you are badly burnt." Larry looked at the fire. "No; you can't do any more. There's no one else in the house, no one else to save, my good fellow."

They went back to the mill cottage, and the doctor dressed Larry's wounds.

"The marquis?" said Larry.

"My assistant has gone with him; and I am going on there now," said the doctor. "Here's the dog-cart. Keep him quiet," he said to Reuben, as he got up and drove off.

Reuben persuaded Larry to go to bed; and, strangely enough, Larry slept. But early in the morning there came a messenger from the castle. Was Larry well enough to go there? He was wanted very badly. Spon and Reuben were tempted to withhold the message; but Larry heard the man's voice, and called down the stairs that he would be ready in five minutes. In little more he was driving to the castle. The doctor himself met him in the hall.

"I'm glad you've been able to come," he said gravely. "He is very ill—yes, dying."

As they entered the sick-room, Larry saw Marie standing beside the bed, with Lady Merston near her. Marie

looked at him as he came in, and put her finger to her lips; but, as Larry crept up to the bed, Philip opened his eyes.

"Has he come?" he asked, in the low, monotonous voice of the dying. "Is that you, Larry?" He feebly stretched out his hand, and Larry took it. "You did your best, Larry; but it wasn't to be. And—I'm not sorry. I couldn't have gone on living after— Are you badly hurt, Larry? No?"—as Larry shook his head. "But you wouldn't say so. You're a brave man, Larry; and I—I was always a coward. Another proof, if any were wanted, that you are the Marquis of Belmayne, and that I—am what I am. Is Sherborne there? I have told him everything. I have given him instructions—my will. I have left everything to you, Larry. Kind of me, isn't it, seeing that everything is yours by right? You will make a better use of it than I have done, or should have done."

While he had been speaking, Mr. Sherborne came in with a paper.

They raised Philip, and, though Larry tried to murmur a remonstrance, Philip signed the deed. Then he looked at Larry and Marie, and then at the other persons in the room, meaningly. The three were left alone, and Philip, stretching out a hand to each, drew Marie's and Larry's together.

"I have stood between you two long enough," he breathed, almost inaudibly. "I want—I want to undo the harm——"



Marie found herself beside Philip, lying on the ground, and Larry bending over him.

It was his last word. Marie uttered a cry, and, sinking on her knees, buried her face in her hands.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

One morning, nearly twelve months later, Larry stood at the head of the shaft of the "Lady Marie" mine—for so it had been named by Spon—and watched the men as they filed away to their cabins. There was an air of prosperity about the place; and with good reason, for the mine was a prosper-

ous concern, so rich, so flourishing, that it had caused no little stir and excitement in the mining market.

It was said that the three men who had owned it were on the way to becoming millionaires; and the shares stood, and had stood for some time steadily, at an exceedingly high figure. Larry, Spon, and Hepburn might each of them have been swaggering in Park Lane; but they were all three here. That Spon and Hepburn should cling to the spot where their vast wealth lay, was, perhaps, natural enough; but Larry was young, and had all the world before him; but, though Spon was continually, and sometimes angrily, imploring Larry to go back to England, Larry had refused.

He gave no reason for his refusal; but merely shook his head, and, like the Chamberlain in Tennyson's "Princess," "Smiling, put the question by." He went about his duties as managing director on the spot, with all his old cheerfulness and quiet energy, with that reserved force which made him a perfect master of men; but when he was away from the mine, in his hours of leisure, he liked to be alone; and he spent most of his time in long walks over the mountains.

It seemed to Spon that Larry was waiting—and Spon was right. It is only the strong man who can wait as Larry was waiting, who can possess his soul in patience; and even he can only do it by a great effort. And, for all his outward calmness and cheerfulness, Larry suffered in those hours of silence and solitude, be sure.

This morning he waited until the next shift of men had gone down the mine; then he turned away and walked to his hut. Spon, who had been watching him from a little distance—Spon was always watching Larry with a wistful anxiety—followed him, and, as Larry sank into a chair, came into the hut. Larry looked up.

"Oh, I'm glad you've come, Spon," he said. "I am just going into the monthly account. We are doing wonderfully well——"

"Oh, blow the monthly account!"

II

said Spon. "I've had a letter from Sherborne——"

Larry nodded. "So have I," he said quietly.

"And he says," continued Spon, as if he meant to say what he had come to say, "that he has settled things up over there. He has had a deal of trouble, of course. There was the next heir to Belmayne, and the one after him, to be squared; but he settled with them. And at a pretty price, too! But he tells me that you insisted upon their being treated liberally."

Larry nodded.

"And, what's more important, he says that he has made good your claim, and that there is no one now to dispute it. It has taken a deuce of a long time; but there is no question now that you are the Marquis of Belmayne."

Larry nodded again as he turned over a sheet of the accounts. Spon eyed him impatiently, and presently burst out with:

"Look here, Larry! How much longer is this to go on? I can understand your feelings; but, thunder, man! it isn't a proper thing for a man in your position, a nobleman, a peer of the United Kingdom, or whatever it is they call you, to be fooling around this beastly mine——"

"Don't call the thing that has made you rich bad names," said Larry, with a smile. "'Remember, she's human, like you, and treat her as sich.'"

"Oh, the mine's all right," retorted Spon. "It's you I'm finding fault with. You don't seem to care whether you're the great Marquis of Belmayne or simply Larry Harding——"

"I don't."

"Exactly. But there are other people to be thought of. What about that beautiful young lady who has behaved so well, alone there in England?"

"She isn't alone," said Larry quietly. "Linda is living with her; and there is Lady Merston, of course."

"She doesn't want any Lindas or Lady Merstons," said the exasperated Spon. "She wants some one else."

"It would be an affectation to plead

ignorance of your meaning, my dear Spon," said Larry. "You mean me."

"Of course I do!" cried Spon indignantly. "There is that lovely—lovable girl—I mean young lady. No, I don't; for she is just a tender-hearted girl—pining away in that tower of a castle; and here are you fooling about this mine, eating your heart out with longing for her. It's pride, Larry, pride; and I take leave to tell you that you're disappointing me!"

"Sorry," said Larry, in his quiet fashion, but glancing affectionately at the man who had proved himself so true a friend. "But I've already asked Lady Marie to marry me."

"And she refused?"

"She did. She has an idea that it would be—mean to marry me, now that I have got this precious title. If I were still Larry, the fisher-boy, or the miner——"

"I see!" said Spon, in a lower voice. "I beg your pardon, Larry lad. But—but what will you do?"

"I don't—I don't—quite know," said Larry. "I am going to England next week to see."

Spon's face cleared, and he held out his hand. "Right, Larry, as Reuben would say—good old Reuben! How glad he'll be to see you! Good luck to you, Larry! Mind, I'll come home for the wedding."

"Thanks," said Larry, as he wrung Spon's hand. "But there may be no wedding."

Larry reached England in due course. He stayed in London only one day, during which he paid a visit to the offices of the company, where he was received as if he were one of the mighty ones of the earth; then he went straight down to Ravensford.

The day was drawing to a close as he walked up to the castle. The startled Fellows received him with open mouth, and, murmuring a respectful and eager welcome—for Larry was still, and would ever remain, the hero of Ravensford—ushered him into the drawing-room. Two persons were seated there, and seated very closely

together; indeed, they were sitting hand in hand. They were Linda and Mr. Sherborne. Needless to say, their hands flew apart, as the owners sprang to their feet and stared at the intruder.

"Larry!" exclaimed Linda, her face one vivid blush.

"Lord Belmayne!" cried Mr. Sherborne, who was likewise red.

Larry laughed, and, as he took Linda's hand, he crossed his left one, and grasped Mr. Sherborne's.

"Yes," he said, "I've come just in time to say 'God bless you, my children!'"

They were too confused to utter a word; and Larry, looking round the room, said:

"Where is Lady Marie?"

"On the terrace, Larry," replied Linda, the blush still on her face. "Does she know you were coming?"

"No," said Larry, as he walked into the hall.

Linda followed him. "Oh, Larry! What will you do; what will she say?" she said anxiously.

Larry shook his head. "Is she well?" he asked.

"Well? Oh—yes! But—but she is so strange, so sad and quiet. She spends nearly all her time alone. When she is with any of us, she is bright and cheerful; and you would never guess that there was anything the matter; but I, who am here always, know that she is unhappy. I promised you that I would stay with her, and I have kept my promise. It was easy to do; for I am as fond of her as if we were sisters; and she treats me as if I were really one. No one could help loving her, Larry; and I'm not surprised that you—— But it makes my heart ache to know that when she is alone she is always brooding over the past."

Larry nodded. "I know," he said. "On the terrace? Go back to Mr. Sherborne, Linda. He is a good fellow, I know; and he is almost—almost, but not quite, worthy of you; no man could be wholly so."

Larry, watched with sympathetic interest by Fellows and the footmen, made his way to the terrace. At first

he thought that it was empty; then he caught sight of a black dress on a seat in one of the recesses, and he went to it quickly. The dress was Marie's. She was sitting there, leaning back, with her hands lying in her lap, her eyes fixed on the sea. She was so lost in thought, so absorbed in her reverie, that she did not hear his step until he was close upon her; and even then she did not rise, but looked at him as one looks on a vision that has materialized. Was this, indeed, Larry in the flesh? She breathed his name in a whisper.

Larry seated himself beside her and took her hand, which she had not offered him, and held it.

"Yes; I have come; Marie," he said, in his direct fashion. "You weren't expecting me?"

"No," she said, finding her voice. Her hand fluttered, as if she would have withdrawn it, but the strong one which enclosed it held it tightly.

"I thought I'd give you a surprise," said Larry, in the same calm voice, though probably his heart was beating as fast and wildly as hers. "In fact, I didn't make up my mind until the last moment. I think I got tired of wait-
ing——"

"Waiting?" she whispered, in a low voice. The color had stolen to her face; her eyes, as if drawn against her will, met his.

"Yes; waiting for you," said Larry, in almost a matter-of-fact tone.

She moved away a little from him. "I—I told you that I—I could not."

"I know," he said simply.

"You refused to marry me just because I turned out to be not Larry, the fisher-boy, but some one else. I didn't want to press you at the time, didn't like to argue with you, because you weren't very well then, and you were upset by—all the things that had happened. Of course, I didn't accept your answer."

The moon had been rising, and its light fell upon her face as she turned it to him. He saw it distinctly for the first time since his arrival, and its loveliness thrilled him

with more than the old thrill; for he had been waiting for so long! She saw the passion in his eyes, felt it in the tightening of his hand; but she bravely tried to fight with him.

"Why should you not?" she asked. "Why should you give another thought to me, and want to—to marry me; a woman who has been so weak, so mercenary, so vacillating?"



Marie uttered a cry, and, sinking on her knees, buried her face in her hands.

"It seems strange, I dare say," he said, with tender irony. "But I do. For one reason—though you don't seem to set much store by it—because we belong to each other, we were betrothed to each other. And I'm not at all inclined to give up Belmayne."

She looked at him with a pensive smile of incredulity. "You care nothing for it," she said. "Besides, you will not have to give it up. It is I who refuse; it is I who will give up the castle."

"Precisely," said Larry. "But then, you see, I don't want to lose the castle, either. I am fond of it." His voice grew lower, as if he were musing. "Heavens! How many times has a lad, whom I can see in my mind's eye at this moment, looked up at the castle, all red with the setting sun, and wondered what it must be like to live in such a place, to own it! No; I can't surrender the castle. I mean to live in it. Remember, I have no house of my own."

"Oh, Larry," she breathed. It was the first time she had spoken his name. Larry heard it, low as it was spoken, and his heart leaped.

"That's one reason; but there's another; and, it seems to me, you don't think much of that, either. I love you. I love you, and, unfortunately for me, I can't forget you; and I can't live happily, either here or at the castle, or anywhere else, without you."

"You must try to forget," she murmured, trying to speak coldly, with the touch of the pride and hauteur of the old Marie.

But Larry was not to be overpowered.

"Wouldn't be any use," he said. "And I've no intention of trying. I don't know whether you notice it, Marie; but, when you come to think of it, I've always got what I wanted. I wanted adventures; I've had 'em by the bushel. I wanted to make a fortune; I'm disgustingly rich. But, above all, I've wanted a certain great lady for my sweetheart, my wife. And I'm going to have her."

Up till now he had kept his passion

well in hand; but now it got beyond him. He put his arms round her, and, drawing her to him, held her crushed against his breast.

"Larry!" she cried appealingly, reproachfully; but there was a break in her voice, she was trembling all over, and her eyes were filled with tears.

"No, no!" he said, refusing her appeal. "I'm not a block of wood or a stone. Do you think I can wait any longer; would you send me back to that wretched mine again, to a life of misery and disappointment? I've thought of you and for you all my life. Won't you think a little for me, Marie? I surrendered you twice— But not again, not again! Will you marry me to-morrow, Marie?"

"No! No!" she said. Then, hiding her face against him, she sobbed: "It's impossible—we couldn't be—it's too soon!"

With a cry of joy, he pressed her still closer to him, and kissed her.

"Kiss me, Marie," he said.

He raised her face in his hands; and, as she kissed him, be sure that she remembered that night at the inn, when she had bent over him, sleeping, and was so sorely tempted to give him that which she gave him now.

They were not married on the morrow, Larry kindly consenting to wait for a week or two.

"Though, if he had come the next morning with a marriage license and a clergyman," Marie half-shamefacedly told Lady Merston, "and insisted upon my marrying him there and then, I should have had to do so. We seem to have changed places; and it is Larry who is the master. I have lost all my old wilfulness, and he seems to have got it. I hope he will be a good husband to me, and that he won't beat me."

"I hope he will, my dear, if you deserve it," said Lady Merston, looking at her with a loving smile.

"I don't care if he does," said Marie defiantly. "Yes; that's just how I feel. Shameful, isn't it, to think that I—I!" —she laughed—"should become the

slave of any man? You'll see that I shall be a perfect *Patient Griselda*. I shall want to fetch his hat and coat when he is going out, and be on thorns till he comes back; and if he is away long I shall be all of a tremble, thinking that something has happened to him."

Lady Merston laughed. "No man's worth that," she said.

"Yes; there is one man in the world, and that's Larry. My Larry, my very own!" She sprang from her chair and walked up and down. "Yes, I am as ridiculously in love as the girls in the novels. I can think of nothing else but him. And haven't I reason, as they say in Normandy? Is there any man so handsome?—though I'd marry him if he were as ugly as sin. Is there any man who has done so much, been so brave? Remember that night—the fire!" she shuddered. "Is there any man you can compare with him? Love him! I should be a little fool if I didn't. And that's what you think me for raving about him. Well, laugh!"

"I'm not laughing, dear," said Lady Merston; and, indeed, her eyes were full of tears.

Spon had come over for the wedding, and was received by Lady Marie and the rest with a welcome that surprised and somewhat embarrassed him; for he was a modest man, and did not realize that the interest his presence aroused was due, in the case of the county families, to the fact that he was not only the friend of Larry, but also one of the owners of the marvelous mine which promised to make him a millionaire.

The night before the wedding he drew Larry into a corner, and shyly taking a case from his capacious pocket, thrust it into Larry's hands.

"Here's just a little trifle for your bride, Larry," he said. "I mean Lord Belmayne."

Larry caught him by the shoulder and shook him.

"Ah, would you!" he exclaimed threateningly. "You call me that, and I'll chuck you out of the window. I'm Larry to my friends; at any rate, to

such a friend as you. What have you got here?"

He opened the case and disclosed a magnificent necklace of rubies. They were of immense size and of superb color. It was the kind of gift which kings and princes bestow; and Larry looked at it speechlessly for a moment, then he said:

"My dear old chap, it's too—too splendid! Why, you must have got together the pick of the output!"

"Well, I have," admitted Spon; "but," he added stoutly, "they're not too good for you to give her. It's your gift, your wedding-gift, Larry."

"Mine?" said Larry.

"Yes," said Spon modestly. "I shouldn't think of obtruding with a thing like that. I've got a little present here"—he dived into his pocket again and brought out a smaller case containing a pendant with a stone, which, for size, brilliance, and color, was absolutely unique—"if you will be so good as to hand it to her with my respects."

"Give it to Marie yourself," said Larry, not a little moved by the generosity and the humility of the old man. "She will value it all the more highly. As for the necklace—" He paused, for he knew that he would wound Spon if he thwarted him of the wish which he had evidently been cherishing ever since he had seen Lady Marie. "Well, it shall come from me."

Spon's face cleared and lit up. It was evident that he would have been very much wounded and disappointed if Larry had insisted upon regarding the necklace as Spon's gift.

"It's strange," said Larry musingly. "Ever since that day we found the first rubies I thought of a necklace for Marie. And now I had clean forgotten it!" He smiled. "The fact is, that I can think of nothing but her. And, by George! if you hadn't turned up with this tre-men-di-ous—it was a Cornish word—"spectacle, I shouldn't have had a present to give her."

Spon's wrinkled face expanded in a grin, and his eyes danced with satisfaction.

"Darned if I didn't think that would

be the case!" he cried, and he smote Larry on the back.

His satisfaction was intensified when Larry, clutching him by the arm, led him up to Marie, and they presented their gifts together, and together had the pleasure of witnessing her delight.

"Why, they are the loveliest things I have ever seen!" she cried. "I don't believe any woman in the world has such rubies! And—they come from the mine? You got them yourselves? Oh, Larry!"

Larry opened his lips; but Spon trod on his toe, and, glaring at him threateningly, said quickly:

"Yes, Lady Marie, Larry got them."

"Some of—" began Larry; but Spon threatened him again.

"Some of them, of course," said Spon.

"It is that that makes them so precious to me," said Marie, looking at Spon with something in her eyes which more than repaid him for all his trouble and foresight. Then suddenly she put her hands on his broad shoulders, drew down his head, and kissed him on the lips in the most natural fashion; and be sure Spon never forgot that kiss.

It was to have been a quiet wedding, but the little church nestling in the village was crammed long before the carriages arrived. Marie had intended to wear no jewels; but she wore the necklace and pendant; and, as the marvelous rubies shone like huge spots of fire on her white dress, the crowd—and not only the women of the village, but the "gentry" ladies—gasped and drew a long breath.

They spent their honeymoon at Normandyke. To Marie the place was familiar enough, and it was endeared to her by the memory of those brief days of happiness which she and Larry had passed there before he learned that Lady Marie, of Ravensford, and the Countess of Normandyke were one and the same person; and, to Larry, Normandyke was more than acceptable because Marie owned it, and was loved by all her people about it. The delight of the good woman at the inn where Larry had stayed, when he presented

himself as the husband of the countess, was quite inexpressible, though she tried to express it in voluble French and with eloquent gesticulation.

Larry and Marie wandered—sometimes actually hand in hand—about the valleys and over the hills; and they could have found it in their hearts to linger there for a long, long time; but they had to get back to England for Linda's marriage. But they promised themselves to return every year to Normandyke; not with a party, but alone, to renew the honeymoon which had surely been the happiest two mortals had ever spent.

All Ravensford turned out to welcome their lord and lady, and Marie and Larry had such a home-coming that Marie's eyes were moist with tears of joy and gladness; and she was half-laughing, half-crying, as she drove from the station with Larry and Lady Merston, listening to the cheers and the cries of "God bless you, my lady!" and "God bless you, my lord!" which rose from the excited crowd gathered to meet them.

One man, an old man, who had known Larry as a boy, called out in a quavering voice:

"God bless you, Larry!"

Some of those near the old man corrected him sharply; but Larry, coming down the steps, made his way laughingly to him and shook him by the hand.

Marie turned swiftly to Lady Merston. "There!" she exclaimed. "How can I help loving him?"

The following morning Larry and Reuben went over to where the Hall had stood. A small army of men was at work removing the debris; and the foreman came up to Larry, and, touching his hat, said:

"We came upon a safe among the ruins, my lord. I have had it removed to the shed, there. It is apparently quite sound; but I don't know whether the keys could be found."

Larry nodded. Philip's keys had been given to Larry by Mr. Sherborne. He took the bunch from his pocket and found the key and opened the safe.

There were very few papers there, but lying at the bottom was a shattered violin and bow, and beside it a hand-bag and one of canvas. Larry recognized his bag of rubies in a moment; and he knew how they had come there; for Philip had kept nothing back, but had told everything. The contents of the safe were taken to the mill cottage, and Larry showed Reuben the gold and the rubies.

"The money and the value of a third of those stones—the remainder belong to Spon and Harding—will go toward the new wing of the Trosvela Hospital; the violin—poor fellow, poor fellow!—I will take care of."

"Right!" said Reuben; and the word sprang so easily to his lips that it sounded like a formula; to Reuben it seemed as if Larry could scarcely do wrong.

Strange enough, they two were fated to come upon another link of the past, a link in the chain which had wound itself around Larry and Marie and threatened to bind them, not together, but separately and in a cruel bondage; for one evening Reuben and Larry were walking across the moor, planning out the planting of the

land on which the Hall had stood—for no building was to take its place—when Larry's quick eyes saw an old man sitting by the wayside and not very far from the spot on which the gipsies' camp had stood. He was a very old man, with a tangle of long white hair

falling about his wrinkled face; and his dark eyes peered through the hair at the two men approaching. He was sitting with his arms clasped round his knees on which his chin rested; and he looked more like an ape, a gnome, than a human being. Reuben caught Larry's arm.

"It's the Snapper!" he said.

Larry started, stood for a moment looking at the grotesque figure, the weird face; then he would have turned away—for what reckoning could be made with such a creature, with such a remnant of humanity?—but suddenly

the old man, whose eyes had been fixed on them with the vacant, yet malicious stare of a monkey, thrust the hair aside from his lips and said, in the soft voice that had always been so incongruous, but was hideously so now:

"Can you give an old man a bit of 'bacca?"



"I've thought of you and for you all my life."

Reuben went up to him, but Larry stood a little apart.

"Here is some 'bacca," said Reuben. "What is your name?"

The clawlike hand snatched at the pouch, and the evillooking eyes glanced up at Reuben cunningly.

"My name?" He put his hand to his forehead and plucked at the white, shaggy eyebrows. "My name?" He shook his head. "I've forgotten. They call me Gentleman Gip—I'm a gipsy—but that's not my real name. I don't tell that to every jackanapes!" Suddenly his mood changed, his eyes flashed, his lips drew back, showing his long, yellow fangs, and, springing up, he clutched Reuben's coat.

"Sh! sh!" he hissed warningly, looking round cautiously. "I'm searching for a man, a young man, called—called — Curse it, I've forgotten his name! But I remember him—he robbed me, struck me! I'm looking for him; and when I've found him—" His voice dropped, he looked round cautiously, and his hand stole to his side, as if he were feeling for a weapon. "I've burnt him out of house and home; but I want *him!*"

The horror of the scene, the tragic memories it awakened, held Larry and Reuben spellbound; at last, Larry managed to say:

"Great Heaven! What is to be done with him, Reuben? And some folk say that God has ceased to punish in this world!"

Larry sank down on the bank and hid his face in his hands. The old man, still clinging to Reuben's coat, peered under Reuben's arm at Larry.

"Who's that?" he whispered. "Let me go to him. Perhaps he's the man I want!"

"Go home, Larry," said Reuben, over his shoulder. "Go home and forget him, as you've every right to do."

Larry never set eyes on the Snapper again; but Reuben sometimes goes to the asylum and sits and listens patiently to the soft voice as it maunders on, breaking now and again into a shrill cry and a string of curses, uttered in the silkiest of voices, while the eyes gleam with murderous malice, and a clawlike hand feels for the knife with which one night, long ago, it had stabbed, on the terrace of the castle, a certain fisher-boy called Larry.

THE END.





THE TIRED GIRL OF SPRING

BY AUGUSTA PRESCOTT

A PRACTICAL BEAUTY LESSON TO BE LEARNED FROM THE DRIVING SHOWERS OF APRIL AND THE FRAGRANT FLOWERS OF MAY

APRIL showers, however inconvenient, are decidedly beautifying from a complexion standpoint. Indeed, there are physical culturists who hold that the spring shower is as necessary to the human body as to plant-life, filling the air with necessary moisture and opening the pores so that the body can receive the warm air and the sunshine.

The true April-shower girl is awake to all these things, and from the beginning of the season until its close she avails herself of every opportunity for making herself lovely.

The spring shower is remarkably good for the skin, and, when convenient to do so, it is well to open the window and let the rain dash upon the face. There is a beauty-parlor in Vienna where the patients are made to stand at an open window, allowing the rain to beat upon the skin and hair. An entire bath in this manner, in a sky-high sun-parlor, is a luxury possessed by one modern New York woman.

To get the full benefit of a rain-water complexion-bath the water should be caught and jugged. And into the jug there should be put a tablespoon of borax-powder and a teaspoon of very finely powdered soap of the best quality. This is used as a scrubbing-water upon the face each night, and is followed by

a dash of very warm, clear water. The hands are likewise soaked in it.

But it is from her outdoor life that the April-shower girl gets the most benefit. The air is filled with sweet moisture, and if she can get out into the climate of the country, she will find that her skin is immensely benefited by the vapor. Of course she will tan a little, but this she can remove upon her arrival home by applying the juice of a freshly cut cucumber to her face.

The health culturists say that at this season the entire body should be allowed to breathe. They begin by wading ankle deep in the grass before breakfast, and they end by sitting out in the night air until the dew has fallen. "Moisture will never injure the body," is their theory. During the day they sun the skin, massage it, steam the pores, and allow the flesh to breathe freely. And in this manner they manage to get rid of the ills peculiar to the early months of spring.

For that tired feeling of the skin the girl who is going to get the full good of the months of April and May should rise in the morning and perform gymnastics before the open window. To begin with, she should sleep with the windows wide open. And she would do well to have a free circulation of air. Air in motion will not injure her,

and, if she will cover up well, she may convert her bedroom into a wind-parlor. She can sleep as sweetly and as snugly as though she were in the mountains. She can enjoy the full beneficial effects of a free supply of strong, sweet breeze.

There are some women who cannot take a dip in the morning. They have not sufficient vitality to permit of reaction after the plunge. And for these the open-window gymnastics are just the thing. Open the window, lift your arms high, breathe deeply, lower your arms, breathe again. Exercise all your muscles even to the muscles of the face. And repeat three times or until you feel that all the muscles are in lively working order. This is the first of the morning hints to the tired-out April girl.

Letting the rain dash upon your face



SHE GATHERS BLOSSOMS FOR HER PERFUME JAR

is good exercise for the skin. It acts like a needle-spray. But one must be warmly dressed so that the pores are open and the skin receptive. A warm, needlelike spray of sweet, soft water is the best known thing for a winter-worn complexion; and the April-shower girl would do well to take two or three of these facial shower-baths a day, if the showers and her engagements will permit.

It is some trouble to walk in the rain, for one must be dressed for it; yet the English girls, with their clear, lovely complexions, make a practise of it. April and May are harvest months as far as complexion is concerned. The girls store up enough good looks during these two months to last them all the rest of the year.

Let me give you, if you please, an extract from a letter written by an English belle to a friend on this side the water. The English girl is noted for her loveliness and her high position in society. She is in what is known as "the queen's set," and wherever she goes she is chronicled as the prettiest girl there.

"I started out for my afternoon walk to-day"—so runs this letter—"in a driving shower. The skies were gray, and I prepared for a two hours' push against the storm. Upon my feet I put my heavy German shoes; upon my hands, to sweat them—for I noticed last night that they were getting yellow—I put my heaviest dogskin gloves. I wore my knitted golf-vest and my rubber coat. And on my head I put a waterproof hat. I fancied I looked rather fit as I started out.

"The rain was warm and soft, and the drive upon my face felt very good. I could feel my complexion steaming from the exertion of the walk and the drive of the storm. Incidentally, I stopped in to get weighed as I started out. And, at the close of my two-hour walk, so vigorous had been my exercise, that I stopped and weighed again. I had lost half a pound, and I knew from my glass that my skin was clearer and smoother.

"Of course," concluded this letter, "I

stopped in at a little tea-house to get a cup of light, amber-colored tea sizzling hot; for we English feel that hot, weak tea is responsible for our good skins. And, of course, I drank another cup after I got home. But later in the evening I had the satisfaction of being complimented upon my skin by our ever-observant queen; and I could not but feel that my two hours' walk against the spring rain had been time and endeavor well spent."

The English girl might have gone on to tell of her experiences in the country, for it is one of her spring ideas that she must have some blossom life. You will see the educated and wealthy English girl off for a long jaunt in the fields and through orchards that she may gather beauty and bloom, blossoms and buttercups—all for practical use later on.

The spring girl, if she will do so, may go into the country and pick blossoms. These are to be used for the complexion. But, first, they must be converted into a rose-jar! The blossoms are picked apart, dried, perfumed, and preserved and finally packed down in a jar to be used all summer by the girl who wants to be pretty.

Here are some practical receipts for the spring girl and her blossom-jar. Take a double handful of blossoms from your jar and put them in a wide-mouthed jug holding one gallon. Add a pint of spirits of cologne. To this add one grain of musk and half an ounce of oil of rose geranium. Let stand three days, strain, and bottle. Add a tablespoon daily to the bath water, or more, if a stronger perfume is wanted.

And here is another practical receipt. Take as much of your preserved blossoms as will fill a cup. Put into a quart fruit-jar. Cover with spirits of cologne, add two drops of attar of rose. After three days filter through a cloth, add one drop of attar, bottle tightly, and let stand. In two weeks the bouquet will be extracted and you have a charming perfume for the skin.

But the April-shower girl, if she be tired from the winter—too tired to

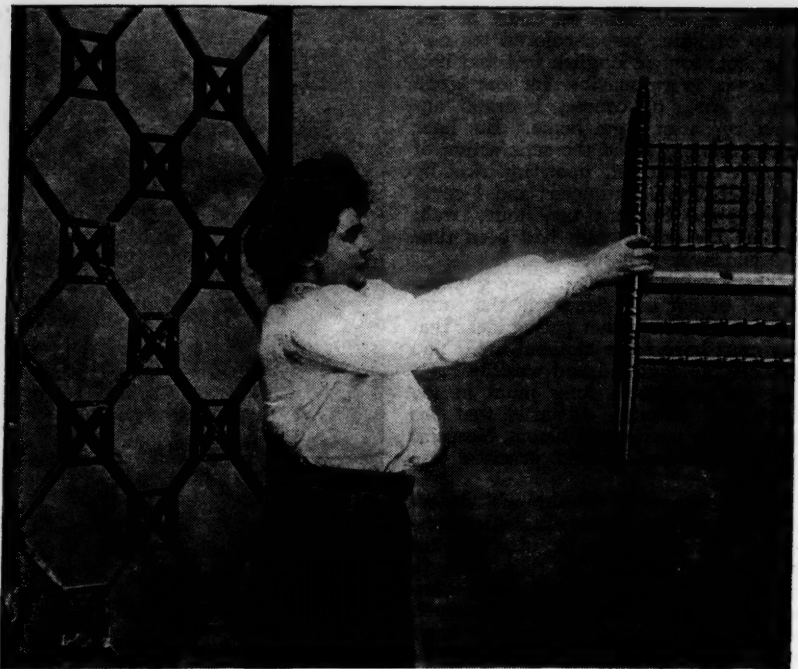


SHE SHOULD PROTECT HER SKIN WITH A SUN-SHADE

think directly of her beauty—can recoup her health by studying the showers. If she be where there is a carpet of grass, she can turn grass-walker and greatly increase her circulative powers in that manner.

There is a society beauty who suddenly developed a languid feeling. It was probably no worse than thousands have felt before her. But, for a society leader, who must be everywhere at once all through the season, it was impossible! Something must be done. A clever old Berlin specialist was called across the water, and this was his advice:

"Rake your lawn until it is smooth. You will not need a place more than six feet square. But do the raking yourself. Then, each morning at pre-



SHE DOES LIGHT GYMNASTICS BEFORE THE OPEN WINDOW

cisely five, get out upon this spot of grass and exercise. Jump up and down in your bare feet, dance, prance, fill up the time for a half-hour. Then come back into the house, put on a heavy, woolen robe, darken your room, shut out all sounds, and sleep an hour."

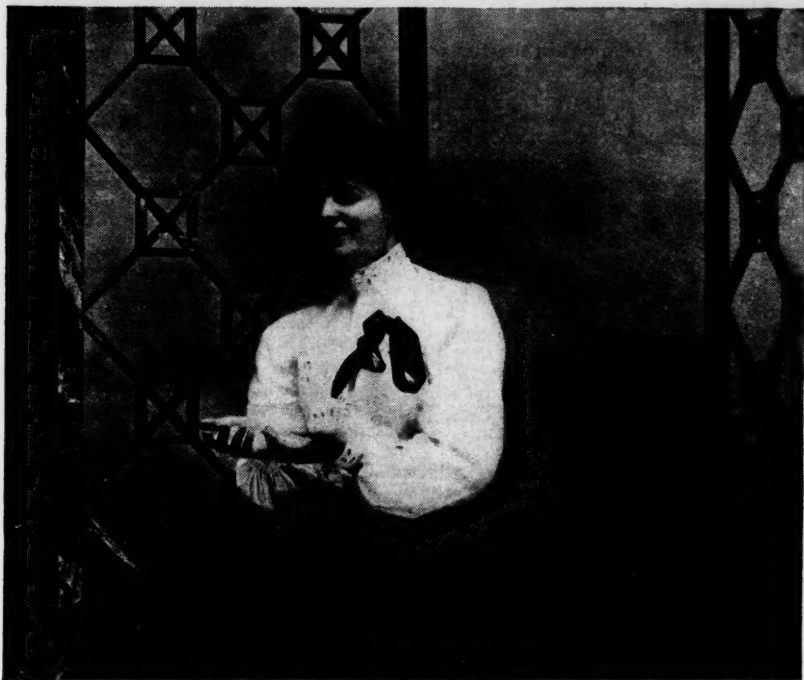
This beauty followed directions, and grew limber and well. Her skin became very pink, and a short time afterward she found herself able to walk for hours in the spring weather.

The April-shower girl should walk, also, in the sun; but for this she should carry a parasol. There is a great deal of sentimental talk about letting the skin get brown. And possibly it might be wise if brown skins were admired or if the face would brown evenly. But the fact is that the face takes on an irregular coating of tan which is usually tipped by a spot of glowing red upon the nose. And the result is, endless

work with a skin specialist to restore the complexion to its normal creamy tone.

Carry an umbrella between yourself and the beating sun; but do not wear a veil. Let the wind blow upon your face. When you reach home it is easy to clear the skin with some natural fruit bleaches. Keep out in the air, dress warmly, and persuade the skin to sweat. There is nothing like moisture as a complexion beautifier.

The dry-skinned girl will find her salvation in the showers of spring. There are skins that seem to wither and crack and that actually do shrivel up and peel off. For a skin that is crinkled before its time, and that looks old and parchmentlike, there is nothing to compare with the spring rain. The dry, hard skin should be spatted with the hand to make it red. After this a brisk walk, with the rain beating down into the



SHE FILLS HER HANDS WITH THE APRIL SHOWERS

face, will make the flesh tingle. On return home, this withered skin should be dashed with very hot water, after which a speck of skin food should be massaged into it. Next day the program should be repeated, and so on, until the spring showers are past and gone. By summer the girl with the dry skin will have a soft, clear complexion.

As to her figure, the April-shower girl has many possibilities. Walking in the rain is hard work. One's feet weigh more; one's clothing clings; and the storm offers resistance to the arms and head. This brings the body into physical activity. And the result is reduction of weight.

And there is a strange phenomenon to be observed in this respect, for, instead of growing lanky, the thin girl will plump out from her spring walks;

her figure will be developed. The fat girl, on the other hand, will lose weight in her hips, and she will reduce her abdomen. It is in the hips and abdomen that the muscles work hardest when one is walking in a storm. These great, heavy body muscles are brought into full play, and the result is that they work off their fat, so to speak. But care should be taken always to see that the clothing is loose. In a tight gown, and with strings binding the waist, one can do nothing.

The April-shower girl, no matter what her drawbacks, can make herself beautiful these days. If there is a latent spark of beauty in her it will come out; and even if ugly she will grow less so under this treatment. In a fashionable boarding-school of one hundred girls there was not one poor-complexioned girl.

"How do you accomplish it?" asked some one, of the teacher.

"By keeping them out in the sun and rain and teaching them how to keep the skin clear," was the reply. The rosy complexion of one hundred girls showed that it was the best rule.

Answers to Correspondents

Is it necessary to be a subscriber in order to write to the beauty department? We have had several discussions on that subject. I would like to have the prescription for bust-development.

HARRIET Y.

The prescription has been mailed to you. No, it is not necessary to be a subscriber. But it would be a very good thing to take the magazine regularly, would it not? And those who subscribe are sure to get it each month.

Is there any charge for writing to the beauty department? And what do the beauty articles cost? I would like to have your wrinkle cream.

K. G. S.

There is no charge for advice in the beauty department. Please do not offer money. The articles are not for sale. But if you will enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope, the formula will be sent to you. You can put it up yourself or get your druggist to do it for you.

Kindly tell me exactly how to address the beauty department, also tell me if my name will appear in print. I wish to consult you about my hair. I enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

MARY T.

I will send you the formula for a hair- tonic which you will, I think, find good. Your name will not appear in the magazine, unless you so desire. You can write as often as you please. And if you will enclose an envelope addressed to yourself, with a stamp upon it, you will surely get an answer.

We all like SMITH'S MAGAZINE so much and we find its pictures so interesting. I wrote you some time ago, but later got my letter back from the dead-letter office. The stamp had fallen off. Now I write again to know if you can send me a skin food to keep my flesh from hanging in bags as it has done since I reduced my weight.

E. W.

You should have written before. I am mailing the skin food. Twice a week give your chin a bath in a basin of warm water made milky with a few drops of benzoin.

I am desirous of learning manicuring, and, as SMITH'S seems able to help nearly everybody out, I write to ask you to recommend a good institution in which I can learn the art.

MARY T.

I regret to say that it is out of my province to recommend an institution of this kind. But if you will read the recent numbers of SMITH'S I am sure you will learn enough about manicuring to enable you to make a start in the business. I

am going to send you my recipe for soap jelly, which is the best of all things for cleansing and whitening the hands; and I shall also send you the skin food to make the hands plump. I think you might almost study at home sufficiently to make a beginning. I would advise you to visit one or two good shops and be manicured yourself. This will teach you in a practical way.

I want to grow tall. How can I increase my height? It is terrible to go through life too short. I am not tall enough to look nice.

MARTHA G.

I am sorry, Martha, dear, that you are short. But there are many worse things. You might be half-witted—which you are not. Short girls can add to their height by being very nimble upon their feet. This makes them seem taller. And the short girls can console herself with the thought that men prefer little girls to big ones any day.

I must thank you for the formula for soap jelly. It has whitened my neck and shoulders beautifully. We enjoy SMITH'S, and would like to thank you for all you have done for us in the beauty line. Each of our family has written you, I think.

J. F.

I remember you and am glad you have found the remedies good. I would, now that spring is coming on, try the Berlin dietary. Nearly every one fattens up in the spring, and, as you once wrote me, you can not afford to gain as much as a single pound, as you are so short.

I am a practising physician, and a reader of the beauty department. My wife wrote you some time ago for a skin food which you sent her. She has found it the best and most beautifying of anything she ever tried. Accept our thanks and also our subscription for next year.

DOCTOR G.

Thank you, doctor, both for the letter and the subscription. We are always glad to secure readers. I have taken the liberty of printing your letter because I think your indorsement worth a very great deal. I knew the skin food was good.

SMITH'S MAGAZINE reaches me in England, for I am a Londoner, but I can assure you that I thoroughly enjoy it. The complexion hints are much appreciated, and I find your skin food, for which you sent me a formula, very good indeed. English girls usually have poor hair, and mine is thin and turning gray. Can you help me?

Mrs. De G.

I am mailing you a tonic for your thin hair. Perhaps you tie your hair too tightly or use too many hairpins. It is a great pleasure to know that you read SMITH'S and enjoy it, off in London.

Won't you please tell me how I can reduce my weight? I am over two hundred pounds.

Mrs. JOHN W.

I will send you the Berlin dietary for weight reduction. It has worked very well in many cases.

NOTE.—Mrs. Prescott will be glad to answer, free of charge, all questions relating to beauty. Women who want to improve their looks may address her. She will give advice upon matters of physical culture, beauty, deep breathing, diet, and health. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for a reply. Your name will not appear, and your letter will be regarded as strictly confidential. Address: "Mrs. Augusta Prescott, Beauty Department, SMITH'S MAGAZINE, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York."

WHAT THE EDITOR HAS TO SAY



IS it safe for a young girl to travel in the East, in the big cities, unchaperoned? We have no doubt that many of our readers would answer promptly in the negative. Not so many, perhaps, would answer in the affirmative. Mothers who live in the West are inclined to think that, while it is perfectly safe for their daughters to travel alone in the country and the smaller towns of the Western States, they are exposing themselves to insult, embarrassment, and possibly danger in cities such as New York and Chicago.

UNTIL very recently the freedom of the American girl was a familiar topic of conversation in Europe. The good sense and frank camaraderie of the American girl were partially responsible for this, but the attitude of the American man had a good deal to do with it also. People in the South and West claim, however, that our big cities in the East have taken on somewhat the tone of the European cities, that the men in them have lost something of their American respect for women, and that they are no longer as safe as they once were for the unattended girl. We know there are different opinions on this subject, and we are anxious to have our readers write to us about it. In the meantime, we have ourselves done something toward procuring an expert opinion on the subject.

IN next month's issue of SMITH'S MAGAZINE we will publish "The Girl Who Comes to New York Alone." This is a story. It is told in narrative form, but we can vouch for every circumstance in it as the actual experience of a woman who traveled unattended. The author, Annette Austin, was born and bred in Texas, so that she can lay claim to being both a Westerner and a Southerner. The story of itself would be entertaining and interesting, but the fact that it deals with a subject of vital interest to every American woman, and that it deals with actual, not imaginary, happenings, doubles its importance.

MRS. GEORGIE SHELTON is, without doubt, the most popular living writer in America to-day. Over four million of her books have been sold. She is at present under a contract with SMITH'S MAGAZINE, so that her work cannot appear elsewhere in serial form. Her latest novel, "Gertrude Elliott's Crucible," will start in the June number. It will be given in generous instalments, ending in October. Mrs. Sheldon, as well as all those who have read the story in manuscript or proof, regards this latest book as the most powerful and compelling in interest of any she has written. She has been at work upon it for more than a year. Those who have been waiting for a new story by Mrs. Shel-

don—there are hundreds of thousands of them—will find this one well worth the waiting.

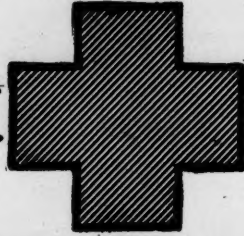
CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS has in next month's issue a new sermon, "Now Will You Be Good." And among the other good things there is an illustrated interview with William Gillette, the actor. In the past we have asked you to write to us frankly and confidentially about the magazine. We wish to reiterate that request now. We have already received a good many letters, and will talk to you about them in a later issue.

THE Triumvirs of the Razoo" is a story by Holman F. Day, in which Cap'n Sproul and Hiram Look accept positions as judges of a horse-race. The consequences that ensue are startling, and describable only by Mr. Day.

THERE is another story to appear in the May issue to which we wish to call your special attention. It is "Molly's Girl," by Lulu Worthington Hammond. Read it, and let us know how you like it. Next month's SMITH's will contain a special section of eight drawings, in color, by Douglas McClees. They are pictures of children, and are worth while preserving.

THE novelette for next month is entitled "The Point of View," and is written by Louise Driscoll. The novelty of its plot and the strength of the situations it develops give it a charm and interest hard to find. It is the story of a poor family suddenly become rich, and a rich family suddenly become poor. The newly rich require a social mentor, and the girl whose father has lost his fortune, and who must fight her own way in the world, fills the position.





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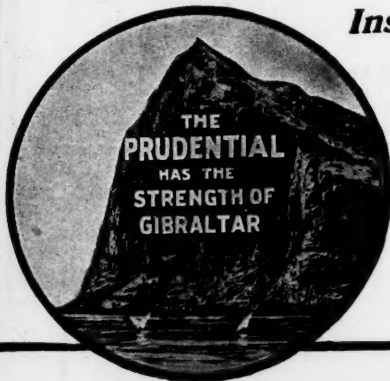
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The April List

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| 9507 | Let It Alone (Williams) | Ada Jones |
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| 9509 | Angel's Serenade (Braga-Hasselmann) | Charles Schuetz |
| 9510 | Farewell, Killarney (Edwards) | Irving Gillette |
| 9511 | The Precious Name (Doane) | Edison Mixed Quartette |
| 9512 | If Anybody Wants to Meet a Jonah, Shake Hands With Me (Hoyt) | Arthur Collins |
| 9513 | National Fencibles March (Souza) | Edison Military Band |
| 9514 | Far Away (Richmond) | Harry Anthony |
| 9515 | When Bob White is Whistling in the Meadow (Rosenfeld) | Harlan & Stanley |
| 9516 | If You Want to Pick a Fuss, Wait till the Sun Shines (Furth) | Bob Roberts |
| 9517 | The Silvery Brook Waltz (Braham) | Edison Symphony Orchestra |
| 9518 | That's What the Rose Said to Me (Edwards) | Louise Le Baron |
| 9519 | My Kickapoo Queen (Reed) | Collins & Harlan |
| 9520 | Ida-Hoi! (Von Tilzer) | Billy Murray and Chorus |
| 9521 | Popularity March (Cohan) | Banjo Solo |
| 9522 | The Tale the Church Bell Told (Van Alstyne) | Vess L. Oessman |
| 9523 | How Matt Got the Mitten (Original) | Harry MacDonough |
| 9524 | The Bowery Grenadiers (Kelly) | Ada Jones and Len Spencer |
| 9525 | Sunbeam Dance (Rofe) | Bells Solo |
| 9526 | Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do (Burt) | Albert Benzler |
| 9527 | Flanagan on a Broadway Car (Original) | Edward Meeker |
| 9528 | When the Roses Are in Bloom (Nattus) | Steve Porter |
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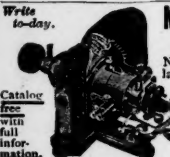
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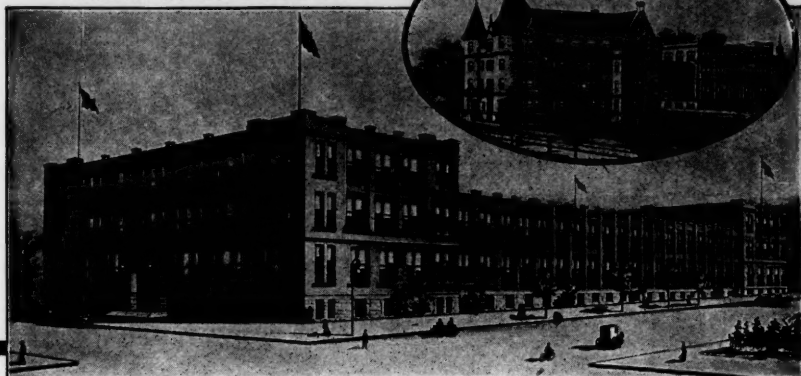
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You can go and live on it—absolutely assured that it can be made to earn \$2,000 to \$10,000 every year without fail.

Or you can remain in your present position and add almost that much to what you earn.

For my company will cultivate your property for a small share of the crops.

You don't have to know a thing in the world about farming.

Now, I can and will prove all this from the highest authorities in the land.

All you have to do is—write me and say,

"Prove to me that ten acres of your land can be made to net from \$2,000 to \$10,000 a year above all cost of cultivating it."

I have the proof, so read what my company will do for you.

I will deliver to you at once a Secured Land Contract for ten acres of irrigated land in the Rio Grande Valley.

You must pay my company \$2.50 a week or as much more as you like.

Instead of your having to pay interest on deferred payments, I agree, for my company, to pay you 6% per annum on the money you pay in.

I also bind my company to fully irrigate your land and turn it over to you under full cultivation whenever you desire to mature your contract.

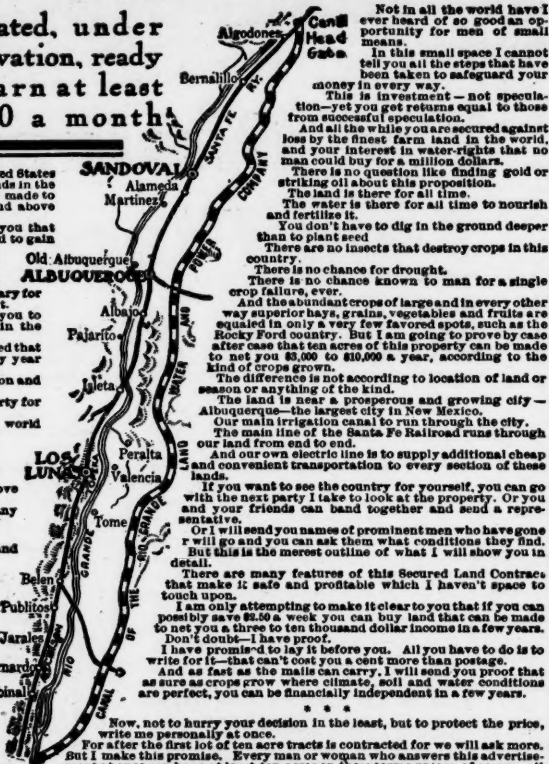
\$2.50 a week will mature your contract in 10 years.

But after you have paid \$2.50 a week for three years, or the same total amount in a shorter time, I agree and bind my company to lend you enough money to make all future payments and mature your contract.

Remember, the land will be fully irrigated and completely under cultivation, so your first year's crop should net you enough over and above the cost of cultivating it to fully pay your loan.

You would then own land outright that can be made to net you \$2,000 to \$10,000 a year.

Can you hope in any other way to be safe and sure as this to have so large an income in a few years?



Not in all the world have I ever heard of so good an opportunity for men of small means.

In this small space I cannot tell you all the steps that have been taken to safeguard your money in every way.

This is investment—not speculation—yet you get returns equal to those from successful speculation.

And all the while you are secured against loss by the finest farm land in the world, and your interest in water-rights that no man could buy for a million dollars.

There is no question like finding gold or striking oil about this proposition.

The land is there for all time.

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You don't have to dig in the ground deeper than to plant seed.

There are no insects that destroy crops in this country.

There is no chance for drought.

There is no chance known to man for a single crop failure, ever.

And the abundant crops of large and in every other way superior hays, grains, vegetables and fruits are equalled in only a very few favored spots, such as the Rocky Ford country. But I am going to prove by case after case that ten acres of this property can be made to net you \$2,000 to \$10,000 a year, according to the kind of crops grown.

The difference is not according to location of land or season or anything of the kind.

The land is near a prosperous and growing city—Albuquerque—the largest city in New Mexico.

Our main irrigation canal to run through the city.

The main line of the Santa Fe Railroad runs through our land from end to end.

And our own electric line is to supply additional cheap and convenient transportation to every section of these lands.

If you want to see the country for yourself, you can go with the next party I take to look at the property. Or you and your friends can band together and send a representative.

Or I will send you names of prominent men who have gone and you can ask them what conditions they find.

But this is the merest outline of what I will show you in detail.

There are many features of this Secured Land Contract, that make it safe and profitable which I haven't space to touch upon.

I am only attempting to make it clear to you that if you can possibly save \$2.50 a week you can buy land that can be made to net you a three to ten thousand dollar income in a few years.

Don't doubt—I have proof.

I have promised to lay it before you. All you have to do is to write for it—that can't cost you a cent more than postage.

And as fast as the mails can carry, I will send you proof that as sure as crops grow where climate, soil and water conditions are perfect, you can be financially independent in a few years.

Now, not to hurry your decision in the least, but to protect the price, write me personally at once.

For after the first lot of ten acre tracts is contracted for we will ask more. But I make this promise. Every man or woman who answers this advertisement at once can have at least ten acres on these terms unless, of course, all our land should be already contracted for from this one advertisement.

Now, write at once. I can say nothing more in this advertisement except that, if I could, I would not tell you all you can confidently expect from this investment. For you would not believe it without the proof which I cannot put in an advertisement. Address me personally, and believe me sincerely,

E. W. SHUTT, President Rio Grande Land, Water and Power Co.

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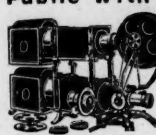
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The balance of the magazine is printed in sepia double tone inks on fine enamel paper in the highest perfection of the printer's art. The entire magazine is bound with silk cord of a color harmonizing with the color scheme of the cover.

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A PLEA FOR THE PHILIPPINES. By Burr McIntosh

A feature of the literary portion of the April number is an interesting article by Mr. McIntosh, being a candid opinion of the present conditions in our Eastern possessions. Mr. McIntosh accompanied Secretary Taft on his trip to the Orient as staff photographer, and his interesting story will be illustrated by heretofore unpublished photographs.

In addition to the special features mentioned, the April number contains a wealth of exquisite portraits of celebrities and unusual landscapes and several literary features of more than ordinary interest.

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No. 2.—By special arrangement with the publishers of Recreation, which is described on the opposite page, we are able to offer one full year subscription to that magazine (\$2.00) and one full year subscription to Burr McIntosh Monthly (\$3.00) BOTH for only \$3.50, value \$5.00. The magazines may go to different addresses anywhere in the United States if desired.

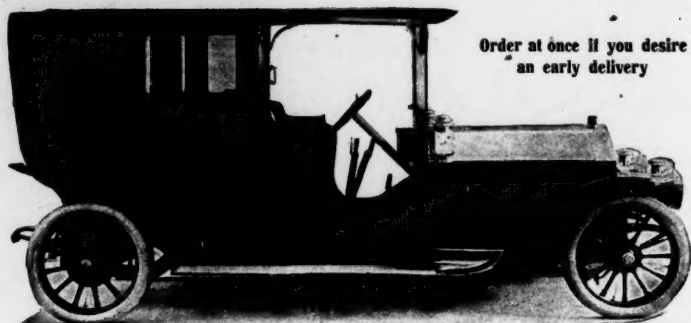
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1989 Broadway, New York, between 67th and 68th Streets
Licensed Under Selden Patent



RECENTLY a State Senator on a dining car asked the waiter to bring him "a cigar." The waiter brought two boxes—one was a Triangle A cigar, and the other an unknown brand.

"Which is the better?" asked the Senator. The waiter recommended the unknown brand. "Why?" the Senator inquired. The waiter grinned. "Boss says that's the one to push," he said.

There's always just one reason why the "boss" wants to "push" any particular cigar—*big profit for the "boss."*

That's why you get the worst of it when you pay good money for what is handed out to you in response to your request for "a cigar."

How do you know a good cigar?

You can now buy cigars with the maker's *guarantee* on every box—a mark that stands for improved quality—better, riper tobacco, thoroughly matured and actually blended—smooth, even-smoking

cigars, absolutely clean, without increased cost.

Whatever you pay, whatever your taste, the "▲" (Triangle A) mark is your guarantee of superior and reliable quality and unquestionable value.

As representative "Triangle A" brands we mention

The New Crema
Anna Held
George W. Childs
(Cabinets)

Buck
Spanafiora
Tarita
Stickney's New Tariff

The Continental
(10c. and 4 for 25c.)
Chancellor
Caswell Club } 10c.

Royal Bengals
(Little Cigars, 10 for 15c.)
The Unico
Benefactor
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Department 102

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The New Gillette Blade



(1907 MAKE)



We want every Gillette user to try the new Gillette Blade (1907 Make), no matter how well he's been pleased with Gillette blades of previous years. And we want every non-Gillette user to try the new blade and learn of a truer and keener shaving edge than he's ever known in a stropp razor.

It's not a new model but a new make.

It is the result of two years' continuous and costly research by able steel metallurgists.

It is of the finest iron and the iron is converted into steel according to a new high carbon Gillette formula by the most skillful steel makers in the steel business. The layman will more readily understand the fineness of this new blade steel when it is explained that it costs 9 times the price paid for stropp razor steel.

And these new blades are tempered by an improved, automatic, tempering method, which hardens them, not superficially but from side to side, from end to end, from surface to bottom, and hardens them to a degree of hardness only 20% less hard than the hardest known substance—the diamond—and brittles them to almost the brittleness of glass (break one), and distributes the hardness and brittleness so evenly and so uniformly that the blades are equally hard and equally brittle at every point. This unusual hardness and brittleness are due partially to the paper thinness of the blade (6-1000ths of an inch), as the thinner the blade the harder it can be tempered. This paper thin blade is an exclusive Gillette patent found in no other razor.

SCIENCE of SHAVING

Send for this book to-day. It is being read by thousands now and has gone through three editions in sixty days. It is worth its weight in gold to any man who doesn't wear a beard. A postal will bring you a copy, prepaid.

Then the sharp edges of the new blade are put on by automatic sharpening machines. Other razors boast of hand sharpening. Bottomless boast! Hands are weak, tremble, inaccurate, get tired, vary. But the Gillette grinding, honing, and stropping machines used on this new blade are powerful, steady, exact, tireless, uniform—hence work on a nearly unvarying edge and a much truer and keener edge than the old-fashioned hand-sharpened stropp razor edge to which you are probably accustomed.

And these new (1907 Make) blades are expertly tested for seven defects and must split a hanging human hair before they're enveloped and sealed in damp-proof paper from factory to you with this inspector's ticket enclosed: "Should any blades in this package prove unsatisfactory, return them by mail with this ticket and explicit criticism."

In next month's ads, we'll explain why the new (1907 Make) blades are uniform and the same in hardness and keenness.

If you're not a Gillette user you ought to get one on thirty days' free trial and give it a thorough test. Most dealers make this offer. If yours doesn't, we will. It will prove itself. Costs about 2 cents per shave, first year and about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a cent per shave subsequent years for blades.

Triple silver plated, set with 12 blades \$5.00. Extra Blades 10 for 50 cents.

Gillette Razors and Blades sold by Drug, Cutlery and Hardware dealers everywhere.

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